

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.

Vol. II, No. 2 "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Feb., 1889

It was in 1881 that Charles Scribner's Sons sold their interest in the then Scribner's Monthly to Mr. Roswell Smith, and the name of the magazine was changed to the Century. Under the contract then signed, Mr. Roswell Smith agreed to eliminate the name of Scribner from the title-page of the magazine as soon as possible, and Charles Scribner's sons agreed not to publish a magazine for the space of five years. In January, 1887, the time having expired, the first number of Scribner's Magazine was placed upon the market, and the public soon found that the list of the great American magazines had been increased by one. From the first the venture was a success. As editor, the Messrs. Scribner selected Mr. E. L. Burlingame, a gentleman who had been their literary adviser for several years. Mr. J. B. Millet took charge of the art department. Mr. Burlingame was assisted in his work by Mr. Robert Bridges, for many years on the staff of the Evening Post. The labors of Mr. Millet were lightened by the aid of Mr. O. H. Perry, while the business management was entrusted to Mr. F. N. Doubleday.

"The idea which we had when we issued the first number," said Mr. Burlingame, while talking on the subject, "is set forth in the prospectus. 'The magazine will be in the widest sense a magazine of general literature; and its main purpose will be to bring together not only good reading, but literature of lasting value.' We thought that there was room for a monthly publication which, while taking up topics of current interest, could yet treat them in a manner which would be novel. We also desired to give a strongly literary tone to our venture. At the same time we hoped to make it popular in its choice of subjects. From the first number we meant to lay particular stress upon the intrinsic interest of the articles; to secure, as far as possible, pure literary work. You must not for a moment imagine that by this I mean that any of us had a tendency towards the æsthetic in literature, nor that we wished to encourage 'preciosity.' But we believed that the reading public of this country were sufficiently educated to appreciate high-class literature upon popular topics, and that subjects which were purely literary would be no less popular than others. Timeliness and the reputation of the authors have not been so much considered as the intrinsic interest and attractiveness of the article."

"The tone or style of a magazine may be compared to the personal character of a man. Although the magazine is the work of many men they necessarily work to a common end, and the magazine therefore acquires an individuality of its own which resembles in kind while differing in degree, the individuality of any one. The character of the books published by the Scribners in the past would give a clue to the articles wanted by the magazine. In order to understand the aim of Scribner's

Magazine one must take into consideration the publishing house with which the magazine is associated. If you will think for a moment of the class of books the Scribners have placed upon the market you will see the style of article which would commend itself to Scribner's Magazine. That the idea of the vacant field was a true one has been proved by the success of the magazine. The firm have never had cause to alter their original plan. Had they been asked two years ago to state what they thought the magazine should be after twenty-four numbers had been published, they would have described it about as it is to-day. They have carried out an original idea, it has been favorably received and they feel satisfied that an adherence to the same plan will make it still more popular in the future. For their plan, if plan it may be called, is sufficiently elastic to accommodate itself to almost any new suggestion which might be made."

The first attempt in this country to write a history of the Commune in Paris was that of Ex-Minister Washburne. Americans are not a little proud of the representative of their country who stuck to his post through the great siege of the French capital and the following interregnum of Communistic rule; and Mr. Washburne's articles were received with much favor. The publication of Thackeray's letters with the original drawings by the great master of English fiction proved to be one of the most popular series which any magazine had had for a long time. They introduced Scribner's Magazine to thousands of homes where Esmond and Colonel Newcome were honored friends. The letters themselves were charming, and doubly interesting in that they showed to the world the kindness and the sympathy for others which were a part of the character of the famous novelist. After reading them one could no longer look upon the writer as cynical, but rather as an observer of human nature to whom the hidden springs of selfishness were as an open page. It needed but a thought to know that anything written by General Sheridan, "Little Phil," would be read, but even the management of the magazine was surprised at the reception given to his *From Gravelotte to Sedan*. The increased sale of the number containing the article told the story at once of the popularity of the man who saved the day at Winchester.

The articles which were furnished by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, and which appeared in each number of the magazine during 1887, were marked by all of that beauty of style and imagination which have made Mr. Stevenson so well known. Essay-like in character they dealt with many of those subjects which appeal to a man as he dreams away his time over a library fire. They were favorites from the first, and many were sorry when they came to an end. The reminiscences of Lester Wallack, the first of the great actors of the country to contribute a series of papers to a magazine, were very

popular. The same may be said of the articles written by Mr. Hugh McCulloch. His *Memories of Some Contemporaries* was delightful in its chatty talk about the great men of the past, and the anecdotes he told were all new and good. His *Problems in American Politics* was more serious, but his treatment of the questions, able.

It was in the Railway articles that the Magazine found one of its greatest bonanzas. For years the railway system of the United States had been growing until it had become a part of the life of nine-tenths of the people. Yet few of those who travelled, who used goods transported over the iron tracks, or who got letters from their friends, had any clear idea of how the wonderful results of which they reaped the advantage were brought about. When, then, Scribner's Magazine gave them an opportunity of learning all this, it was eagerly taken and the circulation began to increase in a very gratifying way, and the magazine held what it got. The wonders of modern engineering, the building of locomotives and cars, the business relations of the roads, the every-day life of railroad men, the construction of a railway; all proved subjects of equal interest. The information given was new, and yet every one was familiar with the subject that was being treated. These articles are not yet finished, but when they come to an end the magazine has found another topic, in electricity, which promises to furnish many papers of equal value.

Although Scribner's Magazine is probably known to the great majority of our readers, and the articles which it has published have been read by thousands, a partial list of those who have made its pages so attractive will not be out of place. Among the writers there have been numbered W. H. Mallock, H. H. Boyesen, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Henry James, Hugh McCulloch, Lester Wallack, Austin Dobson, Maurice Thompson, Thomas Nelson Page, Bret Harte, Lizzie W. Champney, Sarah Orne Jewett, E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, E. H. House, Rebecca Harding Davis, Robert Louis Stevenson, Joel Chandler Harris, Brander Mathews, F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), Thomas Janvier, Octave Thanet, E. B. Washburne, Thomas Sergeant Perry, W. S. Rainsford, Moncure D. Conway, A. C. Gordon, H. M. Field, George Holland, Arlo Bates, Harold Frederic, John S. White, M. N. Forney, John R. Spear, George H. Jessop, Gustave Kobbe, W. C. Brownell and Maria Blunt. It is enough to mention names like these to conjure up before one's mind's eye a rich feast of good things, which, when really digested, would provide one with much mental food of the most nourishing description. Mr. Burlingame is to be congratulated upon the array of writers he has succeeded in gathering around him.

From the first the art department was in the hands of Mr. J. B. Millet and Mr. O. H. Perry. In April, 1888, Mr. Millet gave up the work and was succeeded by Mr. Perry, who now superintends this branch. The illustrations have been drawn by such men as Elihu Vedder, W. Hamilton Gibson, C. Jay Taylor, A. B. Trost, George Foster Barnes, Warren Shepherd, E. J. Meeker, J. Steeple Davis, A. M. Turner, George Gibson, C. E. Robinson, J. F. Murphy, H. Bolton Jones, Eldon Dean, J. D. Woodward, Howard Pyle, T. de Thulstrup, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Lafarge and L. C. Tiffany. Their pictures have been engraved by F. French, W. J. Dana, Jules Clement, Bodenstein, Emile Clement, Wellington, Pflaum, Elbridge Kingsley, F. Juengling, Robert Hoskin, Heinemann, Delorme, Peckwell, Van Ness, Andrew,

Fillebrown, Lindsay, Wolf, Butler and M. J. Whaley. It is nothing more than justice to say that the illustrations of Scribner's Magazine have been equal to any that have been so far produced, and that from the first number the proprietors have apparently been unwilling to accept anything but the very best.

The very first number of Scribner's Magazine met with an extraordinary sale, and one which has steadily been maintained and increased by succeeding issues. From 100,000 to 150,000 copies monthly have been published, and the average has never fallen below the first-named figure. In England the sale of the magazine has been very large, and early in 1888 the publication of an Australian edition was begun, which has made satisfactory progress. These foreign editions being published simultaneously with the American, the 25th of each month sees a distribution of Scribner's Magazine which extends into the chief centres of the world.

A mild literary sensation of the month has been the vigorous syndicate letter defense of prose Rives Chanler by poetess Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The attack has been variously received. The antagonized critics have, as a matter of course, scoffed at the logic of the latent lady, but the shrewd common—or is it uncommon—sense of the average man and woman is inclined on the broad proposition to agree with the passionate champion of the hysterical Virginian. There is, or there should be, a distinction between writers of love literature, and manufacturers of lustful love. The Wilcoxian idea is to make this important point plain. It is a real pleasure to get—from an authoritative source—a definition of true love and honest passion. Here is the declaration.

"Never before in the history of the civilized world has any author been so grossly misconstrued, so unfairly criticised, so shamelessly abused without cause as Amelie Rives, that marvellously endowed girl with the soul of Sappho and the brain of Shakespeare. It is not my purpose to attempt to defend her against the herd of bloodless women and brainless men who are her detractors; as soon might a twinkling star attempt to defend the sun for dazzling weak eyes. I merely wish to criticise some of the recent criticisms upon her book. Perhaps a score of times during the last few months I have replied to a request for criticisms on *The Quick or the Dead*, 'Amelie Rives is too great to be criticised by me; let her equals not her inferiors in nature and intellect sit in judgment on her work.' Not long since I was asked, 'Would you place the book in the hands of a young daughter to read?' 'Most certainly,' I replied; 'yet I am not aware that Miss Rives's genius is confined to juvenile literature.' If all genius had been kept within nursery limit where would be our Balzac, our Gautier, our Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, our Shakespeare, our Bible? I distinctly recollect that my first curiosity concerning the immoral relations of the sexes was aroused by the family Bible. Yet no family taboos it. Among the myriad of unfair comments of insect-brained critics upon Amelie Rives, the most senseless and unfair are those which class *The Quick or the Dead* with *The Truth about Tristram Varrick*, *The Misadventure of Mr. Incoul*, *Eros*, and *Miss Middleton's Lover*. The emotions it portrays are no more like the emotions portrayed in those other books than the excitement of feeling produced by listening to great music is like malarial fever; no more like these books than a stroke of lightning is like a slimy pool disturbed by a pebble.

"Let us see wherein *The Quick or the Dead* is unlike the above-mentioned books. In *Tristem Varrick* and *Mr. Incoul*, Edgar Saltus has degraded his rare talents to most unnecessary uses. He has employed language almost equal to Balzac in describing courtesan-like creatures, who are not only immoral but indecent. But these heroines have a fondness for open-air exhibitions of their amour—one with a married lover, the other herself a wife, and occurrences and events are suggested by the author that render both books most horrible. There is no philosophy or argument evolved in either book—no aim or purpose to either revolting tale. Fortunately Mr. Saltus has redeemed himself by his recent pure and beautiful story of *Eden*—which is as artistic as it is refreshing. The author of *Eros*—(who will, nevertheless, some day when she is older and wiser, rank among our greatest novelists)—has descended to even lower and coarser depths than Mr. Saltus. She has chosen a debauched maiden for her heroine—and she minutely describes lustful and unholy scenes between this debased creature and her roué lover. The woman marries a good man, ruins his life, and then goes back to her lover, and finally becomes a demi-mondaine, and all these meetings are described with a detail as disgusting as it is unnecessary and unartistic. In *Miss Middleton's Lover* we have a dime-novel plot, with numerous husbands and lovers, disappearances, restorations and consequent panics, all over which warm emotion is plastered like mustard on a poultice. Now how can any just and sensible person place *The Quick or the Dead* in this category? Here we have a pure heroine who loved her dead husband with a great and consuming passion. Soul, brain and body all responded to this emotion and all starved for their vanished mate. When a perfect fac simile of that lost husband was thrown in constant association with her, the long-subdued physical phases of that great love awoke again to crying life and clamored for their own."

"When a complete woman, harmoniously developed in all respects, as God meant woman to be, loves a man with a real passion worthy of the word, she loves him wholly, absolutely and entirely; she loves every attribute of his soul, mind and body. She loves his spiritual self so completely that were he to become a crippled wreck upon her hands her loyalty would never waver, her passionate devotion only increase. All other men would be to her as shadows of men—he alone the one man. She loves his mental companionship, too, yet were he to lose his mind she would love and cling to him and care for him, and no other love could ever displace him from her heart. And she loves his body, and all his physical expressions of affection are dear to her because they are his expressions. The woman who does not respond in full to all these phases of intense love has never really loved. If the spiritual, mental or physical phase is lacking, no matter which one, she has never entered into the full meaning of the word. Barbara was a complete woman, and she had given her husband this threefold love. When he was taken from her in the high tide of their love life she missed him with a threefold sorrow. When his physical double was thrown into her pathway the physical emotions awoke again to life. It was no unholy emotion; no other man could have stirred a pulse beat—it was not the masculine of him that affected her, it was his resemblance to the real love of her life. The brain was startled at the body's danger, and then it, too, discovered a mental likeness that was equally fascinating, and the poor soul was left alone to fight its bat-

tle against brain and body. But the spirit wins—and brain and body become subservient to the soul which remains true to the higher, holier and more eternal phases of a great love. It is an unusual story, because it deals with an unusual character in these days—a woman who is at once refined, pure and passionate. And the great horde of people in the world make no distinction between lust and passion. One is bestial, the other is divine. One may be stirred where neither admiration, respect nor regard exist, but passion is the child of love, and is true to one. It is time the world began to understand this distinction, which is as clear to refined souls like Amélie Rives as noon from midnight."

"For the life of me I cannot understand why the public has been so wrought up over this story, unless it be because there is so little real love in the world to-day. The love-making it describes, the love scenes it pictures, seem no unusual or uncommon ones to any man or woman who has known in real life what absolute love is. But there are so few who do know what it is that to the majority the story seems exaggerated. You may say, then, that being true to life they were too sacred to describe. I answer, they were necessary to the story, which is simply a magnificent illustration of the struggle between the spiritual and physical phases of a great passion. The author was, perforce, obliged to show us the full force of Barbara's rich nature, else there would have been no struggle to describe. Had she been one of Howells's or James's heroines, there would have been no such struggle, because there would be no such ardent physical organization with which to contend. Their heroines are like the untouched negative; Barbara, like the clear, vivid photograph brought out by the warm sun rays. In life's album, however, we find more old proofs of negatives, dim and vague and indistinctive, than we find of the clearly printed photograph. Yet there are some real lovers left in the world to-day—some few who understand what heights and depths and eternities of pain and joy are embraced in a great love; and to those few the story of *The Quick or the Dead* is beautiful and true. There is no suggestion of impurity in thought or act between the lovers. The man is honestly and earnestly in love, and acts no more so than many a real life lover has done and is still doing."

"Barbara, while she rests under the intoxicating influence of the resemblance, acts with the natural, sweet warmth of a demonstrative woman who has been longing for love, and who has found her own richly endowed heart too great a burden to carry alone, yet whose ideals of life were all high, loyal and refined. There are only a few such women in the world, more's the pity. Were there more, our divorce courts would not be so busy with cases of 'incompatibility.' So soon as the terrible awakening comes to lonely Barbara and the truth forces its way to her convictions that she has only been loving the shadow of her soul mate, she proves to us that while the emotions of her body and her brain are strong her spirit is stronger still, and it is the real and enduring element of her love, as it always is in a great passion. We leave Barbara untainted and pure as we found her true to her dead love. In the name of justice, how can this powerful and emotionally tragic story be classed with unclean literature? The breath of sin never even touches its pages. The thought of sin never enters the minds of its characters. People are so like sheep in these matters—they leap the fence of criticism because they see others go over. They have no idea why they

go, or where; they are born to follow the crowd. 'Fools never prate so loud as when their theme is of their betters,' and the day is not far distant when the only claim to notice which the detractors of Amélie Rives, our woman Shakespeare, can show will be a fleck of dust cast upon them by her chariot wheels as she rolls by them into the Temple of Fame—a fame greater, grander, more deserved and more enduring than ever yet allotted to any mortal woman."

"I wish," said Count Tolstoi to the Pall Mall Budget's representative, "to write a novel, a romance, exposing the conventional illusion of romantic love. I have already written it, but it must be turned upside down and rewritten. It is too much of a treatise as it stands, and there is not enough of action in it. My object is to fill the reader with horror at the result of taking romantic love *au sérieux*. The end to which the whole story will lead up will be the murder of a wife by her husband. It will exhibit the depravation of married life by the substitution of romantic love, a fever born of carnal passion, for Christian love, which is born of identity of sentiment, similarity of ideal, the friendship of the soul. Upon that love, Christian love, the love of brother and sister, if the carnal love can be grafted it is well, but the former, not the latter, is the first condition of happy married life. Herein the peasants teach us a lesson. They regard what we regard as romantic love as a disease, temporary and painful and dangerous. With them no marriage is made under its influence. Anything is better than that. The Herrstaten, who marry by the drawing of lots, are wiser than we. Our system is the worst possible, and the whole of our wedding ceremonial, and the honeymoon, the feasting, and the incitement to carnality, are directly calculated to result in the depravation of matrimony. Not in one case out of a hundred does romantic love result in a lifelong happy union. The young people whose lives lie in different orbits are drawn together by this evanescent passion. They marry. For a month they are happy—perhaps even for a year or two years. Then they hate each other for the rest of their lives, spending their time in paying homage to the respectabilities by concealing the truth from their neighbors. It must be so. If Anna Karenina had married Leven she must have abandoned him likewise. Romantic love is like opium or hasheesh. The sensation is overpowering and delightful. But it passes. It is not in human nature not to wish to renew the experience. For this novelty is indispensable. So the wife betrays her husband, and the husband is false to his wife, and the world becomes one wide brothel. I wish to open the eyes of all to the real nature and the tragic consequences of this substitution of romantic for Christian love. I see it clearly, oh! so clearly; and when you see a thing which no one else seems to see you feel you must gather all your forces, and devote yourself to setting forth the truth as you see it. This depravation of marriage is all because Christianity has been a word and not a thing. It will be a reality soon."

The name of the poet Tennyson has never before been connected with spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into the possession of the Chicago Tribune, which shows that he holds the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially spiritualism, but in Tennyson's case, at least, so far as the letter indicates, he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious. The letter is in the poet's handwriting. It

is dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Tennyson writes: "I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this was not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was almost a laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life." As if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement thus compacted, he adds: "I am ashamed of my description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table-tipping spiritualism. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence, is not only real, clear and simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For he continues that when he comes back to "sanity" he is "ready to fight for the truth" of his experience, and that he holds it—the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests—"will last for eons and eons." It is pointed out by Professor Davidson, who has seen the letter, that the same convictions, if not the same experience, only with another, is described "In Memoriam," XCV. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere poetic frenzy of grief. But reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines:

And in the house light after light
Went out and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall leaves which once kept their green,
Those noble letters of the dead.

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back;
And keen though wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word and line by line
The dead man touched me from the past;
And all at once it seemed at last,
His living soul was flashed on mine,

And mine in his was bound and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsation of the world,

Eonian music measuring out
The steps of time—the shocks of chance—
The blows of death. * * *

The idea of the actuality of the unseen is conveyed in the letter in terms which correspond nearly to those in the rhythmic expression. That "which is" is certainly a confirmation of the state, "surest of the surest" and the lasting "for eons upon eons" finds its counterpart in "eonian music." As Tennyson has never been concerned in any way with psychic science or spiritualism,

the letter, not to mention the now clearer reading of the poem, will create not a little surprise.

The dinner in the hall of Christ's College to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, says the *London Daily News*, brought together a large assembly of men of letters and men of science. It is not often that so many of the working bees of literature meet each other, and some congratulation may justly be indulged on the striking success of one of the largest literary enterprises of our time. Prof. Robertson Smith, who presided, spoke with proper appreciation of the services of his predecessor in the editorship, Prof. Spencer Baynes, who sketched out the plan which Prof. Robertson Smith has successfully carried out. "A work which has needed the co-operation of about a thousand writers, and has all human knowledge for its field, may be regarded as a literary monument. Perhaps the most striking statement made was that of the publisher, Mr. Adam Black, as to the vast sale of the work. Mr. Black said that whereas the sale of the eighth edition, which was completed in 1860, amounted to only 5,000 copies, the sale of the ninth edition, now just completed, had reached nearly ten times that number, and he attributed this remarkable success in great degree to the energy of the transatlantic agents of the firm. The sale of between forty and fifty thousand copies of a work which consists of twenty-four costly quarto volumes is surely one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of the time. It shows the marvellous expansion which the reading world has undergone within the present generation. Where 5,000 rich men or libraries bought a cyclopædia thirty years ago, there are ten times as many libraries and private purchasers now.

"Let us consider the request of an applicant for literary information.—editorial in *N. Y. Sun*.

"SIR:—Please state who among modern authors is considered a master of terse and lucid English; also name six works of contemporary interest that would serve as models to a student of style.

"By common consent Cardinal Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous, elegant English style. Mr. Matthew Arnold is also worthy to be classed in the same category. Mr. Thackeray wrote a style of inimitable beauty, terse, lucid, witty. Nathaniel Hawthorne had command of a wonderful vocabulary and a most suggestive and surprising style. He was also of excellent taste and felicity in the construction of his sentences. The late Dr. Ripley, so long the literary critic of the *Tribune*, wrote in a full, round, and informing style. Mr. George Bancroft, the historian of the United States, employs an animated, picturesque, original, yet never redundant style. A beautiful style, simple, classic, unaffected, is that of the great Dr. Channing, who played so important a part in this country fifty years ago. His writing was replete with a high and unaffected moral sentiment, the very reverse of the phariseism so often displayed by some modern writers. The noble style of John Fiske will repay study, and it is seen in its best estate in the *Excursions of an Evolutionist*. Andrew Lang is master of an enviable style, as every one will declare who know his *Letters to the Dead*. The style of Henry James is subtle, natural, and engaging. Robert Louis Stevenson employs a style that is sometimes uneven, but is often great."

"Among the newspaper writers of our own country and of the present day, perhaps the best style is that of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, the editor of the *Post-Express* of

Rochester. It is terse, lucid, calm, argumentative, and without a trace of effort or affectation. The late Dr. Greeley was master of a purely American, racy, and individual style. In controversy especially he used to let himself out with great effect. He had wit as well as humor. One of the most delightful newspaper writers we have ever known was the late Mr. James F. Shunk of Pennsylvania. He had not only wit, but imagination and feeling also. Every sentence bubbled over with jollity, and between his wit and imagination the balance was held even by a high intelligence. His death was a great loss to the profession which he adorned without being known, and enriched without leaving a monument. The elder Mr. Bennett had an extraordinary style, audacious, witty, cunning, reckless, full of grim humor that amused even while it destroyed."

"As for the six works of contemporaneous interest which our correspondent inquires for, and which must also be models for a student of style, we will name the Bible in King James's version, a book of eternal and therefore of contemporaneous interest; Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*; Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*; William Ellery Channing's essay on Napoleon Bonaparte; Daniel Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, and Abraham Lincoln's speech on the Gettysburg battlefield. We do not mention these six productions as all comparable in importance, but as similar in elevation, grandeur, originality, and beauty of expression, and as alike indispensable to every English-writing student who would seek to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of literary art—a chastened, elegant, pregnant, fresh, imaginative, and fascinating style."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Miss von Hoerschelmann's two-volume "*Kulturgeschichtlicher Cicerone für Italien Reisende*" has had the rare distinction in Germany of being by special permission dedicated to the Empress Frederick, before whom and the Emperor the lady has repeatedly lectured. Like everything else in Germany, the dedication of a literary work to a member of the imperial family is connected with an incredible amount of red tape. There is a codex in the laws relating to the imperial household according to which no scientific work may be dedicated to any member of the imperial family unless it comes up to a certain standard. A number of savants "sit upon" each work of this kind and determine whether the dedication is to be or not to be. One of the conditions is that the work should contain views or discoveries hitherto not dealt with. Miss von Hoerschelmann's *Cicerone* could naturally not lay claim to this distinction, and it was owing to a special interference of the Empress that her two volumes passed the censor and were dedicated to her Majesty.

Andrew Lang in the *New Princeton Review* thus sighs for the draught of forgetfulness: "Weary me no more, for this hour, with your shades of theological opinion; let me be happy with that God of the old French tale, that 'God who loveth lovers.' Close the veil on the brutes who kick women to death, and raise the curtain on gallant deeds, and maidens rescued, and dragons and duennas discomfited. Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kukuana-land,—the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or 'the cup of Hercules' of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépin's. If only

the nepenthe be foaming there,—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness,—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams."

The Christian Advocate is of the opinion that no book, except the Bible, makes so large a return for careful study as the English Dictionary! The best method of studying the English Dictionary is to read two pages each and every secular day of the year; to consider the pronunciation and meaning of each word; those with which we are familiar are immediately recognized, but one does well to consider the pronunciation, no matter how familiar the meaning of the words. Words that are new to the person will easily be distinguished in the mind as obsolete, obsolescent, or still in use. Let every meaning and history be carefully considered. Next, let every new word which is suitable for use in this age and country be employed as soon as possible in letter, or speech, or composition. Third, the great dictionaries quote from authors certain illustrative passages. Let these be referred to in the original when the writer possesses the book, and let him read the passage in its setting. Fourth, keep a dictionary at hand and refer *at the instant* to any word used in a new or questionable way, or to any new word to which one comes in reading. Do not say, "I will look this up at some other time." "Seize the moment of excited curiosity for the acquisition of knowledge." Unless the word is examined *at once* it will be forgotten or crowded out. A person who uses the dictionary in this way will in six months make more progress in the mastery of facts, ideas, and words, than could otherwise be done in several years.

Le Temps, of December 17th, contains the opening chapters of a new serial, by Hector Malot, entitled Justice, and which is really a sequel to La Conscience, a powerful romance which ran, in serial form, through many numbers of Le Temps of last year, and proved not only a literary success but a tremendous sensation—giving rise to violent controversy and discussion on certain fine points of the moral code which have not yet reached a satisfactory settlement. Perhaps the author offers Justice as the solution to the problems he evoked, since the work is advertised not only as the sequel but the conclusion of La Conscience. Alphonse Daudet has published, with Flammarion, an edition of his Souvenirs of a Man of Letters, beautifully illustrated by the same artists who furnished the plates for his Thirty Years of Paris, and which will form a part of the Collection Guillaume.

Captain Driant, a young officer of the French Zouaves and the son-in-law of General Boulanger, has been condemned to thirty days of imprisonment as the penalty for having published a book, La Guerre de Demain, without official authority. No French officer is at liberty to publish anything without such permission, and the work must also be submitted and approbation passed thereon. The book in question, a poem, has received a two-column notice from the Figaro, which also tenders the author a profound apology for having been the first to expose his identity, thinly disguised by the pseudonym of Dranit. Paris is indignant over the arrest. It seems that, not only is there nothing in La Guerre de Demain to offend the ministry, but a similar breach of military etiquette has often passed entirely unreprimated—while in the case of Paul Déroulède, who published a most belligerent little volume entitled Chantes du Soldat with-

out ministerial authority, it is a well-known fact that the audacious author, whose full name and estate as officer appeared on the volume, received from General Cissey, then Minister of War, two letters—one an official reprimand—dictated—the second, a friendly little note in the General's proper hand, congratulating his friend, Déroulède on the daring cleverness of his "charming little volume." With all this in view, Paris openly and indignantly asserts that the disgrace imposed upon Captain Driant by M. Freycinet is intended for Boulanger, delivered over the shoulders of his son-in-law.

A writer in the New York Sun relates that at an up-town publisher's a very interesting talk was had about the relations of authors and publishers to the books they jointly produce. It was said that although the publisher takes ninety per cent. of the proceeds of a book, and gives the author only ten per cent., that nevertheless the actual cost of printing a book eats up all the income from the first 1,500 copies at the least. There is a certain fixed sale of whatever a great publisher sends out. But it amounts to very little, say 700 or 800 copies of a dollar and a half book. These copies are sent out on standing orders from large dealers and libraries, who always take so many copies of whatever is new without knowing or caring what it is. Authors, taken collectively, have much the best of the publishers, though individually it often seems the other way. It seems very one-sided in a case like that of one of Howells's novels or one of Haggard's or Stevenson's, where the author keeps on getting his little ten or fifteen cents on each book while the publisher garners in fifty or seventy cents on each volume; but when one thinks of the raft of books that literally fail to bring back their cost, it is seen that the authors as a class risk less and lose less than the publishers. When an author is certain of success in these days, he draws out of the lottery, and thus still further reduces the publisher's chance of gain. He does as Gen. Grant did with his book, and as half a dozen other authors have done lately—turns the tables and gives the publisher a percentage.

It appears that it is only the poor authors who resort to every expedient and effort to win Dame Fortune to have their books accepted. The rich authors soon tire of sending their manuscripts around, and adopt the alternative that money offers—that of taking the book to a publisher and paying him the cost of making the book. All sorts of agreements are in vogue in this phase of the business. Some authors take a percentage, some give a percentage, some share half and half with the publishers, and, in short, each one drives whatever bargain he can on top of paying to get the book out. He is pretty certain to get the best of it, because the publishing house throws in its reputation and methods, and these are not counted in any of these bargains. This publisher says that something more than a clever book is needed to make money. The Story of a Country Town is in all respects a clever book. It was written by a man named Howe, and is a close picture of life in a southwestern village. But that is all it is, and therefore the author has not made much money out of it—\$2,000 at the outside. To make money a book must be new in its treatment or ideas or sensational in its purpose, or so human as to be deeply interesting to the masses. Then it will be bought and read by thousands who will not understand it, but will read it because everybody is talking of it. Robert Elsmere is selling for 20 cents, and people are buying it who cannot make

head nor tail of it, just as thousands read Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde*, and did not know what it was all about until they saw Mansfield play it on the stage.

In a bitter and brilliant novel, "The Philistines," Mr. Arlo Bates has "burnt" up the Bostonese. In the opinion of the clever critic, that class of Bostonians who profess to admire art and to collect its treasures, but who belong to no "school" and who are not of the sacred guild itself, deserve the appellation he has bestowed upon them in the title of his book and, justly enough, he argues that their interference in public schemes for the construction of buildings and monuments to the exclusion of professional artists, is an outrage. Mr. Bates stabs the non-professional vindictively. He is particularly bitter against those artists who have prostituted their talent to Mammon—who are, in a word, making money with the palette and brush. These men are no longer sincere and truthful toward their divine mistress, and poor Arthur Fenton, who is popular and prosperous to this unfortunate extent, is mercilessly, and, what is worse for him, cleverly, satirized. "The Philistines" fairly whistles with the egotism of the writer and the vanity of his clique—there is much in the book that is clever and much that is cruel, and Mr. Arlo Bates should have added a bit to his title and called his entertaining work "The Philistines—by a Pharisee."

Harper's Weekly for March will contain the opening chapters of a new novel, by Howells, which is to retail the New York adventures of Isabel, Basil and other characters who figured in *Their Wedding Journey*.

The Despot of Broomsedge Cove, by Charles Egbert Craddock, is out in book form. This story bears the strong family resemblance to its fellows which, even to the point of title, is felt to be characteristic of the children of Miss Murfree's brain. There is the usual gorgeous word painting—the shadow of mountains, cloud effects, high-lights, and strong reliefs, which is becoming with this talented author rather more of a literary trick than perhaps she, herself, is aware. Among the many strong figures, the one of Marcella stands outlined with a delicate and charming touch.

In Walter Besant's last novel, *For Faith and Freedom*, he despatches a character to New England in 1687. American History has failed, ignominiously, to notice this pre-Puritanic Pioneer, and we are indebted to Mr. Besant for the introduction. We are further indebted to him for a very charming book written with dash and spirit and full of color and picturesqueness. The characters are well drawn, the dialogue is spirited, and the story true to the troublous times of the useless Monmouth rebellion in England.

The Athenæum announces that Macmillan is to publish a novel by Margaret Lee, an American writer. The book, which treats the question of divorce, is entitled *Faithful and Unfaithful*, and it is said that Gladstone will comment on it in one of the English magazines.

The second volume of Ernest Renan's *History of Israel* has been published. This part of the work covers the period of Jewish history from the reign of David to the fall of the Northern Kingdom, and the author states in his preface that he regards this as the most important period in the history of Judaism. Guy de Maupassant is engaged on a new novel entitled *Fort Comme la Mort*. After its publication he is going to make a jour-

ney through Africa. M. Caro's *George Sand*, which has been translated into English by Molville B. Anderson, is, by far, the most finely discriminating, judicious and also entertaining critique which has ever been given of the celebrated author and equally celebrated woman.

Among the publications of the month are, *The Peril of Richard Pardon*, by B. L. Farjeon—*Stray Leaves of Literature*, by Frederick Saunders—*The Serpent Tempted Her*, by Saqui Smith—and James Morris Whiton's *Law of Liberty and Other Discourses*. The second series of Matthew Arnold's essays in *Criticism*, published by Macmillan, contains nine papers devoted to *The Study of Poetry*, Milton, Thomas Gray, John Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tolstoi and Amiel. Mrs. Humphrey Ward is writing a reply to the attacks upon Robert Elsmere. The next number of Lippincott's *Magazine* will have a new novel by Edgar Saltus, bearing the curiously suggestive title *Transactions In Hearts*.

The Tribune says that so strong a feeling has been manifested in this country against the publication of a cheap pirated edition of Professor's Bryce's noble work on *The American Commonwealth* that it is hardly possible that any publisher will undertake it. "The Boston Advertiser" says: "Professor Bryce's materials were gathered by the most patient, candid and acute inquiry in this country, and represent many years of labor on his part and that of his American assistants. He has made admirable use of them in the preparation of a work universally recognized as a monument to our Commonwealth and of the foremost importance to all students of our institutions and people. For such a monograph the nation cannot afford to show itself ungrateful. If a publisher attempts to put an edition of this work on the market to defraud the author and discredit the nation his attempt should be pilloried as disgraceful, and the edition should be boycotted by honest book buyers."

Honoré Fragonard, by Baron Roger Portalis, who is best known as the author of a great work on the Eighteenth Century, is the result, says the *Paris Figaro*, of the most patient research, the most arduous labor, the most indefatigable study of ancient documents—and such a result! A biography, a monograph almost without equal. All the *chefs-d'œuvres* of this French master, as charming as Clodion, as provoking as Watteau, yet with some of the dash and passion of Rubens, have been conscientiously reproduced and carefully classified, until a rare perfection has been attained. It is one of the most beautiful volumes Paris has ever seen, superbly bound in cloth of gold, containing over a hundred illustrations of the works of a master whose roughest sketch is, to-day, of almost priceless value, and reproduced in *eaux-fortes* by Champollion, Lalauze, Courty, de Mare, and Monzies. The helio-gravures by Dujardin, the photolitho gravures by d'Aron—all names sufficient in themselves to give prominence to a page irrespective of the subject which, in this case, is so great.

The Union of The Foreign Press in London is an association similar to and founded upon the principles of the syndicate of the foreign press in Paris. Its motive is to protect the interests of the foreign press in England, and to obtain for it the same privileges which are accorded it in other countries. The Union is composed of thirty press correspondents of different nationalities. These gentlemen met in general assembly at the beginning of the new year, elected their officers and adopted the statutes of the Parisian syndicate.

CHOICE VERSE—SELECTED FROM THE MAGAZINES

The Secret Chamber—W. H. Hayne—Independent

There is a secret chamber in the soul,
The audience-room of Conscience—a pure queen
Whose subjects are all Good and Evil Deeds.
She sits enthroned above the shifting throng,
With sinless lips and clear seraphic eyes.
The Good Deeds come with worshipful white brows,
And blessed by her their radiant footsteps reach
Some Land of Promise veiled from mortal view.
The Ill Deeds enter with defiant steps,
Clad in the brazen armor they have wrought—
The armor of their unregretted sins—
But ere they pass beyond that virgin throne
Are stricken down with sudden light that streams
In sun-bright splendor from their sovereign's crown!

The Day is at Hand—Marg. Deland—Pittsburg Bulletin

*O, Dayspring, dawn
In hearts that sleep,
In petty dreaming
Fallen deep.*

Low hung the yellow moon;
As tho' a golden cup,
Brimmed with the poppy juices of sweet June,
Was tipped by some dark, careless hand,
And spilled a drowsy vapor o'er the land.
The winds and shadows slept;
The Earth was waiting; yet,
Sunk thus in sleep, the Hope it long had kept
Drew near! unwelcomed, save for light
From the mist-veiled and reverent eyes of night.
The World's Hope ended here
In long desired joy—
Yet no man knew! They slept; nor guessed how near
To their poor dreams had come the Day,
Dawning, eternal, where pale moonbeams lay.

Alec Yeaton's Son—Thos. B. Aldrich—Atlantic

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"
Snug in the stern sheets little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.
"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!"
"For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.
"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand!"
"For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!
Surely, O Lord, Thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"
Then, helm hard aport, right straight he sailed
Toward the headland light;
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.
Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"—
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

On Badon's Mount—Wayne Wright—Congress

A FRAGMENT.

All day on Badon's Mount that pennon fair
Had wavered to and fro. Now, sore beset
By screaming hordes of savage infidels,
Hopeless, it staggered backward. Then the king
Made a last trial to retrieve the day,
And, with the black plume waving high o'erhead,
Flew at his foes before him. Longed he, then,
For Launcelot and his twenty kindred knights,
Whom the forked tongue of hate, in Modred's mouth
Had banished from his side. Ah! who, of these
Who couched the lance with him in this despair
Had such o'ermastering hold on common hearts
To keep their valor as his mighty own
And stay this shame—interminable—wild—
Of red defeat? In vain, with spurs areek,
His knights urged on their chargers to that blaze
Of flashing spears and aye advancing foe;
Arthur in vain with fierce, imploring voice,
Cried on his withering footmen to withhold
Their craven steps. The savage tide swept on,
Stemmed only by the barrier of true knights
Around the faltering pennon. To the king
An instant's vision came: Black, smoking fields,
Where once the ripe grain burst its full ears;
And ruined halls and all the merrie land
A wooded desolation. Honor lost—
And every good that he had strived to gain
Flung back to its beginning. As he dreamed,
Lo! from a clump of beeches on his flank,
With barrèd helms, and lances held in couch,
A mailed group of warriors came on!
While one before them rode a horse's length,
Bearing a helm and shield with no device;
And, as he passed that group about the king,
He snatched the pennon from its bearer's hand,
And held it o'er his head, and waved it high,
Spurring like lightning o'er the slippery field;
While that the group behind him closed them up,
And sprang upon the shrinking infidels.
A single shock! a single shout! and then—
The scattered heathen, shrieking from the fray:
The footmen closing in the hot pursuit;
The knights of Arthur bending to the charge,
And hailing o'er the clangor of the fight
The name of him who saved them. But his face
(Say those who saw him on that glorious day)
Was only noble-browed, and calm, and sad,
As was his wont; nor did victorious pride
Fill up his eye, the while the sunset fell
On Arthur's pennon, waving in his hand.

Red Bradbury's End—Arthur Symons—Temple Bar

"Joe," the old man maundered, as he lay his length in the bed;
 "Joe, God bless you, my son, but your dad's no better than dead,
 Eh, I'm a powerful sinner, and I thank the Lord for the same,
 But, Joe, I'm dying, I tell you! Joe, Joe, and I can't die game!"

"Ay, old man," said the son, "die game or die like a rat;
 If you please to sneak into heaven I see no harm in that."

"But the parson, Joe, for pity!" The son leaned forth from his chair,
 And the old man shrank and whimpered, and shuddered away from his stare.

It was night, and the wind blew loud, and the rain swept over the moor,
 And once and again a branch tap-tapped like a hand at the door;
 The fire leaped, flickered and fell, and a candle guttered and winked,
 And the old man peered at the light till his eyelids reddened and blinked.

"Joe," he quavered again, "'twas cunning, eh, my son?
 We stopped the mouths of the rogues, and we fought the law and we won.
 But I tell you, here as I lie, I can see those corpses stand,
 With a tongue in every wound, all bloody at God's right hand.

"I can't die yet! I can't! Oh, mercy! I'll tell! I'll tell!
 Quick, fetch me a parson, Joe, and save my soul out of hell!"
 The old man stopped, for his breath came short, and the light grew dim;
 But he shrieked, "I'm going to God, and I must get right with Him!"

"Dad," said the son, "lie still; die easy; let bygones be.
 Now your own neck's free of the noose you shall tell no tales on me.
 We've kept our counsel together; get right with God if you will;
 God tells no tales, but parsons may, and I say, lie still!"

Then the whole pent rage and remorse of the old man burst in a cry,
 And he bounded up in the bed and he flung up his arms on high;
 His clenched fists beat in the air; then he doubled and fell on the bed
 And his eyes were a fear to see; they lived, but the man was dead.

The Death of Anthony—W. W. Story—Blackwood's

Can it be? Are you living, my queen?
 I thought I had lost you for ever;
 I was hurrying on to seek you
 O'er Acheron's dark river.
 I was rushing down Death's dark way,
 For this world is nothing without you;
 But you live, you live, and for one last time
 I can throw my arms about you.

Mine again—for a moment—no more,
 For swiftly my life is flying;
 All your love cannot hold me here,
 I am dying, Egypt, dying.
 Ah! Death would be only a triumph
 If we together were going,
 But alone, alone, and so alone,
 Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never—ah, never, never,
 Even in Elysian meadows
 Can bliss be mine, if you are not there.
 'Mid that throng of thin, cold shadows,
 Ah, let me not go alone!
 'Tis so easy life's knot to sever;
 One pang, and it all is over. Come,
 Let us fling off the whole world for ever!

We have had our golden days,
 Our triumph, our power, and our glory;
 And our life, and our love, and our death
 Shall be long remembered in story.
 We have not hid from men's gaze,
 Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
 But the world has wondered and stared at us,
 And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing in life to regret,
 We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
 We have seen, we have done, what no others have done
 And if death now the triumph closes,
 Let it come! let us welcome its coming,
 Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
 Fate frowns on us both; let us go, dear love,
 Let us die as we lived, together.

Is it Caesar's triumph to swell,
 That you hesitate now and linger?
 His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
 To be pointed out by Scorn's finger?
 To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble?
 You, to cringe and to shrink to a master;
 You, to eat the dust of his chariot-wheels;
 And is death, then, a worse disaster?

Ah! you shudder! Your cheeks grow pale!
 I can say no more; I am dying.
 This world's growing dim. Lift my head!—one more kiss!
 Oh! at least on your bosom lying,
 My spirit takes flight—all is over
 This life had to give, and it gave us
 Its best and its sweetest; but now death is best—
 Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell! We shall meet again soon,
 I feel it, beyond the dark river.
 If you stay, it will be but a moment,
 For life cannot last for ever.
 On that farther shore I shall wait,
 With a love that knows no abating,
 Till you come—and come soon—and remember,
 I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.

Before Visiting Florence—Emma Lazarus—Century

Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles,
 Abloom with beauty, a white rose full-blown,
 Yet rich in sacred dust, in storied stone
 Precious past all the wealth of Indian isles.
 From olive-hoary Fiesole to feed
 On Brunelleschi's dome my hungry eye,
 And see against the lotus-colored sky
 Spring the slim belfry graceful as a reed;
 To kneel upon the ground where Dante trod;
 To breathe the air of immortality
 From Angelo and Raphael—to be,
 Each sense new-quickened by a demi-god;
 To hear the liquid Tuscan speech at whiles
 From citizen and peasant: to behold
 The heaven of Leonardo washed with gold.
 Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles!

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Mr. John Brisbin Walker, the millionaire purchaser of *The Cosmopolitan*, is one of those strong American personalities that does not invite but compels attention. Mr. Walker was educated at West Point. Before graduation he left for China on an engineering commission, and subsequently became identified with the diplomatic service. Returning to America he devoted himself to journalism in Washington and in Pittsburg. It was in the latter city that the panic of 1873 swept away his fortune. He went further west, almost penniless, and proved his literary ability by the editorial conduct of the *Inter-Ocean*, an independent weekly of Denver, Colorado. His present fortune has been made in eight years. He created in the suburbs of Denver the largest alfalfa farm in the State. Then he mapped it for a residence portion of the city, and set himself the task of making Denver grow out to him and bring him wealth. He filled in low lands, embanked the treacherous river, encouraged building and pushed improvements. Finally he quietly cleaned up about a million and a half of dollars, and gave up the business of money-making. He resides now on a magnificent estate on the Hudson, and has taken an office building on upper Fifth Avenue, intending to devote the remainder of his life to his first love—Literature. It reads like fiction; it is an industrious fact. *The Cosmopolitan* is not intended as a plaything. Mr. Walker means to make it—along certain lines—the magazine of America. And he has perhaps as strong a compelling power as he had to force Denver realty value into his River Front Park. The combination of business ability, literary taste, and several million dollars, is as rare as it is interesting. Mr. Walker will in all probability do for the *Cosmopolitan* what Allen Thorndike Rice has done for the *North American Review*.

The active editor of the *Cosmopolitan* is Mr. E. D. Walker—not a relative of the proprietor—and one of the youngest of the city magazine editors. He is a graduate of Williams and of the Harper establishment. His first literary work was as a writer of magazine articles and of a curious book upon the idea of soul-wandering entitled, *Reincarnation*. During his six years at Harpers he became thoroughly conversant with their book, art, and editorial work, being successively, the chief assistant in those three departments, and finally the right-hand man of the Harper's Magazine editor. The idea of color work in periodical illustrating was original with him, as were several other features of *The Cosmopolitan*. The beautiful colored plate of minerals and precious stones illustrating an article in Harper's a year or more ago was executed at his suggestion, and under his direction. When selected to take the editorship of *The Cosmopolitan* he introduced the feature of color work with artistic success. This method of illustrating will be continued. Mr. Walker is something of an artist and musician as well as an editor. He is a bachelor, and a member of several literary clubs.

A writer in the *New York Press* gives some very interesting particulars regarding the personality of other magazine editors. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, is described as "a comparatively young man, not over 43 years of age, somewhat below the average height, with dark hair and eyes. Mr. Gilder, personally, is one of the most popular lights of literary

circles. He is a married man and the father of a quartet of beautiful children. For some years he resided at "The Studio," on Fifteenth street, in this city, a picturesque building of antique design that was the scene during his occupancy of many social gatherings. These brilliant affairs—brilliant in point of brains and ability—went far to establish the reputation of the young litterateur as a host and built up a personal popularity such as few men of his years have attained. He is president of the Fellowcraft Club, and his name also appears on the roll books of the Players Club, the Century Club and the Authors' Club. His work he divides between a charming nook in his library at his home on Eighth street and his office in the Century building, though by far the greater part of it is done in the former. He has a summer residence at Marion, Mass., noted for its picturesque location. Mr. Gilder is the author of several volumes of poems.

One of the best known magazine editors, and a veteran in his profession, is Dr. Henry Mills Alden of Harper's Magazine, who has conducted the destinies of the editorial department of that magazine for twenty years. He is a gentleman of very mild manners, and is the author of the poem *The Ancient Lady of Sorrow*. He is a graduate of both Williams College and the Andover Theological Seminary. In conjunction with A. H. Guernsey he wrote Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Dr. Alden is a married man, about 53 years of age, and passes a great deal of time at his beautiful home at Metuchen, N. J. He has an interesting family, in which he takes much pride. Associated with him on the editorial staff of the magazine are Robert R. Sinclair, formerly city editor of the *New York Times*; George William Curtis, who conducts the "Easy Chair" department; W. D. Howells, "Editor's Study" department, and Charles Dudley Warner and J. K. Bangs, "The Drawer" department.

Edward L. Burlingame, the editor of Scribner's Magazine, is the son of the late Anson Burlingame, who became noted for his successful negotiation of what is known as the Burlingame Treaty with China. Mr. Burlingame is a native of Boston and is 40 years of age. He entered Harvard, but left before graduating to accompany his father to China in the capacity of private secretary. After traveling extensively through China and Japan he studied at Heidelberg, and later on took the law course at Columbia. He became known through his translation of *Art, Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*. He had been for some years previous doing good work on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. He aided in the editing of Appleton's *Encyclopædia*, by Ripley and Dana, and also of Byrant's *History of the United States*. Mr. Burlingame is a married man, resides here in New York and has been with the Scribners for the past ten years, for whom he has edited their magazine since its foundation. He is a handsome man, with black beard and hair, and has a pleasant word for every one. His assistant is Robert Bridges, a graduate of Princeton, who has also had experience in New York journalism.

Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, is one of the richest editors in the United States, and his is an instance in which wealth and ability go hand in hand. He is reputed to be a millionaire

twice over, is but 33 years of age, a handsome man and a bachelor. With these attributes, combined with the advantages of an excellent education and an inexhaustible fund of information obtained by foreign travel, it is but natural that he is a popular as well as a prominent leader in the literary world. He received his early education in France and Germany and finally graduated from Oxford. His rather slight figure, dark complexion and Spanish cast of countenance is familiar to the habitués of the up-town clubs. In manner he is democratic, with a slight tendency to be reserved. He spends several hours a day at his office and overlooks every line of matter that appears in the magazine of which he is owner as well as editor. Mr. Rice is a frequent contributor to his own periodical. In politics he is an ardent Republican, and takes an active part in every national campaign. His hobby in politics is electoral reform, of which he has long been a zealous advocate both by pen and tongue. He framed the first ballot reform bill ever introduced in the New York Legislature. His stable contains some horses the pedigree of which is gilt edged, and he is also the owner of a steam launch which has a record of twenty-two miles an hour. Mr. Rice is an energetic man and an enthusiast in his work. For the past year he occupied the residence of Vice President-elect Morton and has a cottage at Tuxedo Park.

Among the high class of magazines *The Forum* has forced itself into a conspicuous place. It is edited by L. S. Metcalf, a graduate from daily journalism. He is about 50 years of age, and is frequently seen in the parlors of the Century, the Twilight and the Authors' clubs. He is a native of Massachusetts, where he was educated. In former years he wrote for various New England papers, and became well known in literary circles. He was for a number of years at the head of the North American Review, and devoted much time and energy to the success of that magazine. Mr. Metcalf is of an industrious and methodical turn of mind. Between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. he can usually be found at his handsome office on Fifth avenue preparing manuscripts. He is very democratic in his manner, and bears a reputation in the clubs of which he is a member for having the gift of relating anecdotes with excellent effect. His greatest horror is a dinner party, and the influence that can induce him to accept an invitation to one would have to be of great power. He is married, resides in one of the apartment houses near Union square, and has a summer residence near Bath, Me.

Donn Piatt, the editor of *Belford's Magazine*, is probably known the world over. He is 64 years old and attends his office as regularly as he did his sanctum in Paris when he represented the United States Government there during the time of Napoleon I. He is as lively to-day as he was when he went to Illinois to induce Lincoln to run for the Presidency. He was a strong friend of Grant's, and at the close of the war made a success of the Washington Capital. Mr. Piatt is a man of strong prejudices and sticks to them with tenacity, and is a good hater as well as a good friend. In religion he is a Roman Catholic, and does not believe in the education of the masses at the State's expense. He is thoroughly an American and retains his old home at Maccohee, Ohio. Alva E. Davis is the head of the *American Magazine*. He is a young man, scarcely 29 years of age, and is a comparative stranger in New York, having been here but one year. He hails from Indiana and does not claim to be a writer.

Mr. Kirke Munroe is writing a life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and is, at present, in Massachusetts collecting his material and some personal notes from the subject of his biography. Mrs. Stowe has greatly improved in health. She is no longer confined to the house and has resumed her large correspondence.

Carl Lumboltz, the Australian explorer, whose book descriptive of four years spent among the cannibals of Australia has been translated into many languages and published in many countries, has left Copenhagen for New York, where he will deliver a course of lectures before the New York Geographical Society.

Blakely Hall says that he once saw David Belasco in the throes of composition, and that "it was an odd sight to people who have preconceived notions concerning play writing. Mr. Belasco's hair was tousled over his brow. He was gnawing his nether lip with an air of intense absorption, his cravat was loosened, his coat cast aside and his legs were wound around his chair with nervous sinuosity. I had run in on him unawares and did not know that he was at work. A large table at which he sat was littered with all sorts of curious odds and ends. There was a huge sheet of paper before him covered with cabalistic signs and marks, and he held a blue pencil tightly clenched in his right hand. Ink wells, match stands, calendars, pens, books, newspaper clippings and half a dozen other small objects were arrayed on opposing sides of the table. These, Mr. Belasco explained, represented characters in the play, and that he was trying to group them so as to make an effective tableau for the close of the third act. The idea was subsequently utilized in 'The Wife.'"

In the death of Mrs. Joseph Austin ("Betsy B"), of San Francisco, literary-journalism has lost an able exponent; womanhood one of its most loved and honored characters. Less cannot be said; more than this is beyond the capabilities of even this friendly expression.

Geo. W. Smalley, writing from London to the Tribune, says of the late Laurence Oliphant: "He may or may not have secured a permanent place in literature. His books were undeniably clever, and those which dealt with religious or abstruse subjects had the stamp of sincerity and of individual thought. It is for posterity to say whether they will read them or not. But he has, at any rate, a permanent place in the memories of those who knew him. He had what a man so seldom has: he had charm of character. He was an accomplished man of the world, who could, and did over and over again, renounce the world at a moment's notice. He was in Mayfair to-day, the ornament and life of a smart dinner party; to-morrow he was off for Southern Russia to look after suffering Jews, or to Palestine to meditate in his lonely hut on the deepest problems of life and of thought. Nobody had led a more various life. Nobody had seen the world on more sides. Nobody could tell you more curious and amazing experiences than Oliphant, if he would. But I often thought that one of the most striking things about him was his perfect simplicity of manner. If you did not know him and know about him, you would not guess that this quiet, gray-bearded gentleman, who conformed scrupulously to the nicest code of social behavior, was the hero of a hundred strange adventures. If there was anything not quiet about him, it was his eyes. In them burned the consuming fire which would never let him rest. He talked readily about any-

thing but himself, and talked racily and well. But what was more delightful than his talk was Oliphant himself. Very likely he had been round the world since you saw him six months ago, but he walked into the room as if he had come from the next street. He was a favorite in London society so long as he chose to stay. He might be absent for years, but he resumed his place whenever he chose, and was as great a favorite as ever. In soul he was a crusader; disinterested, devoted, chivalrous, and ever ready to abandon anything he most cared for at the summons of what he deemed duty, or authority higher than his own."

Alfred Trumble's new weekly is called *Lies*. Good luck to his clever interpretation of the article. His work is always artistic and interesting.

Alice Wellington Rollins belongs distinctly to that small body of American authors who are in earnest. She is not writing for notoriety, to gratify personal ambition, or because it happens to be the fad of the day. She is as serious in her purpose as George Eliot or Mrs. Stowe, and as calm and judicial as she is intellectual. Her stories for children first brought her into notice, and her *Oh, Uncle Philip*, and *All Sorts of Children*, with their humor, pathos and lively style, have become American classics. Her thoughtful, studious mind inclines more naturally, however, to critical reviews, and essays upon moral and political questions, and subjects of general reform. For the last eight years she has earned a large income with her pen,—her broad, deep and searching papers upon the questions of the day meeting with ready acceptance in newspapers and magazines. During the first six years of *The Critic's* life she wrote its reviews, and is still an occasional contributor. Her *Uncle Tom's Tenement* is a series of essays written in the hope of alleviating the horrors of the New York poor, and popularized with plot and incident. In addition to her strong mental qualities Mrs. Rollins has the poet's gift and has contributed much dainty and feeling verse to the magazines. Next month she goes to Washington to read a paper on tariff reform at Mrs. Whitney's.

General Lew Wallace contemplates writing a historical novel, the scene of which will be laid in Rome. He has been collecting material and making researches concerning characters of Roman history for several years past, and it is now rumored that he is very desirous of securing the mission to Rome, under the new administration, which would, of course, place him directly on the scene and facilitate his literary work immensely.

A writer in the *Mail and Express* declares that "it is a mystery to the profession of women journalists how Mrs. Frank Leslie ever manages to get through her work, dressed as she always is in her office. When a man has a special piece of writing on hand he throws his coat off, runs his feet in a pair of old shoes or loose slippers, opens his vest, and buckles down to his task with his arms spread over half the desk room. Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts on a *Recamier* gown that goes over a jersey and belts under her arms, does her feet up in cork sandals, lies back in a big willow rocker, and writes with her copy paper thumbscrewed to a thirty-two inch blotting pad. Mrs. John Sherwood goes up to the top of her house, where her study is located, wraps herself in a blanket robe of blue and custard wool, and, seated before a gas log, she dictates to her stenographer a syndicate letter in an hour. Mary Mapes Dodge, of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, wears a loose suit planned after a

Brighton bathing suit, that fits like an old habit, and in which she confesses to accomplishing an ocean of work. Even Harriet Hubbard Ayer has her long half-fitting princess, with a fedora that permits an absence of corsets or reeds, and thus robed she gets through as much work as any ten women of ordinary industry in the field of labor. But Mrs. Leslie prefers to sit at her desk from 9 until 3 o'clock, dressed in a French costume that is stayed and stiffened till it fits without a wrinkle or a crease. Her sleeves are poems, her back is a study, and her waist could be spanned by a necklace. All her gowns are black silk in gros-grain or moire, and she has an assortment of little black aprons made of surah, net or gauze and ruffled with white lace. She never wears a collar or a ruche of any sort, the finish for all her high-neck dresses consisting of a band of cream white, inch wide, fancy edged ribbon, which she ties in a little bow at the right side. And her feet! In the name of the canonized Crispin I don't know how she stands on them, for they are shod in No. 1 boots, and I would wager my pet feather fan she does not weigh less than 140 pounds in her bath robe. These little shoes are after the Spanish, made of black kid and laced, tipped and stripped with silver. Running under her white oak desk is a steampipe which coils for a foot rest, and here Mrs. Leslie sits toasting her feet as she writes letters, poems or specials for out-of-town papers. A fan of painted feathers is always within reach, and when an inspiration is wanted the raven quills are put in motion."

Mr. W. Q. Judge, the editor of the theosophical magazine *The Path*, recently returned from London, says that wonderful woman Mme. Blavatsky, is living with the Countess Wachtmeister—widow of a Swedish Count, who was an Ambassador to the Court of St. James—in Holland Park, London, and is devoting herself to the most arduous labors in the cause of theosophy. She scarcely ever leaves the house, and from 6.30 o'clock in the morning until evening is constantly engaged in writing articles for her magazine, *Lucifer*, or other theosophic publications, replying to correspondents, and preparing the matter for further forthcoming volumes of her gigantic work, *The Secret Doctrine*. In the evening she has many visitors of all sorts—inquirers, critics, skeptics, curiosity seekers, friends. Notwithstanding that Mme. Blavatsky is beyond the vigor of middle age and for nearly three years past has been living in defiance of the leading London physicians, who gave her up long ago as hopelessly incurable of a deadly kidney disease that was liable to kill her at any moment, she never seems weary, but is the animated leader of conversation, speaking with equal ease in English, French, Italian, and Russian, or dropping into Sanskrit and Hindoostanee as occasion requires. Whether working or talking, she seems to be constantly rolling, lighting, and smoking cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. As for her personal appearance, she hardly seems changed at all from what she was when in this country several years ago, except that she has grown somewhat stouter.

James Whitcomb Riley has this to say of a new poet: "One of the most pure-spirited fellows in his poetical thought is Dr. James Newton Matthews, of Illinois. He is gifted, and sings with wonderful sweetness and beauty. There is a purity in his tone that wins the heart and creates a desire to know the poet. He has just published a volume of poems entitled '*Temple Vale and Other Poems*.' But for his friends he would have remained in obscurity. They are fond of him, and

insisted on his bringing out a volume of poems. He resides in a kind of pocket, or *cul de sac*, far from the literary centres. He is a prophet in his own country, and the people in the community, who have a genuine affection for him, honor him. One of the remarkable things in connection with many of the younger poets in America is their purity and elevation and their worthiness, from a personal stand-point, to enjoy such rare gifts. Matthews is such a poet, and to know him is to love the kind of poetry he writes. He is a young man, a physician, and is happily married."

Literary New York takes great pride in Mme. Alice de Plongeon, the famous Yucatan explorer. Her husband, Augustus de Plongeon, the savant, has been trying for some time past to interest Americans in the proofs he has gathered that Yucatan contains the relics of the oldest civilization on the globe. Madame, his wife, although only thirty, is said to have no equal in the archaeological knowledge of her own field. Her marriage was a romantic one. Whilst a slight, dark little girl, poring over Mexican antiquities in the British Museum, she met M. de Plongeon, then on a visit to London. They were extremely scientific at first, exchanged earnest and weighty opinions on the Uxmal collection, but speedily fell in love and sailed away to Yucatan and prowled about its ruins for fourteen years. Madame de Plongeon did not prowl uninterruptedly. She had yellow fever three times, and nursed and vaccinated three Maya villages through small-pox. Madame's popularity comes from her modesty, her sprightliness, her enthusiasm and her wonderful experiences. She speaks Spanish and the Central American Indian dialects, and is an unusually good amateur photographer.

Davison Dalziel, the editor of New York Truth, has an interesting history. He belongs to the Dalziels of Northumberland, who on the Scottish side are called Dalziel. A remote ancestor was called Bloody Dalziel, and he was the greatest raider of his time. This is the sort of an ancestor a journalist needs. The present head of the family is the Earl of Carnworth, and there are only two or three lives between the New York editor and that title. Mr. Dalziel's maternal uncle, Robert Landells, in conjunction with Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Cruikshank and Leech, in Lemon's public house over a bowl of punch started the famous paper of that name. Landells continued its publisher after the others dropped off, but finally sold it for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the present proprietors. Mr. Dalziel inherited from his father a fortune which he quickly disposed of. After sowing his wild oats he went to Australia, and when only twenty years old started The Echo. It made such a stir that Fairfax, of the Sydney Morning Herald, took him into partnership. The Echo still flourishes. Tiring of Australia, Dalziel went to San Francisco and started the Mail, then drifted to Chicago and edited the News Letter, introducing colored cartoons. A year or so ago he came to New York and started Truth. Under his careful management this journal has stepped into the first position among society weeklies. It is aristocratic in looks; clever in contents.

One of the institutions of literary New York is "The Bok Syndicate Press," a bureau from which emanate the best and most striking literary articles by famous authors found in the newspapers. It is owned and managed by two brothers, Edward W. and William J. Bok. They control the literary work of some forty-five of the most famous men and women of the day, which they supply

to newspapers all over this country, Canada, and England. Edward Bok holds a responsible position with Scribner's Magazine. William devotes all his time to the syndicate work, and under his name the business is conducted. Edward makes the contracts with authors, William stands at the helm and carries them out. Edward has a wonderfully extensive acquaintance among famous people. He is well read, has good literary judgment and knows what reading people want. The brothers are very popular in society, and one is almost sure to meet them at any prominent literary or social event. They were born in Haarlem, Netherlands, and from the days of Admiral Von Tromp (1600) the family name has been in existence. Both are good talkers. They have built up their business from nothing. Henry Ward Beecher started Edward by making him his literary manager, and in this way the bureau began. Now, almost every author of note is on their list. They have no difficulty in securing writers. They pay promptly, and manage excellently. Their writers include Grace Greenwood, Wilkie Collins, Marion Harland, Lew Wallace, Mrs. Beecher, Robert Burdette, Dr. Talmage, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Will Carleton, Max O'Rell and a score of others. They work quietly, the general public hears but little of them, yet no two young men in New York have so wide an influence in the literary world.

For the past month the literary gossips have been busy with the name of Robert Louis Stevenson, now on his way back from his cruise to the South Sea Islands. Most of the romancing originated in San Francisco, where ten or more years ago Stevenson came to claim—according to one gossip—his bride, under these circumstances: When Stevenson was making that trip that bore fruit in his *An Inland Voyage*, he met in Paris Mrs. Samuel Osborne, of San Francisco. She came of Dutch parentage, her maiden name being Van de Griff, but she had married young Sam Osborne, who was private secretary to Senator Stanford and somewhat of a *protégé* of the railroad millionaire. She was a brilliant brunette with the vivid coloring and many of the tastes of a gypsy. Her husband had gone with her on a vacation, but he had been recalled on business and she was then staying with some friends in the French capital. She and Stevenson fell in love at first sight. Their literary and personal tastes ran in the same channels, and the author spent much time in her company. He professed to draw inspiration from her society, and when she left for home it was understood that she was to get a divorce from her husband by means of the easy processes of the California courts. This is subject to the modification of a pretty well posted writer in the *Star*, who declares that: Robert Louis, who was 26 when he married Mrs. Osborne, who was 42, first fell in love with Mrs. Osborne's daughter, Isabel Osborne, now the wife of Joseph D. Strong, an artist. The daughter proving cold, the impressionable Cambrian found solace in the more mature and subtle charms of the mother. It is not true that at the marriage of Robert Louis Stevenson, the bride's former husband, from whom she is now separated, gave her away. He did, however, do all in his power to make things pleasant for the happy pair. Robert Louis was in very straitened circumstances at the time; and telling Osborne that he was desirous of finding a spot where he could spend his honeymoon in an economical manner, his accommodating predecessor gave him a letter of introduction to a hotel keeper at Calistoga, a town in the mining country. There the couple were well received, and there they remained for a long time, Robert Louis

obtaining the material for and writing his *Silverado Squatters*, which was afterward published in the *Century Magazine*. The match between Stevenson and the former Mrs. Osborne was rather a marriage of minds than anything else, I fancy. The novelist is extremely thin and cadaverous of aspect, with a mouth and teeth that lend greater ghastliness to his appearance whenever he smiles. His wife, on the other hand, is constructed on a similar plan to Lotta. She is very petite, with extremely small hands and feet, with which latter she is so well satisfied that she once posed for a portrait to John S. Sargent in Paris with these diminutive members uncovered as she lay extended on a lounge. Though twice as old as her daughter she is much younger in appearance and action. She always dresses in the same fashion, black robes falling in loose folds over a form that is never encased in a corset, and a wide white lace collar. The Stevensons are strangely alike in temperament, living in a world of their own, with their heads in the clouds. Both consume cigarettes by the cord.

Laura Daintrey is a very handsome girl with ash blonde hair and frank blue eyes. She is tall and has the repose of nineteen and—success. It is said that she wrote *Eros* to cater to a fad and make "the needful" to take her to Europe. It is promised—now that eroticism is out of date—that the future work of this clever young writer shall be above reproach. When a little girl, Miss Daintrey was a great favorite with George Francis Train, and he will listen to no hard words of *Eros*. She used to play with him in Madison Square when her curls were long and her frocks were short. She now abbreviates her frocks the other way, and they are quite as effective and have won her much comment at this winter's receptions. Miss Daintrey's next novel will be called *Fedor*.

M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the *London Times*, has just won a wager and much continental glory besides, by writing an interesting short story in less than twenty-four hours, in a language not his own and with characters prescribed for him by another. He picked up the glove thrown down by a convivial brother of the guild after a professional dinner given in Paris—went home and wrote, in French, a really thrilling little romance, in which figured this strangely assorted company—the Emperor Napoleon, an aidecamp, a French actor, an English actress and a telegraph messenger. The *Paris Figaro* accepted and immediately published the story, and added thereto a brilliant paragraphic tribute to the cleverness of the author.

A Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun* writes: The Burnetts have bought a pretty house on Massachusetts avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and Mrs. Burnett will fill it with her foreign bric-à-brac, and take her place again in the literary and social coteries. Mrs. Burnett's new home is only three squares from the magnificent mansion of Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, whose acquaintance has followed her friend since Mrs. Burnett's first effort, when few people foresaw the popular authoress of to-day in the struggling writer of fifteen years ago. No woman has ever had a more brilliant social life than the widow of Admiral Dahlgren, and although her substantial income makes it unnecessary for her to supplement it by literary work, Mrs. Dahlgren has more pleasure in her little study at her writing table penning tales of the world and of the society that she knows so well than she would have surrounded by its glamour and glitter. Opposite Mrs. Dahlgren's, in a little brick house set back from the

street, lives George Kennan. The walls of his library are hung with souvenirs of his journey through Siberia. Mrs. Kennan is not overshadowed by her husband, but stands with him, shoulder to shoulder, helping him through the dark hours which come now and then to all writers, but always proud of and rejoicing in his successes. A little lower down on Massachusetts avenue is the home of A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress. Miss Spofford is a little woman. She is her father's companion in his literary labors and takes an active part in the literary society of which her father was for many years the president.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan is one of the large army of Southerners who have found literature remunerative. She first attracted attention by her novel *Manch*, which was so greatly admired by the late Alexander H. Stephens that he bought a hundred copies and distributed them among his friends in the Senate and House. But although Mrs. Bryan has written several novels, she gives the greater part of her attention to journalism. She married while still a school girl, and three years after her literary career began as assistant editor of a literary paper in Atlanta, Georgia. During a number of years she conducted the *Sunny South*, in the same city. For the last few years she has lived in New York and makes a comfortable income with her pen.

Ouida is not the picturesque figure in literature she once was. When she roamed about the grounds of her Florentine villa, with her golden hair flying in the wind and an atmosphere of mystery enveloping her, she was a flashing, dazzling comet whose like we have not had since. To-day, Ouida does her grizzled gold into a decorous knot, her hard, severe profile is more suggestive of philosophical research than of poetry and passion, and her works grow colder and more analytical with each relentless year. The eroticism of her youth she regards with indifference or contempt, and not a suggestion of it creeps into the mathematical works of her later years. It is somewhat to be regretted, as she is the only novelist who has ever done the erotic without bungling. The mystery about her life will probably never be cleared; nor is it likely that we shall ever know where she got her extraordinary variety of information about almost every condition of life. J. B. Lippincott, the publisher, put the question to her squarely once: "Where did you get all this information?" and she as squarely answered him: "It is none of your business." Since the Prince Staffa trifled with her hoarded affections, Ouida's characters have been drawn from life, and poor Florence is in a state of mental earthquake from one book to the next. She confesses to the quality of her temper and threatens "a rattling wind up" before the Reaper reaches her.

The celebrity craze in literature has come to the pass of paying a retaining fee. In a private letter to a friend in Boston Mrs. Lily Langtry reveals her possible determination to write her memoirs. This is what she says: "I have been offered \$10,000 by a publisher for a book of my memoirs whenever I like to write it, on condition that I do not authorize any other version of my life and reminiscences to appear. So I am compelled to decline all offers of literary work."

The author of the Mickey Finn series of shanty pictures, in the *New York Evening Sun*, is Ernest Jarrold, a Brooklyn boy who worked himself up from the printer's case. The struggle for a writer's position was a long one, but persistence and good work finally won.

RANDOM READING—THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

The Arabian Nights—The London Daily News

A famous literary problem which has puzzled generation of scholars has just been solved, or partially solved. Ever since the great French Orientalist Galland gave the "Thousand and One Nights" to the world, the stories which Scheherezade told to her melancholy and murderous lord have stood at the top of popular fiction. Galland translated his tales from an Eastern manuscript which stopped short before the conclusion of the work. Galland, however, filled in the gap. He added eleven stories, and thus presented the world with the Arabian Nights in the form in which it is still most familiar. The imperfect manuscript from which he worked is in existence; it contains no trace of any one of the mysterious eleven stories, some of which have become the most popular in the whole collection. When we remember that they include such favorites as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "The Sleeper Awakened," the story of "Prince Ahmed and the Peri Hanou," the story of the "Envious Sisters," and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," we need hardly be surprised if the puzzle of their origin has caused the liveliest curiosity. These tales, whose sources were unknown, have made the deepest mark upon literature. Whenever Dickens, for example, refers to the Arabian Nights it is almost always to one or other of these tales. Where, then, did Galland get these stories? Such has been the riddle of Arabists ever since they became famous. According to one theory Galland wrote them himself. In order to fill the gap in his "Nights" he invented a series of stories which he palmed off upon Paris and the world as genuine Oriental fiction. This theory, however uncomplimentary to Galland's honesty, was undoubtedly highly flattering to his literary fame. The theory of audacious literary imposture, however, did not long hold water. It was practically knocked to pieces when the Breslau text turned up containing the Arabic original of the story of the "Sleeper Awakened." When one original had been discovered, the discovery of the others was to be hoped for. But the hope remained unfulfilled. It was then suggested that Galland had picked up these stories during his travels in the Levant. Students of the folk lore of other countries came across tales of remarkable similarity. There is a Greek tale of Syra, for instance, the "Story of the Two Brothers and the Forty-nine Dragons," which is strikingly like "Ali Baba." The late Prof. Palmer was very skeptical as to the Arabic origin of "Aladdin." But all this was speculation. Nothing definite could be proved about the mysterious stories. For much more than 100 years their origin remained a mystery. During more than 100 years the original Arabic text of only one single story out of them all rewarded the perseverance and stimulated the enterprise of scholars. Now at last, within this month, the mystery is partially, if not entirely, solved. M. Hermann Zotenberg, Keeper of Eastern Manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, has published within the last few days a volume called "Histoire d'Alâ Al-Dîn, ou la Lampe Merveilleuse: Text Arabe, publié avec une Notice sur quelques Manuscrits des Mille-et-Une Nuits." This book settles decisively the question of the origin of Galland's tales, on Galland's own authority. M. Zotenberg has been fortunate enough to find Galland's journal, and Galland's journal records that on

Monday, 25th of March, 1709, he met a certain M. Hanna, a Maronite of Aleppo, who had accompanied M. Paul Lucas, the Eastern traveller, to Paris. M. Hanna then, and at several later dates, told him Eastern tales, of which Galland was careful to make copious summaries in his journal. These tales included "Aladdin," the story of "The Blind Man Baba Abdallah," the story of "Sidi Nouman," the story of "The Enchanted Horse," the story of "The Envious Sisters," the story of "Ahmed and the Peri Hanou," the story of, "Ali Baba," the story of "Khodja Hasan Al-Habbal," and the story of "Ali-Khodja." The Maronite Hanna even wrote out for Galland the Arabic text of the story of Aladdin. Here is indeed an astonishing revelation. The mystery of the tales is solved at last as far as Galland is concerned; but it has passed from Galland to Hanna—to the mystic Maronite who has vanished into space like one of his own enchanters. Where did he get his marvellous budget of tales? Who will tell us what became of him? Does Aleppo or Damascus rightly claim him? M. Galland in his journal attributes him indifferently to both these cities. Did he leave precious manuscripts behind him, and, if so, what has become of them? These are questions which must still tantalize the minds of the curious. In any case, thanks to M. Zotenberg, one vexed literary problem has been set at rest forever. Antoine Galland certainly was not the inventor of "Ali Baba" or "Aladdin," and the rest of the stories whose origin was so long veiled in obscurity.

What Causes Mirth?—The London Spectator

Sydney Smith gave the true answer when he said that the form of mental pleasure we call mirth was due to the discovery of a congruity in a seeming incongruity or the reverse. This is best illustrated by an example. Boileau had a brother who was a *mauvais sujet*, failed in life and came to ask for help. Boileau upbraided him with his misconduct, pointed out how they had both started in life under equally favorable conditions and with equal chances, and yet how differently they had got on. "Ah! but just think," exclaimed the brother, "what an immense advantage you had over me in brothers!" The discovery of the point, the seeing of the joke, is, says Sydney Smith, analogous to the pleasant mental feeling in discovering something quite new, or in suddenly understanding something dark to us before. This sensation is always pleasant, but in a joke the discovery, since it is carefully prepared for, is momentary, unexpected, and without toil, and therefore far more highly pleasurable than the ordinary mental discovery. To take another example, that of the wooden pavement before St Paul's: "If the Dean and Chapter would only lay their heads together, the thing would be done," said Sydney Smith. Here very clearly the fun is in the pleasure occasioned by the instant mental discovery of the connection, notwithstanding the apparent complete incongruity, between the heads of the Dean and Chapter and the wood pavement. Now, the slower a mind works, the more difficulty it has in quickly following out the congruity through the apparent incongruities, or the incongruity through the apparent congruities, and so in seeing the joke. Men with slow minds, then, prefer the plainest form of discovery—such as the mere noticing that something out of the ordinary is going on, as when a man clowns it by putting on an enormous hat, a car-

rotty wig, and a sea-green coat. Thus, all stupid and dull-witted people are most easily amused by caricature and horse play, and those minds which though they are powerful are also sluggish find it too hard work to follow mentally the lightning flash in a finely-wrought verbal epigram. No doubt such a theory as this postulates that the man who likes Lamb and Sydney Smith, but says he sees no joke at all in buffoonery, really means that he only sees a very little joke, and that he does not care for it because he can see so much more in other things. This, however, agrees with common experience. The man fond of the highest kind of wit is never really unable to see the fun of the clown, though it may bore him by its smallness; and if he is scientifically minded he no more refuses to call it a kind of wit, humor or fun than he does to call *vin ordinaire* wine, though, as a matter of fact, what he really considers wine is Lafitte. All the mirth-causing agents are of one kind and differ only in degree, though the degrees are often intense.

The Revolution in Medicine—Dr. Austin Flint—Forum

More than two hundred years ago (1675), Leeuwenhoek discovered what he called little animals, or animalcules, in "rain, well, sea, and snow water; as also in water wherein pepper had lain infused." These were microscopic, but of large size as compared with the objects now generally known as bacteria. The organisms seen by Leeuwenhoek were animalcules; the bacteria are vegetable growths. The rude and imperfect lenses used by Leeuwenhoek restricted his observations within very narrow limits, which were gradually extended as optical art advanced, following the construction of achromatic lenses, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The recent construction of homogeneous oil-immersion lenses, and the use of achromatic condensers, particularly those known as the Abbe condensers, have rendered possible the successful study of the more delicate forms of micro-organisms. Comparing recent discoveries in bacteriology, by means of perfected microscopical apparatus, with discoveries in astronomy by the use of the great telescopes, it seems that the small has the advantage over the great, at least so far as advances in knowledge have influenced the happiness and welfare of the human race. The science and practice of medicine and surgery are undergoing a revolution of such magnitude and importance that its limits can hardly be conceived. Looking into the future in the light of recent discoveries, it does not seem impossible that a time may come when the cause of every infectious disease will be known; when all such diseases will be preventable or easily curable; when protection can be afforded against all diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, yellow fever, whooping cough, etc., in which one attack secures immunity from subsequent contagion; when, in short, no constitutional disease will be incurable and such scourges as epidemics will be unknown. These results, indeed, may be but a small part of what will follow discoveries in bacteriology. The higher the plane of actual knowledge, the more extended is the horizon—"Plus on s'élève, plus l'horizon s'étend." What has been accomplished within the past ten years, as regards knowledge of the causes, prevention, and treatment of disease, far transcends what would have been regarded a quarter of a century ago as the wildest and most impossible speculation. In the practice of medicine, recent discoveries in bacteriology have brought about changes which amount almost to a revolution. In certain diseases, among which are tuberculosis, pneumonia, erysipelas, carbuncle, diphtheria, typhoid fever, yellow fever,

relapsing fever, the malarial fevers, certain catarrhs, tetanus, nearly all contagious diseases, a great number of skin affections, etc., the causative action of bacteria can no longer be doubted. The conditions necessary to the development of these diseases seem to be a susceptibility on the part of the individual, and the lodgment and multiplication of special bacteria in the system. Some persons are insusceptible to certain infections in the ordinary way, while others present a peculiar susceptibility to certain diseases, which in some instances is inherited. It is probable that a person with an inherited tendency to consumption would never develop the disease if he could be absolutely protected against infection with the tubercle bacillus; but once infected, the bacteria multiply and produce the characteristic signs and symptoms. In other persons the bacillus tuberculosis with difficulty finds a lodgment and multiplies imperfectly. Many of the lower animals are susceptible to tuberculosis, and the disease has often been produced by direct inoculation with a pure culture of the tubercle bacillus. In the light of modern discoveries, consumption can no longer be regarded as an incurable disease. In certain cases the bacteria, if confined to the lungs, may be destroyed, and it has been observed that as the characteristic micro-organisms disappear from the *sputum* the characteristic symptoms pass away and patients gain in weight and strength. The problem in the treatment of diseases due to the action of pathogenic bacteria is to destroy the bacteria or their products without destroying the patient. It is by no means impossible that such measures will be discovered applicable to all diseases that are dependent upon known forms of bacteria. I venture to say that few persons who have not closely followed the work of modern pathologists have any definite ideas with regard to bacteria—what they are, how they are developed, and what their importance is in nature. Bacteria are everywhere. They abound in the earth, in water, in nearly all kinds of food, and in many of the animal fluids; their germs exist even in the atmosphere; but it must be remembered that of the immense number and variety of these micro-organisms only very few are toxic or are capable of producing toxic substances. If what is known of the relations of bacteria to disease can justify even a small part of the speculations with regard to the possible results of future investigations, our present knowledge of the relations of micro-organisms to digestion, to the growth of plants, to the changes of matter involved in putrefaction, and to all kinds of fermentation, opens a field truly illimitable.

Worship—Rev. Morgan Dix—The Churchman

We have heard of lost arts; of arts practised long ago but now unknown to us and baffling the attempt at recovery. Even so there are lost ideas, or ideas now all but lost; ideas which may be lost to us forever unless some means be found to reinstate them in the conscience and heart of the world. One of those ideas, now all but obsolete in large districts of this land, is the idea of the worship of Almighty God. Worship in the strict sense is an act of the creature directed toward the Creator purely for the sake of the Creator and to His sole honor and glory. The confession of our sins is not worship; angels, who have no sin, offer worship perpetually before the throne. Nor is it worship to ask God's help when tempted or in trouble. Worship is a greater thing. To worship Almighty God is to set Him before you, to fix on Him solemnly and earnestly the eyes of the soul, and if need be the eyes of the body, when the use of a symbol will serve; to forget yourself and let

yourself go; to direct the entire being toward Him and to adore; to adore Him for Himself and Himself alone, for what He is eternally; not for what He is to us or to His creation; not for what He has done for us; not for any event in time or any relation to the lower world; nor yet with the idea of making reparation to Him for our evil deeds or request for aught that we need, but simply with this intention, to praise and glorify Him in His eternal state for being the great "I am," without beginning and without end; for this and this only, and nothing less and nothing more; that is the strict, severe, and pure idea of worship. In that sense worship is to a great extent a lost art, an art not only unpractised but unknown. Some men will say: "I worship; oh, yes, of course I worship, but I offer my worship in the fields, or in the park, or on my Sunday excursion on the river or the bay; my temple is the open land, my cathedral roof the sky; God is a spirit; I find Him everywhere; my worship is invisible, done in my heart." It is easy to see through this evasive godliness, to know exactly what it means. And since it challenges our common sense, as if we were fools to be caught with that kind of chaff, our protest against it must be such as to accentuate the issue between us; we must show impressively what true worship is. This is no light to be hidden under a bushel; it must be set where all can see it; to revive the idea is impossible until you put it into a shape which every one can see and understand. For worship, there must be churches; and in those churches worship must be formally and strikingly done, and done in such guise that everybody present feels the power and takes in the idea; the worshippers must be seen and known as worshippers and as such distinguishable from attendants on exercises intended first for individual edification, or as persons collected to listen to a popular speaker, even though he was the best man in the world, and a powerful teacher of morality and righteousness. Then, next, true worship must not only be visible, and apt to strike the eye; it must also be such as man may fitly offer to God; the best we have; so that none may say that we have kept the riches and glory and beauty for ourselves, and thrust the refuse over to Him. The Church cannot revive the lost idea without external rites. She succeeds in the effort in proportion as she makes those rites stately, striking, and, to use an old word, "magnifical." The proof of this is in the fact that just as fast as we have led the way in our own borders to the restoration of order, beauty, and impressiveness in the services of the Church, so fast and so steadily have we been followed by large numbers of interested and sympathetic people in the Christian bodies around us. Worship must be done that men may see and recognize it; worship must be so impressively done that men may be deeply moved and affected by the sight—the believer strengthened and the unbeliever awed if not convinced. One thing more. Worship, in its essential elements, is and has been, and must ever be in this fallen world, the same; sin and its inherited consequences give it a cast which it must retain until the disease has been completely purged and done away. Worship, as we sinners render it, is and must be in its general character propitiatory and sacrificial; it has had that cast from the time of the fall, it will retain it till the work of redemption is complete. The worship now offered in heaven, to judge from the glimpses in the apocalypse, is a sacrificial worship, offered by a great high priest who is passed into those heavens, and at a golden altar where He now stands to make intercession for us. Worship is a sacred

science; it has its principles, canons, and laws, to which human invention and the ideas of the age must yield. In the Christian Church, worship has ever been liturgical in character; and all existing liturgies may be traced to one fountain head; the inference is just that God must have indicated in general outline the worship which He approves; it has always been sacrificial in its character, and, since Christ left us, eucharistic. Therefore there can be no new liturgy; worship to be done aright must be done as the Lord commanded Moses, as Christ commanded His apostles, in the way approved by general consent and under general conviction in the Church. The worship of God's ancient people, as every one knows, was sacrificial in its form. It so continued till the day when the Paschal Lamb was slain to take away the sin of the world. From that day to this in every Christian land, wherever the old ideas have prevailed, divine worship has still worn that same cast. Still is it sacrificial, though no longer bloody; unlike those sacrifices offered by the Jewish priest for sin year by year continually, yet like them in the fact that it is a holy oblation made as Christ's memorial till He return. This is that grand and solemn function which has been neutralized by man's inventions, and bartered for the exercises of pulpit oratory, for the curiosities of criticism, for the spiritual comforts of the devout quietist, until the idea of worship has all but died out among us.

Chinese "Pidgin" English—St. James's Gazette.

It has become known of late years to the learned in Europe, and it certainly is not ignored by any street arab in the United States, that the heathen Chinese converses with all outside barbarians in a dialect bearing a strong resemblance to what is known as baby-talk. There is, in fact, a well-authenticated anecdote that an American lady who had left her dear little ones in Boston burst into tears when the *comprador* or steward in Canton asked her a small sum wherewith to make some purchase. "It was," she said, "the very words and tone with which my little Joseph used to beg for pennies to buy candy." This dialect is known as Pidgin English. It should be "Business English," but "pidgin" is as near an approach to "business" as any Chinaman can make for a long time. And as the word is applied in the dialect to every conceivable act of which man is capable—a prefix being added to qualify the act—it is not remarkable that foreigners should use it to describe the language. Even love in this eminently practical dialect is called "love-pidgin." This refers to sentimental, poetic, or Platonic attachment. That of a more earthly or passionate stamp is known as "love-love pidgin," an idiom common to all savages and children. Thus in some simple languages "blue-blue" is "very blue"; and traces of the form still exist in our own ballad poetry, as in "the deep-deep sea." It has become a fashion of late years for travellers, or rather globe-trotters, to find fault with pidgin as a silly jargon; and to scold because residents converse in it, instead of compelling the Chinese to talk good grammatical English. I remember one such person, who was quite angry on the subject, declaring that "hevery beggar of 'em should 'ave 'is 'ed rapped hevery time 'e spoke that 'orrid pidgin." But the truth is that pidgin in its primitive form *must* be mastered by the Chinese whose object is to learn as much English as possible in a short time. To begin with, he cannot correctly pronounce without very great exertion a vast number of English words. "The Chinese," says H. E. M. James in *The Long White Mountain*, "do not possess fit words to represent many of the sounds which occur in

European language, so that it becomes impossible to write them in their tongue without travestying them till they are scarcely recognizable. Thus 'France,' is represented by three characters, which read 'Fa-lan-ssü.' My own name James, was turned into 'Chieh-mai-ssü.' If we ask any European, American Indian, or African to say "Scotland," he hits it off fairly well at once. A Chinese with great difficulty gets out "Ssu-k-'ot-'e-lan." And this is likeness itself when compared with the readings of foreign names given in Chinese directories. Besides having no real alphabet, Chinese has no conjugations, declensions, genders, or tenses; in fact, no grammar at all as we understand it. Every brute of a noun might escape and run wild as a verb if it were not branded with a prefix. Inflections of number and time are designated by phrases; while to denote even the plural some words of plurality must be subjoined. Saddest of all is the fact that "whether a word is to be understood as a noun-substantive or noun-adjective, as verb, adverb, preposition, or conjunction, must be inferred or conjectured from the context or order of the words." In short, Chinese represents primeval jargon itself, just as babes and savages build up language for themselves anywhere: for which reason it is very possible that it is the oldest tongue in the world. Pidgin is the transfer of this grammarless lingo into English. The Chinaman, who is nothing if not literary, however humble he may be, begins with a primer in which on every page there is a column of Chinese words, opposite to which are the corresponding English terms represented as well as may be in Chinese syllables. Bad is the best, since no Englishman hearing them read off as written, would recognize in them his mother-tongue. Yet it is with such pronunciation that the native *must* begin, and trust to future practice and verbal opportunity to improve his grammar and pronunciation. The following are a few specimens taken from this work:

AU-LO. Old.	NAI-FOO. Knife.
AU-SAL. Outside.	NIP-TE. Liberty.
CHE-SZE. Chest.	SAM. Seven.
FAI. Five. Fo. Four.	SHI-LIP. Sleep.
FI-SZE. Fish.	SZE-PIK-KI. Speak.
FOO-LIN. Friend (Flin.).	SIK-SZE. Six.
GA-LAN-TI. Grand, great.	TING-KI. Thank you.
HAN-TUN. A hundred.	TUI-LIP. Twelve.
HING-KI-CHI. Handkerchief.	FA-SZE. Fashion.
HA-SZE-MAN. Husband.	YEUNG-KI. Uncle.
HOP. To have; also half.	YANG-SHI-LUTTA. Youngest brother.
KA-LIN. To call.	YAT. Eight.
KAM-PAT-TO. Steward.	YING-LING. England.
LIN. Rain (Lain).	A-LEE-PATT-AU. Albert-rd.
LIM. Eleven.	(Hong Kong.)
LIT. Red (Led).	

These are by no means extreme cases; and it seems to be absolutely necessary for the ordinary Chinaman to begin with such words. They are as near as he can get to English. By and by with practice *gi-lin* becomes *gleen* (he has no *r*), and with assiduous work, after a long winter of discontent, the *green* begins to show itself properly. As in all such primitive jargons, one word passes the verb through all tenses. "My look see" may be I see, or I saw, or I will see, or see! Once when I was standing in the hall of the Langham Hotel the Chinese Minister entered with his secretary, and both went upstairs. Immediately after there came in a "Johnny" of low degree, who appeared to be in great haste, and who vainly endeavored to make himself intelligible in very elementary pidgin to the porters. Seeing the difficulty, I stepped forward and inquired, "Wat ting you wantchee" (What do you want?). With a

"bounding smile," as of immense relief, he gasped out. "Hab look-se Chinaman?" (Have you seen Chinese here?) to which I replied: "My look-see two piecee numpa-one Chinaman, wailo top-side house-o galow" (I saw two Chinese gentlemen go up stairs, aye), to which his answer was, "Maskee—chin-chin!" (All right—respects!), with a deep reverence, after which he went upwards. There are in pidgin many strange words of uncertain origin, which English people think are true Chinese and which the natives think are English-born. Such is *chow-chow*. According to the vast and learned Glossary of Anglo-Indian words by Yule and Burnell, the idea of *mixture* seems to be its meaning. Hence it came to be applied to mixed preserves or food, and now it signifies to eat. It is illustrated in the following from "Pidgin-English Sing-Song":

Ping-Wing he pieman's son,
He velly worst chilo all' Canton,
He steal he mother nicklum mice,
An' thlow he cat in bilin lice.
Den chow-chow up and "Now," talk he,
My wonda' where he meow-cat be!"

"Blongy"—*i. e.*, belonging to—expresses relation of every kind.

Supposey you one top-side man,
No squeezee man below;
Suppose you blongy bottom side,
Let top-side be, galow.

That is, "If you belong to the aristocracy do not oppress your inferiors; if you are of low degree let the upper ten alone." *Savvy* is the general term for "know," and *Paylo* or *pay* for "give." The reader who is desirous of full information as to this dialect may find it in the little book entitled "Pidgin-English Sing-Song"; which is the only work published in English on an English dialect spoken by several millions of people. With a very little exertion indeed in distributing cheap vocabularies *gratis*, a great impetus could be given to the extension of pidgin, with good results as to commerce. This is what the Germans are aiming at with Volapük. We have a great advantage as regards Pidgin; whether it will be turned to account remains to be seen later.

The Latest Biblical Puzzle—Philadelphia Press.

The Press published recently a brief notice of a despatch from United States Consul Bissinger at Beirut, announcing the discovery by German explorers at Morash of interesting Hittite remains, consisting of black basalt blocks, *in situ*, covered with figures of men and animals. This announcement has attracted considerable attention among Oriental scholars and archaeologists, and led to a renewal of inquiry in regard to the Hittites and the meaning of these latest discoveries. The stones at Morash undoubtedly are a part of the lower story of a Hittite palace or temple, these edifices being generally built of sculptured stones in their lower stories and of cedar above. It is an interesting fact that while the Hittites were one of the most powerful nations of ancient times, their empire extending from the frontier of Egypt to the Ægean Sea, had great cities and were far advanced in civilization, and while they are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, almost nothing has been known about them until within the last twenty years. It shows how a great nation, skilled in the arts of peace and formidable in war, the period of whose power was greater than that of Greece or Rome, may entirely disappear, the sites of its great cities be forgotten and its very existence almost pass out of the knowledge of mankind. In 1812 Burckhardt discovered at Hanak some stones covered with Hittite hieroglyphics, but more than half a

century passed before enough of their remains were accumulated by archæologists to enable them to form any definite conception of the characteristics of the Hittites as a people or to construct even the barest outline of their history. Since 1870 very great progress has been made in accumulation of knowledge of the Hittites. Numerous discoveries have been made by Burton, Wright, Couder and by American missionaries and scholars, and several books have been published, besides numerous shorter articles in archæological and religious journals. Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the New York Independent, was one of the earliest of Hittite scholars. The Hittites were of Caucasian origin, coming from the North nearly 4000 years before Christ. In one respect they retained a peculiarity of the costume of their ancestors, during the 3000 years of their dwelling in more Southern climes. They are represented as wearing shoes the toes of which were turned up in an exaggerated way, the survival of the snowshoe in their ancestral mountains. They were a hairless people, with long, thin mustaches, like those of the Chinese, light complexion, the head partly shaven, leaving a clear and unmistakable pig-tail. The eyes seem to have had a slight inclination, and the facial angle was oblique. A high, peaked cap was the most common style of Hittite head-dress, although square or round head-dresses are represented on some Hittite monuments, but are not as characteristic. The Hittites were a literary people and possessed a culture, an art and a script peculiar to themselves and plainly of indigenous origin. They were well advanced in the arts and had silver. Their bargain with the patriarch Abraham at Hebron was the earliest money transaction on record. They used silver as a standard of value, had balances for weighing it, and regular forms of sale and conveyancing. They gave standard weights to neighboring nations which remained in use long after the break-up of the Hittite empire. Well advanced in the arts of peace, they were also formidable as warriors. Their troops, both foot and horse, are represented in the Egyptian hieroglyphics as marching in battle array with well-drilled precision. The Hittites were a great people for thousands of years, built great cities, excelled in the arts, fought great wars, and then disappeared, leaving almost no trace. Little by little some knowledge of them is gained, but it is hard to comprehend that when their overthrow occurred at such a comparatively modern time they should have been so nearly forgotten.

The Indifferent Masses—A. G. Bierce—S. F. Examiner

At a recent meeting of the Congregational Club the Rev. Mr. Boswell read a paper entitled, "Why the Masses do not Attend the Churches." This good and pious man was not ashamed to account for it by the fact that we have no Sunday law, and "the masses" can find recreation elsewhere, even in the drinking saloons. It is frank of him to admit that he and his professional brethren have not brains enough to make religious services more attractive than shaking dice for whiskey or playing cards for ten cents a game; but if it is a fact he must not expect the local government to assist in spreading the gospel by herding the people and corralling them in the churches. The truth is, and Mr. Boswell knows it, that "the masses" stay out of hearing of his pulpit because he talks nonsense of the most tiresome kind: they would rather do any one of a thousand other things than go to hear it. These parsons are like a scolding wife who grieves because her husband will not pass his evenings with her. The more she grieves, the more she scolds and the more diligently he keeps away from her.

I don't think Jack Satan is conspicuously wise, but he is in the main a good entertainer, with a right pretty knack of making people come again; and the really reprehensible part of his performance is not the part that attracts them. The parsons might study his methods with great advantage to religion and morality. It may be urged that religious services have not entertainment for their object. But the people, when not engaged in business or labor, have it for *their* object. If the clergy do not choose to adapt their ministrations to the characters of those to whom they wish to minister, that is their own affair; but let them accept the consequences like men. "The masses" move along the line of least reluctance. They do not really enjoy Sunday at all; they try to get through the day in the manner that is least wearisome to the spirit. Possibly their taste is not what it ought to be, but one would not seem to require a very exalted degree of intellectual discernment to recognize the fact that it is what it is. If Mr. Boswell were a physician of bodies instead of souls, and patients, who had not called him in, should refuse to take the medicine which he thought his best and they his nastiest, he should either offer them another, a little less disagreeable if a little less efficacious, or let them alone. In no case would he be justified in asking the civil authority to hold their noses while he should ply the spoon. Mr. Boswell's "masses" have not asked for churches and services; they really do not care for anything of the kind—whether they ought is another matter. If he and his spiritual brethren choose to supply them, that is well and worthy. But they should understand their relation to the impatient worldling, which is precisely that of a physician without a mandate from the patient, who may not be convinced that there is very much the matter with him. The physician may have a diploma and a State certificate authorizing him to practice, but if the patient do not deem himself bound to be practiced upon has the physician a right to make him miserable until he will submit? Clearly, he has not. If he cannot persuade him to come to the dispensary and take medicine there is an end to the matter, and he may justly conclude that his vocation is a misfit. Does Mr. Boswell think that his great literary namesake ought to have demanded an Act of Parliament depriving the English people of other books, so that they would read his life of Dr. Johnson? I am sure that the ministers and that singularly small contingent of earnest and, on the whole, pretty good people who cluster about them, do not perceive how alien they are in their convictions, tastes, sympathies and general mental habitudes to the great majority of their fellow men and women. Their voices, like "the gushing wave" which, to the ears of the lotus-eater,

Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave,
come to us as from beyond a great gulf—mere ghosts of sound, almost destitute of significance. We know that they would have us do something, but what it is we do not clearly apprehend. We feel that they are concerned for us, but why we are imperfectly able to conceive. In an unintelligible tongue they tell us of unthinkable things. Here and there in the discourse we catch a word, a phrase, a sentence—something which, from ancestors whose mother-speech it was, we have inherited the capacity to understand, but the homily as a whole is devoid of meaning. Solemn and sonorous enough it all is, and not unmusical, but it lacks its natural accompaniment of shawm and sacbut and the wind-swept harp in the willows by the waters of Babylon. It is something of a survival—the dream of a memory.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

A Sea Gull's Feather—Florence Tyler—Once a Week

What did you give me? We stood together
On the wind-swept headland above the sea,
And you stooped and lifted a sea gull's feather,
That lay 'mid the blossoms of purple heather—
That was the gift that you gave to me.

Ah, more you gave me! Your gift is lying
Before me now in this inland town.
I touch it and see the white birds flying
Far overhead, as the day is dying;
I hear the sound of their mournful crying
As into the waves the sun goes down.

I see the rocks that the folk have christened
The "Paternosters," for well they know
How many a one in vain hath listened
And said "Our Father" with eyes that glistened,
For those that slept by the rocks of woe,

I hear through the ether the dear larks singing
A vesper hymn ere the fall of night,
As though an angel, while swiftly winging
His heavenward journey, abroad were flinging
A strange sweet music, awhile thus bringing
Our earth more near to the land of light.

The feather falls from my feeble fingers,
The fair green island no more I see,
Yet the thought of it still in my spirit lingers.
As the echo of songs by the sweetest singers,
So the thought of its beauty stays with me.

Among His Books—E. Nesbit—Leaves of Life

A silent room—gray with a dusty blight
Of loneliness;
A room with not enough of life or light
Its form to dress.

Books enough though! The groaning sofa bears
A goodly store—
Books on the window-seat, and on the chairs,
And on the floor.

Books of all sorts of soul, all sorts of age,
All sorts of face—
Black-letter, vellum, and the flimsy page
Of commonplace.

All bindings, from the cloth whose hue distracts
One's weary nerves,
To yellow parchment, binding rare old tracts
It serves—deserves.

Books on the shelves, and in the cupboard books,
Worthless and rare—
Books on the mantelpiece—where'er one looks
Books everywhere!

Books! books! the only things in life I find
Not wholly vain.
Books in my hands—books in my heart enshrined—
Books in my brain.

My friends are they: for children and for wife
They serve me, too;
For these alone, of all dear things in life,
Have I found true.

They do not flatter, change, deny, deceive—
Ah, no—not they!
The same editions which one night you leave
You find next day.

You don't find railway novels where you left
Your Elzevirs!
Your Aldines don't betray you—leave bereft
Your lonely years!

And yet this common book of Common Prayer
My heart prefers,
Because the names upon the fly-leaf there
Are mine and hers.

It's a dead flower that makes it open so—
Forget-me-not—
The Marriage Service . . . well, my dear, you know
Who first forgot.

Those were the days when in the choir we two
Sat—used to sing—
When I believed in God, in love, in you—
In everything.

Through quiet lanes to church we used to come,
Happy and good,
Clasp hands through sermon, and go slowly home
Down through the wood.

Kisses? A certain yellow rose, no doubt
That porch still shows,
Whenever I hear kisses talked about
I smell that rose!

No—I don't blame you—since you only proved
My choice unwise,
And taught me books should trusted be and loved,
Not lips and eyes.

And so I keep your book—your flower—to show
How much I care
For the dear memory of what, you know,
You never were.

Her Beautiful Hands—F. L. Stanton—Smithville News

The roses are sweet and the lilies are fair,
As they bend 'neath the dews from above;
They are splendid and fair—but they cannot compare
With the beautiful hands of my love.
No jewels adorn them—no glittering bands—
They are just as God made them, these sweet, sweet hands!

And not for the world with its splendor and gold,
Nor the pearls from the depths of the sea;
Nor the queens of the land, with their beautiful hands,
Should these dear hands be taken from me!
What exquisite blisses await their commands!
They were made for my kisses—these dear, sweet hands!

Aye, made for my kisses! And when, some day,
My life shall be robbed of its trust,
And the lips that are colder shall kiss them away,
And hide them in daisies and dust,
I will kneel in the dark where the angel stands,
And my kiss shall be last on these dear, sweet hands!

The Buried Mother—Magazine of Art

Out by the walls of a Danish town
The graves stood cold as the night came down.

The Angelus prayer had long been said,
And the bell tolled out the psalm for the dead;

It swung for awhile from the darkening steeple.
"Out of the depths," said priest and people.

Through all the close-set town and towers
The doors were shut for the silent hours.

But a mother, buried for half a year,
Woke with a crying in her ear.

She rose with the vague sleep still in her head,
And clad in the shroud that wraps the dead,

She left the cold graves under the walls
And took the street to her husband's halls.

She felt her long-dead bosom ache,
For her seven children were all awake;

And none had broken them bread that night,
Or poured them beer, or trimmed a light,

And none had laid them pillow or sheet;
The dust of the day was on their feet.

Two strove for an empty cup, and one
Was crying—that was her youngest son.

She washed and kissed them, and hushed their cries;
While tears pressed out of her long-dead eyes.

But their father, who lay on a lower floor,
Had heard her step in the corridor.

And he rose and came, and saw her stand
With the children clinging to either hand.

She said, "The crying smote my heart,
It broke my dreams of death apart.

"I was loth to leave these seven. I died.
But when have I slept when the child has cried?"

"Take note, ere I pass to my many dead:
Your children woke and had no bread,

"No fire, no lamp; two were at strife;
One cried uncomfited. Tell your wife."

Old Letters—Mrs. Helen Rich—Paper World

There, speak in whispers; fold me to thy heart,
Dear love, for I have roamed a weary, weary way;
Bid my vague terrors with the kiss depart,
Oh! I have been among the dead to-day.
And, like a pilgrim to some martyr's shrine,
Awed with the memories that crowd my brain,
Fearing my voice, I woo the charm of thine:
Tell me thou livest, lovest yet again.

Not among graves, but letters, old and dim,
Yellow and precious, have I touched the past,
Reverent and prayerful as we chant a hymn
Among the aisles where saints their shadows cast;
Reading dear names on faded leaf that here
Was worn with foldings tremulous and fond,
These drowned in plashing of a tender tear,
Or with death's tremble pointing "the beyond."

And, love, there came a flutter of white wings—
A stir of snowy wings from out the deep
Of utter silence, as I read the things
I smiled to trace before I learned to weep;
And hands, whose clasp was magic long ago,
Came soft before me, till I yearned to press
Mad kisses on their whiteness—then the woe,
The sting of death, the chill of nothingness!

One was afar, where golden sands made dim
The shining steps of the poor trickster Time;
And one was lost. Ah! bitter grief for him
Who wrecked his manhood in the depths of crime.
Another, beautiful as morning's beam,
Flushing the orient, laid meekly down
Among the daisies, dreaming love's glad dream,
And one sweet saint now wears a starry crown.

And thus there stole delicious odors still
From out those relics of the charmed past,
Sighs from the lips omnipotent to will
And win rich tribute to the very last;

But death or change had been among my flowers,
And all their bloom had faded, so that I
Yield my sad thoughts to the compelling powers,
Of the bright soul I worship till I die.
Nay, never doubt me, for by love's divine
And tearful past, I know my future thine.

Transmigration—H. H. Boyesen—Independent

My spirit wrestles in anguish
With fancies that will not depart;
A ghost who borrowed my semblance
Has hid in the depth of my heart.

A dim, resistless possession
Impels me forever to do
The phantom deeds of this phantom
That lived long ages ago.

The thoughts that I think seem hoary
And laden with dust and gloom;
My voice sounds strange, as if echoed
From centuries long in the tomb.

Methinks that e'en through my laughter
Oft trembles a strain of dread;
A shivering ghost of laughter
That is loth to rise from the dead.

My tear has its fount in dead ages,
And choked with their dust is my sigh;
I weep for the pale, dead sorrows
Of the wraith that once was I.

Ah, Earth! thou art old and weary,
With weight of centuries bent;
The pristine creative gladness
In youthful eons was spent.

Perchance in the distant ages,
My soul, from Nirvana's frost,
Will gather its scattered life-germs
And quicken the life I lost.

And then, like a song forgotten
That haunts, yet eludes the ear,
Or cry that chills the darkness
With a vague, swift breath of fear,

A faint remembrance shall visit
That son of earth and sky
In whom the flame shall rekindle
Of the soul which once was I.

Maytime in Midwinter—A. C. Swinburne

The world, what is it to you, dear,
And me, if its face be gray,
And the new-born year be a shrewd year,
For flowers that the fierce winds fray?
You smile, and the sky seems blue, dear,
You laugh, and the month turns May.

Your hands through the bookshelves flutter;
Scott, Shakspeare, Dickens are caught;
Blake's visions, that lighten and mutter;
Molière—and his smile has naught
Left on it of sorrow, to utter
The secret things of his thought.

No grim thing, written or graven,
But grows, if you gaze on it, bright;
A lark's note rings from the raven,
And tragedy's robe turns white,
And shipwrecks drift into haven,
And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of madness;
Life's keynote peals from above
With naught in it more of sadness
Than broods on the heart of a dove;
At sight of you, thought grows gladness,
And life, through love of you, love.

FROM THE NEW SOCIETY NOVEL—HERMIA SUYDAM*

This new society novel is a strong and exceedingly interesting story of modern life—the life of a girl. It brings into discussion the moral ethics of the day and the fate of environment. It touches upon the monotony of the married relation—the lonesome phase of many an intelligent woman's life. It runs the scale of conditions from poverty to the possession of a million dollars. It invades the green-room of literature, and follows the trail of society into the privacy of its inner consciousness. There is a literary dinner, an evening at the Nineteenth Century Club and an experience with the magazine editors. The story, in style, is epigrammatic. It is crisp of the New York atmosphere, and saturated with its morals. Here are a few generally descriptive bits indicative of the key in which the book is written.

When Crosby Suydam died and left exactly enough money to bury himself, his widow returned to New York, and, taking her two little girls by the hand, presented herself at the old Suydam mansion on Second Avenue. "You must either take care of us or see us go to the poor-house," she said to her brother-in-law; "I am not strong enough to work, and my relatives are as poor as myself." And she sank into one of the library chairs with that air of indifference and physical weakness which makes a man more helpless than defiance or curse.

* * * * *

It was a strange household. Mrs. Suydam sat up in her room all day with her two little girls, and in her passive, mechanical way, heard their lessons, or helped them make their clothes. Her brother she met only at the table. At these awful meals not a word was ever spoken. John, who had atrocious table manners, crunched his food audibly for a half-hour at breakfast, an hour and a half at dinner, and an hour at supper. Mrs. Suydam, whose one desire was to die, accepted the hint he unconsciously gave, and swallowed her food whole; if longevity and mastication were correlatives, it was a poor rule that would not work both ways. She died before the year was out; not of indigestion, however, but of relaxation from the terrible strain to which her delicate constitution had been subjected during the ten preceding years. John Suydam had her put into the family vault, under St. Mark's, as economically as possible, then groaned in spirit as he thought of the two children left on his hands. He soon discovered that they would give him no trouble. Bessie Suydam was a motherly child, and adversity had filled many of the little store-rooms in her brain with a fund of common-sense, which, in happier conditions, might have been carried by. She was sixteen and Hermia was nine. The day after the funeral she slipped into her mother's place, and her sister never missed the maternal care.

* * * * *

Hermia, like many other women, lived a double life. On the night when, under the dramatic illusion of Monte Cristo, her imagination had awakened with a shock which rent the film of childhood from her brain, she had found a dream-world of her own. The prosaic never suspected its existence; the earth's millions who dwelt in the same world cared nothing for any kingdom in it but their own; she was sovereign of a vast domain wrapped in the twilight mystery of dreamland, but peopled with

obedient subjects conceived and molded in her waking brain. She walked stoically through the monotonous round of her daily life; she took a grim and bitter pleasure in fulfilling every duty it developed, and she never neglected the higher duty she owed her intellect; but when night came, and the key was turned in her door, she sprang from the life she abhorred into the world of her delight. She would fight sleep off for hours, for sleep meant temporary death, and the morning a return to material existence. A ray of light from the street-lamp struggled through the window, and, fighting with the shadows, filled the ugly, common little room with glamour and illusion. The walls swept afar and rolled themselves into marble pillars that towered vaporously in the gloom. Beyond, rooms of state and rooms of pleasure ceaselessly multiplied. On the pictured floors lay rugs so deep that the echo of a lover's footfall would never go out into eternity. From the enameled walls sprang a vaulted ceiling painted with forgotten art. Veils of purple stuffs, gold-wrought, jewel fringed, so dense that the roar of a cannon could not have forced its way into the stillness of that room, masked windows and doors. From beyond those pillars, from the far perspective of those ever-doubling chambers came the splash of waters, faint and sweet as the music of the bulbul. The bed, aloft on its dais, was muffled in lace which might have fringed a mist. Hidden in the curving leaves of pale-tinted lotus flowers were tiny flames of light, and in an urn of agate burned perfumed woods.

* * * * *

If there was one word in the civilized vocabulary that Hermia hated it was that word "marriage." To her it was correlative with all that was commonplace; with a prosaic grind that ate and corroded away life and soul and imagination; with a dreary and infinite monotony. Bessie Mordaunt's peaceful married life was hideous to her sister. Year after year,—neither change nor excitement, neither rapture nor anguish, nor romance nor poetry, neither ambition nor achievement, nor recognition nor power! Nothing of mystery, nothing of adventure; neither palpitation of daring nor quiver of secrecy; nothing but kisses of calm affection, babies, and tidies. To Hermia such an existence was a tragedy more appalling than relentless immortality. Bessie had her circle of friends, and in each household the tragedy was repeated; unless, mayhap, the couple were ill-mated, when the tragedy became a comedy, and a vulgar one at that. Hermia's hatred of marriage sprang not from innate immorality, but from a strongly romantic nature, stimulated to abnormal extreme by the constant, small-beer wave-beats of a humdrum, uniform, ever-persisting, abhorred environment. If no marriage-bells rang over her cliffs and waters and through her castle halls, her life was more ideally perfect than any life within her ken which drowsed beneath the canopy of law and church. * * *

For a week after her return from Jersey she felt as if she were going mad. Life seemed to have stopped; the future was a blank sheet. Try to write on it as she would, the characters took neither form nor color. To go and live alone would mean no more than the change from her sister's flat to a bare-walled room; to remain in her present conditions was unthinkable. She had neither the money nor the beauty to accumulate interests

* Hermia Suydam—By Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

in life. Books ceased to interest her, imagination failed her. She tried to write, but passion was dead, and the blood throbbed in her head and drowned words and ideas. She had come to the edge of life, and at her feet swept the river—in its depths were peace and oblivion—eternal rest—a long, cool night—the things which crawl in the deep would suck the blood from her head—a claw with muscles of steel would wrench the brain from her skull and carry it far, far, where she could feel it throb and jump and ache no more—And then, one day, John Suydam died and left her a million dollars.

* * * * *

Hermia took no interest in her uncle's death; she was even past the regret that she would be the poorer by twenty-five dollars a year. When she received the letter from Suydam's lawyer, informing her that she was heiress to a million dollars, her hands shook for an hour. At first she was too excited to think connectedly. She went out and took a long walk, and physical fatigue conquered her nerves. She returned home and sat down on the edge of her bed and thought it all out. The world was under her feet at last. With such a fortune she could materialize every dream of her life.

* * * * *

The *début* is in St. Mark's; and as she walks up the centre aisle to the Suydam pew, her form as straight as a young sapling, her head haughtily yet nonchalantly poised, every curve of her glove-fitting gown proclaiming the hand that cut it, Second Avenue catches its breath, raises its eyebrows, and exchanges glances of well-bred, aristocratic surprise. Late that week it calls, and this time is not repulsed, but goes away enchanted. It does not take long for the unseen town crier to flit from Second Avenue to Fifth, and one day his budget of news sends a ripple over the central stream. John Suydam's heiress, a beautiful girl of twenty, with a style all her own, yet not violating a law of good form! The old red-brick house transformed into an enchanted palace, with a remarkably wide-awake princess, and a sacrifice to modern proprieties in the shape of a New England aunt! How unusual and romantic! yet all as it should be. We begin to remember poor Crosby Suydam and his charming young wife. We recall the magnificence of their entertainments in the house on lower Fifth Avenue—now resplendent with a milliner's sign. Both dead? How sad! And to think that John Suydam had a million all the time! The old wretch! But how enchanting that he had the decency to leave it to this beautiful girl. We will call. They do call; and a distant relative of Hermia's father, Mrs. Cotton Dykman, comes forward with stately tread and gracious welcome and offers her services as social sponsor. Hermia accepts the offer with gratitude, and places her brougham at Mrs. Dykman's disposal. * * *

Mrs. Dykman is a widow approaching fifty, with lagging steps yet haughty mien. Her husband omitted to leave her more than a competence; but she lives in Washington Square in a house which was her husband's grandfather's, and holds her head so high and wears so much old lace and so many family diamonds (which she hid in the wall during the late Cotton's lifetime) that the Four Hundred have long since got into the habit of forgetting her bank account. * * *

Miss Simms, as she entered the room, her cheeks flushed by the wind, and a snow-flake on her turban, was a charming specimen of her kind. She had a tall, trim, slender figure, clad in sleek cloth, and carried with soldierly uprightness. Her small head was loftily and

unaffectedly poised, her brown hair was drawn up under her quiet little turban with smoothness and precision, and a light, severe fluff adorned her forehead. She had no beauty, but she had the clean, clear, smooth, red-and-ivory complexion of the New York girl, and her teeth were perfect. She looked like a thoroughbred, splendidly-groomed young greyhound, and was a glowing sample of the virtues of exercises, luxurious living, and the refinement of two or three generations. * * *

Helen Simms was a young woman who had cantered gracefully under the flick of society's whip since the night of her *début*. Occasionally she broke into a trot, and anon into a run. The speedier locomotion took place on unworn by-paths; when on the broad highway she was a most sedate representative of her riding-school. At times she had been known—to a select few—to kick; and the kick had invariably occurred at the crossing of the high-way and the by-path, and just before she had made up her mind to forsake the road for the hedges.

* * * * *

Only the nineteenth century could have evolved Cryder. The infancy of a democratic civilization produces giants. The giants build hot-houses, and a flower, delicate, beautiful, exquisitely perfumed, but fragile, light as bubbles of blown glass, is the result. America is now doing the best she can with her hot-house flora. She has no great men, but the flora is wondrous fine. Outside the forcing-houses is a wilderness of weeds in which lies her future's hope. Cryder would have taken the medal at an orchid show. He was light as a summer breeze, yet as stimulating and fresh. He was daintily humorous, yet seldom witty enough to excite envy. His conversation was like the song of a lark, clear, brilliant, trilling, with never a bass note to disturb the harmony. In a quick, keen, flashing way, he had an exact knowledge of the salient world. He was artistic to his finger-tips, and preferred an aquarelle to an oil. He had loved many times and hoped to love as many more, and his love was always that of an æsthete. For coarse passions he had a cold contempt. He had broken many roses from their stems, but more because he thought an herbarium looked better when filled than because he enjoyed the plucking of the flower. Probably it is needless to observe that he never drank more than a pint bottle of champagne, and that he never over-ate.

* * * * *

Quintard, after an absence of five years, had returned to New York to find Hermia Suydam the sensation of the year. He saw her first at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and, overhearing some people discussing her, followed the direction of their glances. She had never looked more radiant. Her hair shone across the house like burnished brass; her eyes had the limpid brilliancy of emeralds, and the black lashes lay heavy above and below them; her skin was like ivory against which pomegranate pulp had been crushed, and her mouth was as red as a cactus-flower. Her neck and arms and a portion of her bust were uncovered. Although it was a first night and most of her sister belles were present, her peculiar, somewhat barbaric beauty glittered like a planet in a firmament of stars.

Quintard left his seat at the end of the second act and walked back and forth in the lobby until he met Embury.

"Do you know Miss Suydam?" he asked the lively little journalist.

Embury hastened to assure him that he had the honor of Miss Suydam's acquaintance.

"Then introduce me," said Quintard.

LIVING DEATH—"THE PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS"*

Among the Dead—James H. Connelly

[I must write down here nothing of myself, but only that which is given me to write. Who thus commands me I see not, nor do I hear or know him. But these thoughts, and the words that clothe them, are his, not mine. They are formed in my brain, but not by me. I hold the pen—nothing more.]

"When they found me, in the morning, I was cold and still. 'He is dead!' they said, as they put back the heavy silken curtains of my bed and let the chill gray light fall upon my face. 'He is dead!' they said; 'past pain, and care, and sorrow. He is at rest. But, for the sake of those he leaves behind, it is not well that men should know how he died.' So the complaisant physician told the untruth, and the world believed it. But I, pulseless, breathless, lying there before them and hearing their speech, knew that the deed was my own. I had been weary of the strife of life; sad from that which had been; fearful of what was to come.

"With ceremonious pomp, befitting one in my station among men, they buried me. Emblems of woe and symbols of mourning were all about me and piled upon my coffin. There was one who stood at my low-lying head and spake words of eulogy over me. They were mockeries. I, hearing them and conscious of the truth of what had been, knew my deep undeserving. The frozen lips could not gainsay his smooth flatteries.

"Then deep-toned waves of solemn harmony awoke responsive trembling in the walls about and the high arch overhead, and even thrilled me where I lay in state that all might look their last upon me. Amid the many who thus gazed and cared naught were a few who loved me, whose tears dropped on my face as they bent to kiss my icy brow; and a passion of pity for their grief that I had brought upon them, and a vain longing to return to life that I might comfort them, came like a throb of pain.

"Then they shut out the light from me and carried me away to my last resting place. And all the way, though I lay there in darkness, with unseeing eyes, deaf ears, and speechless lips, I saw the infinite loveliness of the dear living world I had abandoned, heard its myriad sounds of life blended into a choral of thanksgiving for the joy of mere existence, and, out of my remorseful yearning to again be part of it all, uttered a shriek of agony—heard and echoed only in my own soul.

"Dully rumbled the earth falling upon my coffin; high in a mound above they piled it. Down where they had put me, all was still, and cool, and damp. When their work was done, they went away. Then, all was silence. The momentary pang of desire for life had passed, and I was resigned. Voluntarily I had died that I might sleep, at once and forever. But I could not sleep. Every sense was keenly awake. And now I knew that I would never sleep, that death is an eternal waking. And that waking, for me at least, was in the grave. A horror, unspeakable and vast, overwhelmed me.

"Lonesome and dark, at first, my surroundings seemed. But I grew accustomed to the obscurity, could in some measure penetrate it, and a consciousness grew upon me that I was not alone. Had I neighbors down there in the ground? Were others awake near me? If so, could I know of them, and in what forms might they

appear to me? With appalling shapes my fancy filled the gloom that smothered me. Dimly I felt already that I was not as those by whom death had been unsought; that I, unbidden had intruded upon them before my time had come to know them, and I feared them—as if I had still been alive.

"But in much time they came no nearer to me, and were no more distinct than are vaguely-defined superior depths of shadow where all is shade. And I had nothing to do but lie still and think, always to think of myself, sometimes with pity, again with contempt, and often with rage, for I was very weary of being there and of thinking that I was so of my own will.

"And all this while Nature was reclaiming from me that which belonged to her,—my form of clay. How hideous and loathsome it became to me! Yet I was bound in it, inseparable from it. With each fibre, in every tissue of the horrible mass that it became, my semi-material second self—my astral body—was inextricably inter-blended, and from it, as now I knew, could only be freed by its mouldering away and returning to the elements whence it had been drawn. Earth; air; water; each individually pure, yet how unspeakably revolting down there in the grave in their process of re-solvment. And the demon Worm; resting not and sated never: who but the dead themselves can know what tortures he inflicts, to which all agony of living flesh is joy? Yet to all these dread abominations, their maddening defilement and their pain, the senses of my astral body, keener than those of men who live, yet all ways like to theirs, thrilled with extremest consciousness. Oh! the unutterable misery, the loathing and the horror of that awful prison house.

"With the slow progress of the changes thus upon me wrought, my conscious second self by slow degrees gained freedom. Then I knew what was about me; penetrated with my sight the long, thick-peopled lines of houses of the dead, and knew my neighbors. And I saw that all graves were not fearsome prisons, hells, like mine. In some lay bodies turning back to earth, wherein no soul was pent. Souls whose brief earthly lives were all too short to know of evil purpose or of sin, and those who worthily had lived out their allotted days till, spent with kindly labor of good deeds, therein had left their earthly forms,—for them the eternal waking was restful peace in realms of light. But those inhabiting there below, with me, were souls, like mine, impatient of their task of life. Not alone is he self-slayer who by violence upon himself abbreviates his earthly span. To the same fate attain the grasping souls who, by excess of toil for love of gain or satisfaction of ambition, and the sensual ones who, through abandonment to fleshly lusts and vices, will to the grave before their time. Such were my company.

"Ah! what democracy there is in death! In that drear nether world, masks are unknown, efforts at pretense vain. Each naked stands, transparent to his fellow's gaze, each meriting the scorn of all and shunning each the other, self-reproach and vain regret in every one consuming thought of pity for his fellow's woe. Madness, that knows not, and despair, that is past caring, may not mercifully enter there. Man must be conscious, and not quite devoid of hope—even though that hope be but of some other kind of hell,—that he may

* From the magazine of Theosophy—"The Path."

suffer all the more. How long! Oh! Lord of Life, how long! until such hope springs up as can some comfort bring; until the end appears, remote but sure, when, through destruction total of the bonds of clay, deliverance shall be. To all, at length, that hope appears, and, as the years roll on, by progress slow is realized.

"Up once again, when little more, if aught, than formless dust is left behind, the freed soul rises to the world of living men. So I passed, leaving one woe to learn another not less keen in anguish.

"A weary time I yet remained within the narrow confines of the city of the dead, as if some potent spell still linked my soul unto the elements that had been mine; and all my days were filled with sights and sounds of human grief; and all my nights a myriad spectral forms, Remorse, and Sin, and Shame, and Fear—that had been human—and the baleful bodiless things that hate men's souls, surrounded me. The dew upon the rank grass there seemed tears; the dreary moanings of the wind in the bare branches overhead were lamentations; and the moon's cold light, crossed by swift-moving clouds, did seem to shudder at our ghastly multitude.

"Stronger and stronger on me grew desire to look again on those I loved in life, until at length my will sufficed to burst the bonds that held me near my grave, and I returned to them,—so plunging in another hell.

"On them I saw descend, though far remote, the dire results of the rash deed that I had done, the curse that I had wrought; yet, in comparison, the atom to the Infinite is as my love and sympathy for them had been in life, to what it now was magnified. And herein lay my hell. Their perils and their griefs, cares, and temptations, all to me were known, spread clear before me like an open scroll; and I could even read the fate awaiting them; behold the merciless hands—to them invisible—up-reaching from the abysses where souls are lost, to drag them down; mark their vain struggles to escape, and with unerring surety presage their defeat. And, all the while my knowledge was no less of how they could be helped and saved,—yet I was powerless. Words framed by my immaterial lips made no vibration to their ears; the anguish in my eyes they saw not; thoughts that I strove to force upon their minds distorted were to idle dreams; and the malignant creatures of the air encircling 'round mocked at my impotence.

"The end has come at last. Contrition for rebellion past against the perfect wisdom of the Infinite Will, from Infinite Justice gains surcease of punishment, the severance of all earthly ties, and rest, and peace."

The Planes of Consciousness—J. D. Buck

There are three conditions of consciousness in ordinary daily experience, that of ordinary wakefulness, that of sleep with dreams, and that of dreamless sleep. We have already shown that not memory, but consciousness, is the all-potent factor in man. Consciousness as a fact returns to the individual as well as memory, after deep sleep. Every one will admit that, in sleep where dreams occur, consciousness is on a different plane, or under different conditions, from the waking state, and memory brings into the waking state the subject and the varied experiences of dreams. After dreamless sleep memory may bring nothing back from the subjective world, but it resumes the thread of life just where it was dropped before unconsciousness came on. Now what becomes of consciousness during the dreamless slumber? Either it continues or it does not. If it continues, then it must simply be upon another plane and under different conditions, at least so far as thought and memory are con-

cerned, for the gap is between consciousness and memory in relation to thought. If, on the other hand, consciousness is blotted out and re-created every time we enter dreamless sleep, how does it happen that both consciousness and memory, both new creations, at once take up the thread of life just where they dropped it, and resume the even tenor of their way as though nothing had happened? Such a position is evidently absurd. Nature never does things in that way. Her adjustments require time, her developments and all her varied relations are slow growths. Both consciousness and memory have grown and expanded from the original germ. The true philosophy of dreams, then, is a problem in the conditions of consciousness, while we may fairly assume that consciousness still persists in dreamless sleep, though under different circumstances. Nothing is more common in daily life than the shifting of the planes of consciousness. Take, for example, the action of anæsthetics. Chloroform changes the consciousness of the real ego. The individual cannot be called strictly unconscious. He is not conscious in the ordinary way. He suffers no pain, and retains no recollection of what occurs while under the influence of the anæsthetic, but the organic consciousness remains undisturbed, muscular motion may occur, but without coördination. The cerebrum, cerebellum, and sensory ganglia are unconscious in dreamless sleep; the medulla, spinal cord, and solar plexus, and the sexual area are wide awake, and sometimes these are super-sensitive. The light of self-consciousness is withdrawn, drawn within, but not quenched. In syncope or an ordinary faint, consciousness is likewise withdrawn, but if one will watch carefully the first return of consciousness in such cases, it will generally be found that consciousness has been by no means dead or idle, for by gently attracting the attention just on the turning point it will be found that a few seconds have been sufficient for the recall of a long-forgotten experience, recovered now from the all-pervading ether, or for the weaving of romance, comedy, or tragedy quite sufficient for a good-sized novel.

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Practically but one state of consciousness is recognized, and the still further mistake is made of looking upon all objects cognized, and all experiences outside the ordinary plane of consciousness, as altogether non-existent, a figment of the imagination. But pray what is imagination? Ask the artist, the poet, the painter; ask genius that is so closely allied to insanity; ask all who create from ideal forms; and they will tell us, one and all, that imagination is the wings of the soul that bear up the lagging fancy, the slow and plodding mind, till it enters the ideal world and gazes there on both beauty and deformity in all their nakedness. They will tell us that what we call the real world is at best but a poor and colorless caricature as compared to the ideals open to the imagination, and that what the world is pleased to call the work of genius bears but a touch of that transcendent truth and reality that veils its face from every faculty of man on the phenomenal plane. Ask the true scientist what we knew of anything, of matter, space, time, or motion,—of the whole phenomenal world,—and he will tell us, and tell us truly, that we have our own ideas of these, and nothing more. Finally, ask that greatest of all modern philosophers, Schopenhauer, what is imagination? and he will tell us that not only the world, but ourselves included, is reducible to two terms, Imagination and Will; the one, the essence and the creator of all forms in nature; the other, the creative and motive power.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Patti's Castle—Specially Translated—La Vie Parisienne

Craig-y-nos, the Welsh chateau of the diva, is a hideous monument to the architecture of all the ages. It is Gothic in the middle, has a square turret at each corner, a four-faced clock tower on the roof, one or two church spires and a collection of chimneys, which swear at each other out of the various centuries to which they belong. And to think that every stone in this extraordinary pile represents an American greenback! That little iron grille around the tower—trills and cadenzas sung in San Francisco! The tower itself—paid for by Chicago pork! The big glass greenhouses—built with Brazilian gold! It is all very huge and very hideous, very grand and very gloomy—very magnificent and very *morne*. For the truth is that the Patti-Nicolinis lead a lonely life of it surrounded by their forty-six servants. Yes! Forty-six. They have them of all ages, all sexes, all colors, all countries. There is the maid who does nothing but shake down, daily, the six hundred and ninety-two costumes of the cantatrice—all of which are gathered into a suite of apartments—together with the six hundred and ninety-two pairs of silk stockings which belong to them. There is the man who does nothing but follow Nicolini, at a respectful distance, to anticipate the slightest desire of "mon mari—mon mari à moi!" And there is even an unkind supposition afloat to the effect that he takes notes of "mon mari's" expressions, smiles, frowns, sighs, poses—and sends, thereof, to Madame a daily bulletin! For "mon mari" is tenderly loved. Ah! Loved? Idolized, adored—coaxed—coddled—cherished! And Madame? She is well taken care of and with due regard to the Voice. M. Patti-Nicolini opens her letters—orders her dinners, breakfasts and soups—regulates the shining of the Sun and the whistling of the Wind—the hours of the day and of the night—to suit the requirements of the Voice. And yet—in spite of the Castle of Song—the mari and the forty-six servants—life at Craig-y-Nos is not exciting! Brazilian gold will buy a great deal, but it will not buy friends, and friends there are not at the chateau of the diva. To begin with, no one is admitted—except indeed an Impresario; and he must bring at least six hundred thousand francs on a gold plate. When this Open Sesame has got him beyond the gates, he is made to feel as small as possible. The expensiveness of his surroundings is rammed, mercilessly, down his throat—he is taken around by the chatelaine with the cash-box in her larynx, and given a glimpse of the wealth which builds gas works over on its own hills, back of its own chateau for its own use! And if the exasperated Impresario suggests that there is a little too much hill in this Paradise of gold—he is blandly assured by the Patti-Nicolinis that they are thinking of having that mountain moved over on to the next continent, as that would shorten the ride from the depot! ! ! ! The miserable Impresario, quite conscious that a few silvery notes in Peru would suffice to pay for this change of scenery, immediately doubles his offer of six hundred thousand francs, the contract is signed and he takes his ignominious departure. The strangest thing of all is that in this Castle of Song—built by a voice—no voice is ever heard! Neither voice, nor piano, nor harp, nor lyre! There is not a musical instrument in the chateau except a wonderful and fearful "Orchestrion," which cost

nearly a million. Each evening, Monsieur and Madame gravely discuss the list of airs, choose a certain number, summon servant No. Thirty-Two—whose sole business it is to turn the crank of the famous, fearful, wonderful and expensive Orchestrion—and early night is made hideous by the infamous "dzim! boum! boum! boum!" of little musical cannon, or the rataplan! plon! plon! of the "Turkish Patrol." Verily, truly, forever, and always Monsieur and Madame sont de grands artists.

The Giddy Novelist "Ouida"—New York World

It is interesting, in view of Ouida's recent profound utterances on the question of dress, to listen to a story told by a well-known New York artist of his first sight of the great authoress and how she appeared. He says: "It was a beautiful, bright day in Venice, and I was on my way down the Grand Canal in my own water vehicle, when I saw in the distance a very elegant private gondola coming swiftly towards me. It attracted my attention by the beautiful effect of color made by a large rose-colored parasol covered with lace which some one in the gondola carried. The charm of it against the black boat, with the frame of blue sky, was so great that I leaned out to see who it was that carried it. As the boat came nearer I saw a huge footman in gorgeous livery lounging in one end of the gondola, while on the other side was what seemed a radiant creature, who gave one the impression of a mass of crisp plaitings of muslin and lace. As she passed I caught a glimpse of a pair of very pretty, dainty feet in open-work silk stockings and high-heeled, tan-colored slippers, which were perched on the seat opposite from the owner of them, and from them fell away a heap of silken and laced skirts, which had the coquettish air about them that one sees in French pictures. The dress was all of white muslin and lace over silk, and looked what women call 'very stylish.' There was a little white bonnet, too; and the hand that held the huge rose-colored parasol was small and clad in soft wrinkled tan kid. But the face underneath the sunshade! Well, I stared, when my glance travelled up from the neat little slippers to the countenance atop all this dainty, frou-frou toilet. It was the face of a woman of fifty; there was a mass of blond hair about it, but it had sufficient gray in it to give it an ashen tinge; the features were large and bold, almost masculine, and the skin, in spite of the rosy light falling upon it through the sunshade, was pallid and showed the crow's feet and wrinkles very plainly. She flashed a pair of big, haughty gray eyes at me as I passed, and I wondered very much who this remarkable-looking woman could be. Later in the day I was describing the incident to a woman, who said: 'Why, that was Ouida, of course. I saw her myself this morning, as she said she was out doing some early calls. Well, of course, the costume was rather youthful, but you have to wear something light and cool in June in Venice.' That night I saw her again on the piazza sitting at a little table eating ices, and she looked much more attractive by gaslight. Her head was bare, and at night the gray didn't show, one only saw that it was a mass of blond coils and braids; she was dressed from head to foot in black lace, which swept down about her in long, graceful draperies. There was the little foot again, too, perched on the round of a neighboring chair, this time clad all in black with an old French paste buckle adorning her Molière

shoe. Ouida has always spent a great deal of money on her clothes, and Worth, Pingat and the most noted French *couturières* have had the honor of dressing this gifted person from her fifteenth year until the present. She is very fond of introducing sumptuous millinery in her books, and the costumes bestowed on her supernally gifted and beautiful heroines have very frequently been descriptions of her own gowns. Furs and laces are her especial weaknesses, and she possesses as fine a set of Russian sables as are owned by any one outside the Czar's domains. A rich Russian, who greatly admired her novels and the author of them, presented them to her some years ago. Her collection of laces is a rare and very beautiful one. She cares little for tiny yellow antique fragments of it which women frame under glass and consider priceless, but she has bought good lace and old lace whenever she has had the opportunity; and opportunities were not wanting among the impoverished Italian nobility. The result is that she wears sometimes webs that reduce less fortunate women to tears of despairing envy. Her pretty feet and hands and her fine suit of blonde hair were the only beauties Ouida ever had; of all three she was very proud and has taken great care. Shoes she has by the dozen of every possible description, and all made with the utmost pains to display to the fullest the slim arch of her instep. Gloves, of course, she buys by the fifties, and they, too, are all made to order, while she has her hair cared for by a maid who devotes hours every day to brushing, washing and arranging it in ever-varying fashions."

Book Cover Embroidery—The Philadelphia Bulletin

A new pastime for women, and one that promises to be extremely popular, is the embroidering of book covers. It was introduced by a lady recently from Europe, who is an adept in fine artistic embroidery, and who has been interested enough in the work to examine the various specimens in the British Museum and in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The silk, satin, or velvet is embroidered in colors, and gold and silver thread, in designs appropriate to the contents of the book, or according to the fancy of the embroiderer, and is then sent to the book-binders. Beautiful effects may be produced by artistic fingers, and, certainly, a few books with such ornamentation will add as much to a lady's boudoir as an embroidered table cloth, or a handsome piece of bric-à-brac. In the old days this kind of work was done by the nuns, and in these days, when every kind of beautiful work is made use of to add to the beauty and ornamentation of the house, their example is well worth following. It opens a wide field for artistic designs, which may be elaborate or simple, according to the contents of the book or the embroiderer's skill or fancy. One's favorite poet may be bound in cream white satin with flowers and birds across the covers, and the poet's name in fanciful letters; or a harp embroidered in gold thread upon a pale green ground, and underneath a quotation from the poet's most characteristic poem. Another design is a bar of music, an original composition by the owner of the book, accompanied by a favorite line taken from within the covers. A popular design is the owner's monogram in the centre of the cover, with or without a border. Some designs have the name of the book in odd-shaped letters intertwined with vines, flowers, or dragons. But women of artistic taste and skillful fingers will take pleasure not only in embroidering but also in designing their own patterns, and so work the spirit of the book in the embroidery on the covers. Descriptions of a few famous

books may serve to stimulate the taste for this kind of decorative work. Many books intended for presentation to kings and queens in the past ages have been ornamented in this way, and in the British Museum are several specimens. The most curious is a small "Biblia Sacra," printed in 1590, and described as having "covers of green velvet embroidered richly with seed pearls, a garnet forming the centre. It consists of a broad border ornamented with a running device in pearls, the centre being formed of a radiating floral form, not unlike a lily. In the corners are roses and a variety of triple fleurs de lys. The stems of the flowers are formed of gold thread, with which also the flowers are outlined. The lesser flowers are formed in silver thread. Small devices in silver thread and pearls and the letters 'T. G.' in pearls fill up the groundwork. The back is embroidered to match." Another book bound in red velvet for James I. has the royal arms in gold and silver thread. The finest and best known of embroidered books was presented by Archbishop Parker to Queen Elizabeth. It is covered with green velvet, and is embroidered to represent a park, wherein are trees, flowers and deer.

Dead Folks' Clothes—The Brooklyn Eagle

What becomes of the clothes of the dead? Here is the answer: It used to be, among the women of a past generation, a custom to leave their clothes by will in the same manner that they did their "second best bedstead" and "silver gilt teapot." They divided their furs, laces, brocades and "body linen" among their nearest kin, and generally left the plainer and more worn things to old family servant or poor relations. But these personal possessions, with the exception of laces, are rarely bequeathed nowadays. Mrs. John Jacob Astor kept to the old customs, and I saw a poor, pretty girl wearing one of her sealskin coats last week, it having been specially bequeathed to her in the will. The usual course is that taken by the heirs of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who sold all her enormous wardrobe to dealers in second-hand clothes. Though little was said about it at the time, a good many society women took occasion to purchase certain things through the dealers, but generally handkerchiefs, stockings, silk underwear and gloves, which would not be recognized and which they got very cheaply. There is a woman on Fifth avenue who makes a business of buying the wardrobes of dead women, and who is fast making a fortune out of the bargains she gets. Most of her customers who purchase goods from her, have no idea of the real secrets of her trade. She is ostensibly a dealer in imported goods, and has certain French and English boxes and cases into which she packs many of her goods and sells them as new. She will take the whole wardrobe of the deceased, new and old, good and bad, and then this goes through a careful process of selection. The new things, or those nearly so, which are really imported or have that appearance, she packs into foreign cases, and ties them up daintily and disposes of them to rich customers. Many a time a woman has come to her and said: "I want to find something—stockings, gloves or what not—like some I once saw Mrs. Quelquechose have. See if you can find them for me." And the dealer has in course of time sent her a note saying that she has found something very near what she asked for. In reality they are Mrs. Quelquechose's own, and the dealer had them all the while. The gowns that are new or very nearly new she sells to the dressmakers, who freshen them up a bit and sell them to out-of-town customers, and that was the way a poor Chicago woman got hers. She went and bought it honestly as an im-

ported dress and from her own dress-maker. As it had never been worn but once, it looked perfectly fresh. Then the dealer has a list of customers who are perfectly familiar with the real nature of her trade. They are mostly women who are struggling to keep their places in society, with lean purses and a great desire to keep up appearances. They keep the run of her place and get some bargains, because though the things they buy are somewhat worn, they are worth the money for the good Parisian cut and style. They buy from her black and inconspicuous gowns that are like those worn by a dozen other women and are not likely to be recognized, and sometimes they have them made over at home and buy them for the sake of the good material in them. There is a third class of the worn-out and shabby clothes, bonnets, shoes and general belongings, which are sold in a lump to the second-hand dealers in the Bowery. And so all the pretty frills and fancies of the dear dead women of our households become scattered to the far winds, worn by her friends, her enemies, her servants, strangers and women whom in life she would have turned her eyes away from as she passed. There is something very pathetic, it seems to me, in such dispersal and use of these most intimate possessions of a lovely woman.

Foreign Fads—Specially Translated—Paris Figaro

The Princess Maria Theresa of Bavaria is an excessively original royal personage who combines a passion for birds and beasts with a mania for extending her acquaintance. It is her pet ambition to own more dogs and know more people than any other member of the royal families of Europe, and with this end in view she rushes all over the civilized globe, and picks up all the interesting individuals who are ready to swallow her eccentricities for the sake of being on speaking terms with a Princess. As she is an unmarried woman, she is accompanied on her travels by a dame d'honneur and a chamberlain—to whose tender mercies are confided the fourteen animals which compose Her Royal Highness' travelling menagerie. In Madrid, she created an immense sensation and no small amount of scandal, by taking her walks abroad carrying a huge tame rat in her princely arms, and followed by the unhappy chamberlain, chained to a small cinnamon bear. The rest of the menagerie is made up of dogs, and a magpie.

A committee of Berlin ladies have presented the Empress Victoria Augusta with an apron of white silk, delicately embroidered with the names of the five sons of the Emperor. The apron has been, from time immemorial, the German symbol of the good housekeeper, and the Empress expressed herself pleased with the gift and, immediately donning it, exclaimed—"Your attention touches me because it is offered to the woman as well as to the Empress, and, perhaps, you will be glad to know that the Emperor is very fond of this old German symbol, and he would like to see me, always, in an apron."

The funeral of Madame Villeroi—which took place recently in Paris—was conducted, entirely, according to the directions which she, herself, wrote out, to the minutest details, just before her death. The grand hall of their magnificent hotel, Rue Rembrandt, was transformed into a chapel—the walls hung with black velvet divided into panels by wide, perpendicular bands of silver brocade. A deep frieze of silver finished the walls, and the ceiling was covered with black silk crêpe loosely gathered into rosettes around the chandeliers of crystal and silver, in which burned countless tapers. The coffin

was entirely concealed by a quilt of white roses and white violets, as was also the "funeral car," of which nothing was visible beyond the wheels. The casket was guarded, night and day, by two nuns until its removal to the church of Saint-Philippe du Roule, where the ceremonies were conducted in the midst of incense, tapers and a profusion of deathly white flowers.

A singular ceremony, peculiar to Brussels, is the "Care of the Dead," which is celebrated on every anniversary of Toussaint. On the eve of this anniversary, servants are despatched from the various families who mourn their dead—well supplied with scrubbing brushes, soap, sandstone, acids, and oils, and a general house-cleaning takes place at the cemetery until every bit of marble is spotless, every bit of iron, brass, and bronze is shining. In the morning, flowers without number are carried to the graves, carefully arranged, and then hundreds of candles are placed about the tombs—some in beautiful silver or china candelabra, others merely stuck in the ground and left to burn themselves out. The French colony in Brussels celebrate the day, also, by sending an immense funeral car, loaded with blossoms, to the cemetery of Evere, where the French soldiers—who perished in Belgium during the years 1870-71—are buried. The Government smiles upon this custom, which gives the cemeteries of Brussels an annual scrubbing at the expense of private individuals.

The baptism of the Infant Don Luis, son of the Infanta Eulalie and Don Antonio, was the most brilliant spectacle witnessed at the Royal Palace of Madrid for many a long day. The ceremony was performed by His Holiness Monseigneur Di Pietro, assisted by a Cardinal, an Archbishop, a Bishop, and all the clergy of the royal chapel, in the Salon Gasparini, by far the most splendid and sumptuous of the royal apartments. At two o'clock precisely the royal party arrived at the Palace, and a procession was formed, headed by the majordomos of the week, and the Grand Gentlemen of Spain. After them walked the Infanta Donna Paz, who represented the absent godmother, the Duchess of Montpensier. She was attired in steel-gray satin, veiled in foamy laces from Imperial coffers, and wore a magnificent parure of gems and the black lace mantilla of Spain. She was accompanied by the godfather, Prince Luis Fernando, in the grand uniform of a Bavarian cuirassier, and followed by the nurse, bearing the new-born scion of royalty, enveloped in the famous mantle of lace which has been worn by all the children of the Duke of Montpensier. Then followed the Queen, regally beautiful in her rich costume of black velvet, her mantilla of fine Chantilly, held by five jeweled pins, each representing a different flower, and wearing a splendid necklace formed of eight rows of huge pearls. At the right hand of the Queen walked the Infanta Isabella, attired in pale green satin, with a parure of pearls, emeralds and diamonds—on the other side the Infant Don Antonio, in the uniform of Her Majesty's Hussars. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, the ladies of honor and the members of the Royal Guard formed the rear of the procession. The baptismal font of Santo Domingo de Gusman was placed in the centre of the Salon, filled with water from the river Jordan, brought expressly for the ceremony, according to the etiquette of the Court of Spain, and a few drops from the sacred stream were gathered up in a silver shell of quaint workmanship and poured upon the head of the Royal baby, who struggled mightily in the arms of

Donna Paz. At one side of the Salon, facing the Queen, were the children of the Royal Family—among them the little King of Spain—all dressed in white and quite absorbed in the ceremony. Some of the toilettes worn by the distinguished guests, who crowded the royal apartments, were superb beyond the power of pen to describe—especially that of the Duchess of Medina-Sidonia of sea-green satin, misty with lace, fine as cobwebs, and shimmering with emeralds and brilliants, and that of the Duchess d'Ossuna, which was a most artistic creation in deep pansy velvet and pale lilac brocade, not a little enhanced by her famous parure of amethysts. Every delicate tint of silk, satin or brocaded stuff—every rich shade of velvet, the multi-colored flashing of every gem known to the lapidary—and all gathered under the shadow of the graceful mantilla, which adorned the head of every woman, old or young, who assisted at the baptismal ceremony of this little royal child of Spain.

The Glorified Spinster—The London Spectator

There is a paper on *The Glorified Spinster* in Macmillan's Magazine which gives a striking picture of the new class of young women who do not regard marriage even among the probabilities, but so lay out their lives as to be altogether as independent of external help as if they were young men of the same education and abilities. The writer paints them as hard-working, cheerful, extracting a good deal of pleasure from cheap social amusements, quite indifferent to home society, extremely frugal, more completely emancipated than the other sex from old prejudices, and also as at least supposing themselves much more ready than men to act on revolutionary ideas when once they have, as they think, convinced themselves of their truth. The difference between them and "old maids" is said to be that the old maid is a woman minus something—namely, we suppose, a husband—whereas the glorified spinster is a woman *plus* something—namely, we suppose, self-dependence—the one wanting to lean without having any legitimate support to lean upon; the other not wanting to lean at all. We suspect, however, that the class of women delineated—those who maintain themselves without even looking forward to marriage as their natural lot—are by no means so "emancipated" from all feminine prepossessions as are the few married women who pose as free-thinkers, and who really depend a good deal on acquiescent husbands for encouragement in propounding their startling social opinions. The self-dependent women who earn their own livelihood, and who have taught themselves to live happily in comparative solitude, are necessarily keen, prompt and decisive; but, like most men who are keen, prompt and decisive, they have learnt a good deal of intellectual caution from their habits of action, and do not give themselves up to violent speculation with half the *abandon* with which women who really lean for all practical purposes on others, are prepared to give themselves up to such speculation if they find that by doing so they gain the applause of those on whom they lean. The "glorified spinster" is not half as audacious as the pretty married woman, who is sure of masculine sympathy in her flights. But the interest of this striking sketch consists for us less in the mere picture of the able, cheerful, self-dependent, laborious creature who can earn £80 a year and live upon it, and get a good deal of cheap enjoyment out of it, than in the problem how it happens that women can rid themselves more easily (as they certainly do) of the habit of dependence on others, and of the characteristics of timidity, want of straightforwardness, and the rest, which come

of that habit of leaning, than they can rid themselves of "the power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance," which are the more active elements of the same sort of mental inheritance. The writer in Macmillan puts it thus: "The peculiar womanly virtues—power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion and patient endurance—represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost;" and he evidently thinks that it will be much harder for women to strip themselves of the unselfishness which he regards as the transmitted consequence of ages of suffering, than it certainly has been to strip themselves of the timidity, the insincerities, the hesitation, narrowness, stupidity, which also resulted from their habits of dependence on men who had needlessly inflicted a great deal of that suffering. We hope and believe that he is quite right. But why should it be so much easier to get rid of the evil qualities inherited from their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers, than it is to get rid of the good? Or is the assumption a mistake? It is much more true that it is woman's natural gift for feeling with others, *i. e.*, their natural unselfishness, which has made them suffer where men would not have suffered, or would not have suffered nearly so much, than that it is their inheritance of suffering which has made them unselfish. There is no tendency at all in suffering to make either men or women unselfish, though it is unselfishness which makes suffering enlarge the nature instead of contracting it. Submit an unselfish person, whether man or woman, to a long course of suffering, and no doubt the result will be a great elevation and spiritualization of character; but submit a selfish person, whether man or woman, to the same discipline, and unless there is enough conscience to overcome the selfishness, the suffering will degrade and deaden instead of elevating and purifying. We do not believe that men are more necessary to women than women are to men. They are mutually dependent, though in very different ways, and it is not harder for women to become independent of men (except so far as their power of earning money is less), than it is for men to become independent of women. The natural differences between men and women have certainly never been produced by the mere relative strength of the one and the relative weakness of the other. The mental differences have been at least as original as the relative differences in strength. And the greatest of these differences is, we should say, that women's nature inclines and enables them to enter into the feelings of others, whether men or women, more easily than men; while men's nature inclines and enables them to take up active work for others more easily than women. It is an unsexed woman who cannot feel more truly for either man or woman than the average man; it is an unsexed man who does not feel the impulse to act for those who need it, whether men or women, more imperiously than the average woman. The former have the greater gift for passive sympathy, the latter the greater gift for active help. But it is certainly true that the gift for sympathy will constantly lead the stronger women into active help, and that the gift for active help will often lead the more sensitive men into a very deep power of sympathy.

Queer Shopping Subterfuges—The New York Sun

A handsome, richly dressed woman entered a large dry-goods store on Twenty-third street. She had just stepped out of a very swell carriage drawn by two spirited horses, and surrounded by all the accessories of a fashion-

able turnout. The coachman and footmen were of the most correct pattern, and wore the latest uniforms. There was a monogram on the panel of the carriage door, and it was quite evident that the woman was a person of considerable pretensions. She carried herself with great haughtiness, and the solitaire diamonds in her earrings were of immense size and beautiful color. As she swept through the aisle to the silk counter every one stopped to stare at her, and the clerk dropped his cold and repelling attitude and became at once a most obsequious and attentive slave. "I want to see the best black silk, if you please," the woman said with a drawl. "I want it to line a cloak with." The clerk pulled down half of his stock and she selected several patterns, of each of which she ordered a large quantity. "Here is my card," she said when she had concluded; "it is to be charged." The clerk bowed lower than ever, and the woman moved on to another counter, where she looked at gloves. She chose several boxes and gave her card to the clerk with the same directions. She was about to seat herself in front of the lace clerk when a member of the firm approached her and called her by name. "I am very sorry, Mrs. —," he said, in a low tone, "but we cannot fill your orders unless we are paid cash, or have your husband's written guarantee. When your husband paid the last bill he informed us that he would not be responsible for any future bills contracted by you unless his written guarantee was first received. We have allowed you to buy several hundred dollars' worth of goods since then without this condition, but we cannot go any further." The woman's face, which had at first flushed scarlet, became sickly pale as the merchant concluded, and her teeth were firmly clenched. "Very well, sir," she said coldly. "I will see about this, I am not accustomed to be insulted by the tradesmen whom I patronize, and I will teach you that I know how to resent such a humiliation." Her tone was ominous of revenge and she trembled with wrath. The merchant listened gravely and bowed as he said: "I am very sorry, madam, but I must obey your husband's instructions." The woman turned her back sharply upon him and swept grandly out of the store. A moment later her horses were prancing toward Fifth avenue. "I couldn't help it," the merchant said afterward to a friend. "I have lost several thousand dollars through disregarding similar instructions, and I can't afford to keep it up. This woman has no money of her own, and her husband has grown tired of humoring her extravagant ideas. Her bills in this establishment alone have been as high as \$8,000 in one year. She is the wife of a millionaire who is well known. If he didn't shut down on her expenditures she would land him in the poorhouse. There are plenty more like her in New York, many of them well known, and we merchants are frequently their victims. There are no sharpers so hard to get along with as wealthy women, who are ready to go to any extremes of misrepresentation to gratify their tastes." Mr. Patrick Lynch, the head of the collection department in the Sheriff's office, has grown gray in the work of collecting bills from unwilling debtors. When he heard what the merchant had told the woman he smiled and said: "It is true. Women who are dishonest about contracting bills give a great deal more trouble than men. When women are shrewd they can give men nine points in the game and beat them hands down. There was one woman, I remember, who was very beautiful, and had a long-suffering husband. He was a Scotchman, who, by years of frugality and unre-

mitting toil, had got a lot of money. He loved his wife very sincerely and gratified her in every reasonable desire, but he was strongly opposed to some of her unreasonable whims, and, like a sensible man, refused to sanction them. One day there was placed in my hands a judgment obtained against her for \$2,000 by Lord & Taylor. It seems that she had run up a bill there for that amount. The firm had had dealings with her husband, and knew him to be perfectly responsible, so they had allowed her to buy as much as she pleased on credit. After the bill had touched the thousand-dollar mark they respectfully asked for a settlement. She put them off with plausible excuses and added another thousand to the score. It seems that she intercepted the bills sent to her husband, and he knew nothing about them until the suit was brought. He was thunderstruck when he learned what had been going on, but paid the judgment to avoid any notoriety. After that she went around to jewelry stores and bought a large quantity of diamonds in the same way. Her husband finally left her, but even after that she traded largely on her husband's name, and his fortune was considerably diminished before he was able to convince tradesmen that he wouldn't be responsible for her. The large dry-goods firms like the one I have mentioned, Macy, Altman, and others, are frequently swindled by wealthy women who run up accounts and then refuse to pay for them. I know personally that Lord & Taylor and Altman & Co. have had \$15,000 in bad bills which were contracted in this way. The women were all wives of wealthy men, and some of them had property of their own. In many instances judgments were obtained against them, but they kept out of the way of the deputy sheriffs, and we could not serve them with the orders of court. I have in my possession at this moment papers in over one hundred suits against high-toned women in this city who refuse to pay the bills they have run up. All of the women are either rich in their own right or else have wealthy husbands. The latter refuse to pay because their patience has been exhausted and the debts were contracted without their consent. These women are, many of them, leaders in society, and some of them are known all over the country. If their names were published it would create a tremendous sensation. The most frequent victims of the duplicity of such women are women. Fashionable dressmakers and milliners could tell tales of imposition that would melt a heart of stone. You see they are placed at even greater disadvantage than the tradesmen, for the latter do largely a cash business and their trade is not much affected even if a number of wealthy customers leave them. With the tradeswomen it is different. If Mrs. —, who has traded for years with a dressmaker, introduces her friend, also a well-known society lady, the dressmaker must accept her trade and trust her. If she has learned that the lady is not reliable she dare not put her off, because that would offend her old customer, and even a lady who does not pay her debts can, if she has a standing in society, do a dressmaker a great deal of harm by ridiculing her work. The dressmakers and milliners, too, are forced to take the trade of such women and trust to chance to receive their pay. I suppose very swell milliners and dressmakers can afford to be more independent, for their reputations are too firmly established to be very easily shaken."

Chamfort once said: Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

The Lighthouse—B. L. Tollemache—Academy

No home of pleasure or dear household days,
 But a bleak tower whose single beauty lies
 In the bright flame piercing the murky skies,
 And lighting far-off seamen on their ways.
 Shaken by rain or storm that madly plays
 About the rough-hewn stones; where breakers rise
 And toss their foaming crests, as horse that hies
 To the far goal, or shaggy hound that bays
 At castle gate and would an entrance win.
 There are a few such brave beleagured souls
 Who bear a beacon light, and hear the din
 Of a great strife below, and the winds oft
 Would ruthless beat them down, but the wave rolls
 And breaks—leaving their steadfast flame aloft.

Love's Blindness—Alfred Austin—National Review

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I
 Can see no beauty on this beauteous earth,
 No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth,
 Pleasure nor purpose, when thou art not nigh.
 Thy absence exiles sunshine from the sky,
 Seres Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth,
 Leaves linnet's pipe as sad as plover's cry,
 And makes me in abundance find but dearth.
 But when thy feet flutter the dark, and thou
 With orient eyes dawnest on my distress,
 Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
 The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less,
 The ground is buoyant as the ether now,
 And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.

The Palaces of Clouds—C. H. Urner—Outing

The palaces of clouds in grandeur rise,
 Built by that wise and mighty Architect;
 The fretted spires, with gold and pearl bedecked,
 Glint in the sunlight from the tempered skies:
 Hung there in Heaven, they seem a Paradise,
 Fit dwelling-place for souls, with dross unflecked,
 Whose aspirations nevermore are wrecked,
 But now is reached the goal of each emprise.
 What though the ruthless storm in fury sweep
 Away the splendor of that heavenly scene,
 Nor leave a trace behind its giant might?
 The same Majestic Hand that lulls the deep
 Shall turn to smiles the tempest's wrathful mien,
 And raise to life a City just as bright.

The Gift of Vision—M. E. Blake—Journal of Education

Once, in the dark, I knew a rose was near,
 Because her lips had kissed the summer air
 And left their haunting perfume floating there;
 But when I fain would pluck it for my dear,
 Lo! naught of all its sweet could I attain,
 But in its stead sharp thorns that sore did fret
 My eager hands, and force them to forget
 Their loving quest for smart and bitter pain.
 Shall I then cheat my fancy with the thought
 No flower was there within the prickly space,
 To add its lustre to my lady's grace,
 Or give me the fair prize my longing sought?
 Nay! far behind its thorns the rose must be,
 If we who search so blindly could but see!

Winter Evening—A Lampman—Scribner's

To-night the very horses springing by
 Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream
 The streets that narrow to the westward gleam
 Like rows of golden palaces; and high
 From all the crowded chimneys tower and die
 A thousand aureoles. Down in the west
 The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,
 One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly
 The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
 A mightier master; soon from height to height,
 With silence and the sharp un pitying stars,
 Stern creeping frosts and winds that touch like steel,
 Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
 Glittering and still, shall come the awful night.

Venetian Sunrise—John Addington Symonds

How often have I now outwatched the night
 Alone in this gray chamber toward the sea
 Turning its deep-arcaded balcony!
 Round yonder sharp acanthus-leaves the light
 Comes stealing, red at first, then golden bright;
 Till when the day-god in his strength and glee
 Springs from the orient flood victoriously,
 Each cusp is tipped and tongued with quivering white.
 The islands that were blots of purple bloom,
 Now tremble in soft liquid luminous haze,
 Uplifted from the sea-floor to the skies;
 And dim discerned erewhile through roseate gloom,
 A score of sails now stud the waterways,
 Ruffling like swans afloat from paradise.

Sword and Eyes—John E. McCann—N. Y. Sun

I do not care to boast of what I've done—
 Still, I have laid a world of brave men low,
 And placed men up as high as men can go,
 Until they go to God, beyond the sun:—
 And I have for the sons of men worlds won:
 The souls of many women filled with woe;
 Changed maps and plans wise men have made—and, oh!
 The countless cores of hearts through which I've run!
 Thou wondrous thing! implacable as Fate!
 As Time relentless, and as Death serene!
 Not thine the laurel and the haunting rue!
 But ours!—that battered down Troy's royal gate—
 That held Antonius slave to Egypt's queen,
 When o'er the world the Roman eagles flew!

Red Lilies—Camilla K. von K.

Strike fuller chords, or let the music rest!
 Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth,
 Which scarce survive the moment of their birth.
 Be thine in passionate cadences expressed,
 And banish morning-glories from thy breast!
 A purple dream-flower of the woods is worth
 So little in the gardens of the earth;
 If gift thou givest, give what we love best.
 Since life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs,
 Let these red lilies typify thy songs,
 If with full fame thou would'st be comforted.
 Since life is red with wrongs, and wild with tears,
 Oh, move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears,
 And we will praise thee,—after thou art dead!

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

The Path Below—M. Quad—Detroit Free Press

I reached Burton's in the mountains beyond Bristol late in the evening, having, as usual, blundered about the trail. The cabin stood just off the road and all around it was silent and dark. It has always been a wonder that his dogs did not attack me. He had three, and they were as cross and crabbed as old bears. They came running down the trail to meet me, growling and barking, but as soon as they came up they made friends. They were playing around me when I stood in front of the cabin and called:

"Hello! you! Hello! Hello!"

In about a minute a voice answered:

"Who is yer, an' what's wanted?"

"Stranger in search of lodgings."

He seemed to doubt it, for he made no immediate reply. After a long minute I heard a woman arguing:

"I tell you he must be all right. If he wasn't them dogs would hev him!"

"Wall, come in!" called the man, and I stumbled along to the cabin to find him in the half-open door with his rifle in his hands. My explanations soon satisfied him that I was all right, and he struck a light, piled some blankets in a corner and said:

"Stranger, that's the best lop I kin fix ye off hand. Jist tumble down and doan' worry about nothin'."

I was soon fast asleep, having nothing to keep me awake. Right in the heart of the grim old mountains—among people whose faces I had only glanced at—among men who settle their disputes with knife or bullet—entirely at their mercy and in their power if they wanted to rob or kill—and yet there was no cause to be afraid. When you are the guest of a mountaineer you are safe.

Next morning I found the family to consist of husband, wife and three children. The oldest of the three children was a boy of 12, who had killed his bear and was a dead shot. As soon as I had looked around me I knew that a distillery could be found near by. After breakfast Burton pumped me for a few minutes, sized me up in his mind as "O. K." and said:

"Come up with me and see the boys. And I want to tell you that we've bin expecting visitors fur the last two days, an' we may hev a scare befo' night."

"What sort of visitors?"

"United States chaps arter our still. They've had a spy in yere to locate it. Saw him twice yesterday."

There were three other men at the still, which was hidden away in a dark and rugged ravine, approached by a footpath which could be ambushed at every rod. All the corn was "toted" on the men's backs over this path, and the kegs of whiskey were slung to a pole and carried between two men. The still was perfect, but small, and in the five or six months it had been in operation the men had not made the wages of mechanics. I asked one of them how long since he had had a five-dollar bill, and he squinted his eyes, counted his fingers, scratched his head, and finally replied:

"Wall, you may remember the battle of Stone River?"

"Yes."

"A right smart ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes; twenty-five years ago."

"Wall, jist arter that fight I had a five-dollar bill, and that's the fust and last time."

What money they made by illicit distilling went for

boots and shoes, clothing of the plainest kind, tinware, tobacco and tea. One of them had had three pounds of brown sugar in his house within a year. The others had not had an ounce; one had not tasted tea, coffee, sugar, wheat bread or butcher meat for over two years.

The still was about a mile from the house.

If any stranger came by the trail one of the dogs was sent up the ravine with a piece of cloth tied to his neck. Half way between the two, as I discovered later on, was another path intersecting. This came out of another ravine, and was used by the men only occasionally. The boy was stationed at this intersection to watch both paths and give an alarm if danger threatened. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when he came running in and said:

"Spy coming, pop!"

Then an instantaneous and terrible change took place in the bearing of the men. We had been lying about at ease, every man seemingly having a heart full of kindness, but this announcement starting a blazing fire in every eye, set every jaw, and I could see desperation in each face. It needed no handwriting on the wall to tell me that the spy would be wiped off the face of the earth without compunction if discovery threatened. Burton beckoned to me, made a signal to the others which they understood, and we climbed up the rugged face of a rock, ran for a quarter of a mile over broken ground which was well wooded, and then suddenly halted at a spot overlooking the second path and high above it. Burton made me a sign as he crouched down beside a large rock, and cautiously approaching I looked down into the ravine and saw a solitary man—the spy. He was coming up the path. If he passed the spot where we were stationed his scent alone would locate the still.

"Click! Click!"

"Good heavens! but you are not going to shoot him!" I whispered to Burton as he cocked his rifle.

He half turned. His face was as hard set as iron.

"For the sake of earning a few dollars he would see us starve!" he replied. "He knows his danger. Let him pass this rock and I will shoot him!"

I dared say no more. Burton was determined.

We looked down at an angle of forty-five degrees on the spy. You could have told that he was a spy by his actions. He had the gait of an Indian bent on a surprise. He looked about him like one who expected the whistle of a bullet at any moment. He came slowly on.

Could I signal him?

No! He was not looking up but around him.

Coming—coming—coming—advancing at a steady pace towards death. Would Burton shoot? He already had the man covered.

Thump! thump! thump!

It was my heart pounding away like a pile driver. It would be murder. I would be accessory. If I dared to shout—to—

Thank God! Was it the fall of a fragment of rock up on the mountain side, or the hoarse call of the great buzzard poised above us which made the spy halt in his tracks? Ten feet more and a finger will press the trigger. He peers this way and that—he looks up and around—he starts to advance, but halts again. Is some one praying for him—has he a guardian angel who whispers a warning?

It is two minutes—two minutes which tick away so slowly that they seem to be hours in length. I lean against the great rock, almost gasping for breath, while Burton has his eye at the sights and his finger ready to pull. It is a tableau on the threshold of death. It is a pantomime at the edge of a grave.

"Go back! Go back!" I entreat in mind.

He removes his hat, wipes his brow and is anxious.

"If you value your life go back!" I would fain say.

He looks around like one who feels danger in the air.

"You will be shot if you advance! Hear and heed the warning!"

The warning reached him by that mysterious channel which the human mind has not fathomed. I saw him start in fear, and then, seeming entirely against his will, he turned short about and almost ran as he hurried up the path and out of sight.

"H'm! He'un has got off this time," said Burton, as he rose up and let the hammer of his rifle down.

"You would have killed him?" I asked.

"Dead as this rock!"

"It would have been murder."

"Then let he'un keep away from yere!"

True Love—Chicago Correspondence—Pittsburg Commercial

A romantic story covering two continents has just come to light as the sequel of the settlement of a young couple in a handsome villa in the suburb of Englewood. The young man—he is but twenty-nine now—is the son of an Episcopal rector of note and influence in Yorkshire, England, and he for a time was curate of the parish. Adjoining the glebe a landed proprietor named Molineaux, whose family was of French descent, resided. They were strongly Roman Catholic in their religious belief, however, and this erected an icy wall between the neighbors. While attending to some parochial work the young curate met Miss Marie Molineaux, who was then only eighteen years of age and was engaged in a somewhat similar charitable errand at the very cottage he was visiting. It was a case of hopeless and infatuated love at first sight, for the girl was remarkably beautiful and the mission she was engaged in fully revealed her natural disposition. The young man went to Capt. Molineaux and told him he would resign his curacy if he would give him the hand of his daughter. The fury of the old gentleman knew no bounds; but, notwithstanding his opposition, the lovers continued to meet, and finally, to end it, the Molineaux family moved away from the neighborhood, leaving no clue to their destination. The young curate, after trying in vain to discover the whereabouts of his lost idol, relinquished all further pursuit in despair, and, with a nearly broken heart, he gave up the ministry, and with a small fortune he inherited came to America to embark in mercantile affairs, thinking in his new occupation he would forget his consuming sorrow. One day, while travelling on business, he was crossing a crowded thoroughfare in Quebec and was run over, meeting with a serious accident. He was taken to one of the hospitals in the city which was visited by the Sisters of Mercy. While yet suffering in his bed in the surgical ward, he felt a soft hand upon his forehead. Before he could open his eyes a little stifled scream startled him into thorough wakefulness, and a figure in black dropped upon her knees by his bedside, burying her face in the counterpane. It was little Marie. Seeming to collect herself with wondrous fortitude the Sister of Mercy quickly arose and hastily turned to go. The patient clutched at her garment and caught the cross attached to the beads suspended at her waist.

The fastening snapped and he retained it. She ran out of the ward, causing not a little comment among the other patients who knew her and had been anxiously awaiting her cheering and comforting words. Days elapsed before she returned. She visited the old cot, but it was empty. The patient had been discharged, she was told by his invalid neighbor. She hurried back to the office, and just entering a cab at the front steps was her lover. Without a word of explanation to his cry of joy and recognition she took her place by his side. She has been there ever since. Driving to a hotel the housekeeper was taken into their confidence. The nun was furnished clothes from the housekeeper's wardrobe, for which she was paid handsomely. The ex-curate and Marie were wedded the same day and came directly to Chicago. Marie's parents had sent her to a convent in France, and from there she was transferred with other French nuns to Quebec and—the arms of her lover.

Amanda Quickstep's Ruse—The Chicago Tribune

"Have you ever experienced the feeling, Mr. McPelican," said the young lady softly, "that some great opportunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, the—the courage, as it were, to avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Quickstep, I have sometimes had a kind of feeling as if I'd been sort of sent for and couldn't go, you know."

Miss Amanda sighed dreamily and there was a pause, during which the two sat in the semi-darkness of the Quickstep parlor and exchanged profound silences.

The door opened and Miss Amanda's elderly female relative looked in.

"The book you are looking for, auntie," said the young lady, with entire self-possession and some emphasis, "is probably in the library."

The elderly female relative withdrew and Miss Amanda spoke again in the soft, musical, persuasive voice of a trained applicant for charity.

"She will not disturb us again, Mr. McPelican."

"She—she wasn't disturbing me any," he protested.

And he sat and looked helplessly at the glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling that every breath he drew was a mortifying and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. McPelican," resumed the young lady, "there are times when it seems that we must speak what is in our h—, in our minds."

"Yes," vaguely answered the bewildered youth, and he tried to remember when he had started to say anything of the kind; "yes, of course."

"And while I am not sure that I ought to listen to you, Mr. Pelican," she said, with down-cast eyes, "when you speak to me in this—in this personal manner, yet—"

The young man could feel his pulse beating a tattoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat like a bound boy at a corn-husking and said nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Amanda presently, "I have a new book of engravings, Mr. McPelican, that I am sure you will enjoy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll have to move your chair—why, certainly, you can sit here with me on the sofa. I never thought of that!"

The pictures danced before the eyes of the young man in blurred, confused images.

"Isn't this engraving of the 'Courtship of Florence Dombey and Walter Gay' perfectly lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walt?" he gasped.

"There! Look closer. Don't you see him?"

"W—who's he courting?"

"You'll have to come closer, Mr. McPelican. I declare, though," and she looked archly at the trembling youth, "I am almost afraid to let you come any nearer. You look exactly like Walter in the picture!"

And then the arm of that helpless young man stole in a timid, apologetic, sneaking way around the waist of the charming Amanda Quickstep, her head sunk on his shoulder, and the book of engravings fell to the floor.

"Alfred," she said an hour later, as she toyed with a button of his coat, "you bold boy! How on earth did you ever muster up the courage to ask me to be your wife? You know well enough I never gave you a particle of encouragement."

The young man patted her condescendingly on the head, and then spoke proudly with the voice of an Ajax defying the lightning:

"When I make up my mind to do anything, Amanda, no obstacle on earth can stop me!"

A "Dunno" Man—Opie Read—America

A passul uv us was settin' in Parker's sto', over whar the Caney Creek road crosses the bayou, an' the boys 'lowed that it was goin' ter be a putty dull Chrismus, fur we didn't see nothin' comin' our way. Wall, we sot thar chawin' our terbacker an' lendin' out lies at a small rate uv intrust, when the wust lookin' tramp I ever seed come a-limpin' in. He nodded at fust one an' then tuther, an' then sot down without sayin' a word.

"Podner," said Parker, as he retched over an' sorter poked the fire, "which way?"

"Dunno," the tramp replied.

"Which way did you come frum?"

"Dunno."

"You ain't right bright, air you, podner?"

"Dunno."

"What do you know?"

"Dunno."

"Wall, now here," said Parker, hittin' a stick uv burnin' wood so hard that it spit a shower uv sparks, "we don't hanker airtter these dunno sort uv folks. Ever' time one comes through the neighborhood suthin' turns up missin'; so ef it's jest the same to you w'y we'd like to see the last uv you putty quick."

"Yas," Mose Simmons jined in, sorter wallop in his terbacker round frum fust one jaw to the other, "it's a bad idee to have sich dunno chaps round, specially in the Chrismus times; so don't you think it's time you was pullin' out?"

"Dunno."

Parker he then got up an' tuck him by the ear an' shoved him out. Then we all sot down ter wollop in our terbacker ergin—we was most too lazy to chaw outright—an' putty soon who should come sauterin' in but Joe Piper. The boys all groaned, fur Joe is a chronic beggar and the laziest man in the world, I reckon. It was his habit to go about the neighborhood, Chrismus times, an' beg fur g'int's uv meat an' meal an' sich, fur he gest wouldn't work.

"What are you on the skirmish fur now, Joe, meat or meal?" Parker axed.

"Nuther one," he replied.

Then we boys laughed till the terbacker juice run outer our mouths. "No, fellers," said he, "I have got a little meat an' meal, but I tell you whut I wush you'd do: wush you'd sorter fling in an' raise me a few dollars; my chillun is about naked an' my little gal ain't got no shoes. It ain't laziness on my part this time, fellers, fur you know that I ain't been able to work sense that saw-log fell on me. I'm afeerd the little gal will have

pneumony, for we kaint keep her in the house. Say, Parker, I've done good deal uv tradin' with you in my time, so now set the ball to rollin' by lettin' me have a few things."

We had to laugh. "Here," said Patsey Buck; "we'll make you the finest present you ever seed," an' then he tuck up a ole woolen shirt that the tramp had left. It was rolled up in a sort uv bundle an' was the wust lookin' piece of goods I ever seed. Joe he got mad.

"Oh," said Parker, "you've got to take it."

Joe—Dinged ef I do. I ain't round pickin' up ole shirts. Parker—Wull, we'll see you pick up this one.

Buck—Take it, ur we'll bang you agin that black ook.

Joe—Fellers, I didn't think you'd treat me thiser way.

Parker—But you think so now. We air not only goin' to make you take it, but we're goin' to make you put it on. Buck, git that rope thar, an' we'll tie him.

He seed that they was in earnest, an' to keep down trouble Joe he tuck holt uv the shirt.

"Unroll it," said Buck.

He hesitated a minit an' then unrolled it on the counter. Then he uttered a cry an' snatched a roll uv bills. The boys gathered around him, but he whipped out an old pistol an' told 'em to stand back, an' they stood. He smiled, stepped to one side an' counted ten \$20 bills.

"Here," cried Parker, "this money belongs to that crazy tramp. Let's hunt him. Come on, all hands."

We went out an' hadn't gone fur till we found him layin' side the road.

Parker lifted him up an' says:

"Didn't you leave some money back yonder?"

The feller he looked at Parker and said:

"Dunno," then he dropped back dead.

"For de Lawd's Sake"—J. S. Wood—S. F. News-Letter

This was the picture in front of "Old Daddy Pullback's" cabin in the "Kaintuck" quarter of Hinckley alley the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog sleeping in the sun at their feet, and a colored woman calling to a boy who was on the fence: "Now, George Washington, you git right down from dat! Doan you know dat Daddy Pullback am jist on de pint of dyin' and gwine up to hebben?"

Here was the picture inside: The poor old white-headed man lying on his dying bed, flesh wasted away and strength departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro and moaning and grieving. Further away was a colored man and woman, solemn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances towards the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as mid-summer poured into the room. He took notice of it, and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his wife.

"Ize bin gwine back in my mind!" he whispered, as he reached out his thin hand for her to clasp. "For ober fo'ty y'ars we's trabbled 'long de same path. We sarved the same master as slaves 'way back in ole Virginny in de dim past. We sang de same songs—we prayed de same prayers—we had hold of han's when we 'listed in de gospel ranks an' sot our faces to'rds de golden gates of Hebben. Ole woman, I'ze gwine to part wid you! Yes, I'ze gwine ter leave yer all alone!"

"Oh! Daddy! Daddy!" she wailed.

"Doan take on so chile! It's de Lawd's doin's, not mine. To-morrow de sun may be as bright an' warm, but de ole man won't be heah. All de arternoon I'ze had glimpses of a shady path leadin' down to de shor'

of a big, broad ribber. I'ze seen people gwine down dar to cross ober, an' in a leetle time I'll be wid 'em."

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his and sobbed, and he placed his hand on her head and said:

"It's de Lawd, chile—de bressed Lawd! chile. I'ze tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We am nuffin but ole cull'd folks, po' in eberyting, but tryin' to do right by everybody. When dey tole me I'd got to die I wasn't sartin if de Lawd wanted a po' ole black man like me up dar in His golden Hebben 'mong de angels, but He'll take me—yes, chile, He will! Dis mawnin' I heard de harps playin', de rustle ob wings an' a cloud sorter lifted up and I got a cl'ar view right frew de pearly gates. I saw ole slaves and nayburs dar, an' dey was jist as white as anybody, an' a hundred han's beckoned me to come right up dar 'mong 'em."

"Oh, daddy! I'll be all alone—all alone!" she wailed.

"Hush, chile! I'ze gwine to be lookin' down on ye! I'ze gwine to put my han' on yer head an' kiss ye when yer heart am big wid sorrow, an' when night shets down, and you pray to de Lawd, I'll be kneelin' 'long side of ye. Ye won't see me, but I'll be wid ye. You's ole an' gray. It won't be long befo' ye'll git de summons. In a little time de cloud will lif' fur ye, an' I'll be right dar by de pearly gates to take ye in my arms."

"But I can't—I will hold you down heah wid me!"

"Chile! I'ze sorry for ye, but I'ze drawing nigh dat shady path! Hark! I kin h'ar de footsteps of de mighty parade of speerits marchin' down to de broad ribber! Dey will dig a grave an' lay my ole bones dar, an' in a week all de world but you will forgit me. But doan' grieve, chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shut de gates on me 'cause I'm ole an' po' an' black. I kin see dem shinin' way up dar—see our boys at de gate—h'ar de sweetest music dat angels kin play! Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine—he's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell upon his face.

"Chile! hold my han'. Ober heah am de path! I kin see men an' women an' chil'en marchin' 'long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great ribber! Ober de ribber am—de—gates—of—

"Of Heaven!"

On earth old and poor and low—beyond the gates an angel with the rest.

Old Time Cornshuckings—The Atlanta Constitution

"Corn-gathering time is not what it used to be, and it don't bring the frolic and fun of the shucking like it used to; but I don't say a word, for I know if I did some of the youngsters would say the 'old man's liver haint flopped;' so I just grin and bear it, and comfort myself by thinking of the days when I was young.

"Corn gathering then was a frolic, for we knowed that a good time was coming. The corn wasn't throwed in the cribs in them days, but a big pile was made in the lot, and then the night was set for a shucking and the settlement gathered in—white and black—and the corn was shucked, put in the crib and the shucks penned all in one night. I've seed a pile of 3,000 bushels shucked and put up in one night, and there wasn't a tired person in the crowd, for there was fun and frolic and songs and dances, and there was 'looking fer the last ear' before anybody knowed it.

"Them old shuckings are things of the past, but the generations to come will never feast on melodies sweeter than the nigger songs of the old corn-shucking days. I've sat at night and listened to the crowds as they were on their way to the corn pile. They always went in

crowds and had their leaders, and the young masters would go along to protect them, and they felt as free and as grand as they have ever since the war, and there has never been a gang of since-the-war niggers that were near so happy as they went across the fields singing:

" 'Old massa gave me a holiday,
He says he'll give me more;
I thanked him very kindly,
As I shoved my boat from shore.
Oh, my dearest May!
You're lovely as the day,
Your eyes so bright
They shine at night
When the moon has gone away.'"

"And then over on the river you'd hear the big chain lumber on the bottom of the ferryboat, and as the ferryman pulled out from shore you'd hear fifty voices of another crowd join in chorus and sing:

" 'Then row away, row
O'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float
In our gum-tree canoe.'"

"But the climax was at the corn pile. With two or three hundred niggers at the foot of a corn pile as big as a house, a 'leader' would mount on top and start off with 'I will start the holler,' and the rest would come in with 'Buglelo.' It ran thus:

" 'I will start the holler !'
' Buglelo !'
' I will start the holler !'
' Buglelo !'
' Oh, don't you hear me holler !'
' Buglelo !'
' Massa's got a bugle !'
' Buglelo !'
' A ten-cent bugle !'
' Buglelo !'

"And on and on that leader would 'call' and the crowd would answer till they would want a chance, which was indicated by throwing corn at the 'caller,' and never failed to bring him down, and then another leader would mount the pile, and he'd have something on the same style, but never the same tune. And thus the night would pass along and the pile of unshucked corn diminish. The lively time would be when the pile began to grow small and they'd begin to yell:

" 'Looking for the last ear !'
' Bangamalango !'
' Looking for the last ear !'
' Bangamalango !'
' Round up the corn, boys !'
' Bangamalango !'

"Then there was scrambling, for the work was over and the frolic begun. The crowd would gather around the owner of the corn and he was lifted on the shoulders of strong niggers, and all would follow behind, singing in their own way as the march was continued to and around the 'big house,' and then to where a bountiful feast was in waiting on tables prepared in the yard.

"The tables were full, and the niggers would eat awhile and sing awhile, and return to eat again. Here would be a crowd patting and dancing; other crowds would wrestle and box, while others would gather on seats in the background and sing the songs they loved to sing. I love them old songs, and I loved them old-time niggers, for I never seed a singing nigger that was mean.

"The seasons are the same. The cotton patches grow white as they used to, but the old-time nigger, as he runs across a belated watermelon in the grass around some stump and grabs it and breaks it open on his knee and scoops out the meat with his hand, and thrusts it into a mouth that is always ready to smile is not here.

THE GHOST-HAUNTED MOUNTAIN SMITHY*

Everything spoke of approaching night. The long, low nocturnal susurrus of the woods was already on the air. A bat came noiselessly flitting past. The color was fading out of the west. A whip-poor-will plained in the dense foliage hard by. A wind, willful wanderer, had sprung up somewhere, and was abroad in the slopes. The forge fire had not been kindled that day, and the ashes were gray on the hearth. Clem Sanders (the blacksmith) went within, despite some secret perturbation, and with the care characteristic of a good workman saw that his tools were in place; he closed the doors, fastened the shutters, and betook himself homeward. He paused when he had nearly reached home and looked back. How lonely was the dark little shanty, with the looming mountain beetling above,—how far from any building! Anything might happen there.

The late moon came stealing into the broad, uninclosed passage between the two rooms of his mother's house before he had finished his supper. He looked at it from the dusky red glow of the room, but half illumined by the smouldering fire, as he sat at the table, and strove to answer his mother's chat, and to eat and drink with a normal appetite. The sheen was melancholy and white, and the leaves of the vines that it limned on the floor scarcely stirred. When he strode up the ladder, presently, to the roof-room, he found the moon there, too, in the homely and solitary place. The glittering square of the tiny window lay on the floor; a soft irradiation from it seemed to enrich the narrow, tent-like space. He noted the glimmer on the white bark of a gigantic poplar hard by, and the low hanging branches of the beech. It was very still without: no dog barked, no foot stirred,—only the insistent cry of the cicada, and the sylvan chant of the stream as it hied down the mountain-side, in the lonely splendors of the night. He sank down in a chair, and bent his head.

Suddenly, he saw that the moon had changed in the sky. The trees without caught the light from another quarter. He had slept for hours. He sprang to his numb feet, and bent down to the tiny aperture to look out. The next moment his heart seemed to stand still.

Far along the broad moonlit vista between the mountain and the cliffs of the gorge, he saw the little forge, with the looming heights above; and could it be that here and there lines of red light gleamed through its ill-chinked walls? And did he hear, or did he fancy, vibrating in the midnight, the clink clank of the hammer and the sledge, the sound he knew so well? For one instant the strongest feeling within him was the instinct of an outraged proprietor. And in that instant he reached out of the window, seized the shining beech boughs so close at hand, and swung down to the ground. He was on his feet and in the road before he remembered that other self, his strange, white-faced double, that lurked about the forge and opened the shutter to look in upon its hilarious image. Had not the chance wayfarer noted the uncanny sounds of forging in the night, while he, the smith, was lying in deep sleep?

He was advancing mechanically along the road. Suddenly he paused. He could not face It; he would not encounter Its gaze. What a frightful thing to stand and meet It! He fell to trembling, and with his sleeve wiped the cold drops from his brow. How dark the

mountains gloomed! With what a sense of silence was the moon endowed, pacing the woods in stately guise!

He still stood looking forward uncertainly, his courage faltering, his intention vacillating. All at once he lifted his head to the sound of the forge, the clinking and the clanking of the hammer and the sledge. Regular, sonorous, unceasing, it was. "He oughter understand the biz'ness," he thought. He rolled up his sleeve, and wondered if the pallid resemblance wielded such an arm.

He had turned about to go home. And yet he paused in the way, looking back over his shoulder. He hardly trusted his resolve; he knew that he was toying with a temptation; he expected to flee even when he advanced, as he turned once more and ran fleetly, deftly, down the road toward the place. What if he should meet It running too! Would It seem so horrible to him but for the thought of that solemn pallor, that stony stillness, on Its face? More than once he paused and turned, only to change about again, and run swiftly toward the forge. A new terror presently beset him as he neared the building. He could no longer flee; he could not turn his back upon the forge, for the ghastly fear of what might issue forth and pursue. Perhaps the familiar sounds of the forging had unconsciously some bracing effect upon his nerves. He was near enough now to hear the anvil ring and ring. Once he fancied a word was spoken, and then only the crash of the sledge following the imperative clink of the hand-hammer; his practiced ear detected the difference in the vibrations when the smith smote the face of the anvil instead of the metal in process of forging, as a signal that the sledge blows should cease. Now and again the heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth, and the light of the fanned fire flared through the chinking. He stole cautiously to the window,—the window, he remembered, through which It had looked at him. His hand was upon the shutter when he caught his foot in a vine of the dense undergrowth, and came to the ground, with a noisy thud and commotion.

Instantly the place was dark and silent. He drew himself up, bruised and shaken, and ran limping around to the door. It was closed. He pulled it open, and the pale moonlight fell through the broad aperture, revealing the empty and dusky place. A few coals glowed slumberously beneath the sooty hood. He could not at once remember whether he had left fire here. Stay! the anvil, tell-tale, was still softly ringing, ringing,—fine and faint metallic tones. He could hardly have said why this obedience to natural laws should shake his superstition, but with the conviction that the intrusion was of human agency, he ran out into the night, and roused the echoes with his wild halloo. How they tossed the word to and fro! How they hailed the further steep, and how the savage heights replied! And when he had listened until all had sunk to silence, a far and faint "Halloo!" from the vague upper air startled him with a chill tremor. He suddenly began to reflect that he had found both door and shutter closed, and this place, sounding and alight one moment, dark and silent and empty the next. As to the fire, he trembled to think where it might be kindled. With these thoughts he betook himself home, leaving the forge silent and dark behind him, although he often sought with a fearful fancy to think it alight once more, and to hear the ringing of the anvil or the melancholy sighing of the bellows.

* Charles Egbert Craddock—The Despot of Broomsedge Cove.

THE BALLAD OF SPLENDID SILENCE *

This is the story of Renyi,
 And when you have heard it through,
 Pray God He send no trial like his
 To try the faith of you.

And if his doom be upon you,
 Then may God grant you this:
 To fight as good a fight as he,
 And win a crown like his!

He was strong, and handsome, and happy,
 Beloved, and loving, and young,
 With eyes that men set their trust in,
 And the fire of his soul on his tongue.

He loved the Spirit of Freedom,
 He hated his country's wrongs,
 He told the patriots' stories,
 And he sang the patriots' songs.

With mother, and sister, and sweetheart,
 His safe, glad days went by,
 Till Hungary called on her children
 To arm, to fight, and to die.

"Good-by to mother and sister;
 Good-by to my sweet sweetheart;
 I fight for you—you pray for me,
 We shall not be apart!"

The women prayed at the sunrise,
 They prayed when the skies grew dim;
 His mother and sister prayed for the Cause,
 His sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother, and sister, and sweetheart,
 But most for the true and the right,
 He low laid down his own life's hopes
 And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting, and spying,
 Night-watch, attack, and defeat;
 The resolute, desperate fighting,
 The hopeless, reluctant retreat;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster,
 Capture, and loss, and despair,
 And half of his regiment hidden,
 And only this man knew where!

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded,
 They brought him roughly along,
 With his body as weak and broken,
 As his spirit was steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general—
 "Where are your men?" he heard:
 He looked black death in its ugly face
 And answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden?
 Speak—you are pardoned straight.
 No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
 You rebel reprobate!"

They dragged his mother and sister
 Into the open hall.

"Give up your men, if these women
 Are dear to your heart at all!"

He turned his eyes on his sister,
 And spoke to her silently;
 She answered his silence with speaking,
 And straight from the heart spoke she:

"If you betray your country,
 You spit on our father's name;
 And what is life without honor?
 And what is death without shame?"

He looked on the mother who bore him,
 And her smile was splendid to see;
 He hid his face with a bitter cry,
 But never a word said he.

"Son of my body—be silent!
 My days at the best are few,
 And I shall know how to give them,
 Son of my heart, for you!"

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence:
 With never a plaint or cry
 The women were slain before him,
 And he stood and saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved;
 Desire of his heart and eyes.

"Say where your men are hidden,
 Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him,
 She laid her lips to his cheek:

"Speak! for my sake who love you!
 Love, for our love's sake, speak!"

His eyes are burning and shining
 With the fire of immortal disgrace—
 Christ! walk with him in the furnace
 And strengthen his soul for a space!

Long he looked at his sweetheart,
 His eyes grew tender and wet;
 Closely he held her to him,
 His lips to her lips were set.

"See! I am young! I love you!
 I am not ready to die!
 One word makes us happy forever,
 Together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging,
 Her lips his cold lips caressed;
 He suddenly flung her from him,
 And folded his arms on his breast.

She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
 She cursed him in God's name,
 For the woe of her early dying,
 And for her dying's shame.

And still he stood, and his silence,
 Like fire was burning him through,
 Then the muskets spoke once, and were silent,
 And she was silent, too.

They turned to torture him further,
 If further might be—in vain;
 He had held his peace in that threefold hell,
 And he never spoke again!

The end of the uttermost anguish
 The soul of man could bear
 Was the madhouse where tyrants bury
 The broken shells of despair.

* Written in memory of Ferenc Renyi, the brave patriot who bravely suffered death in Hungary in the year 1848. From E. Nesbit's new collection of poems, "Leaves of Life."

SCENES FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STORY—"KADY" *

At Cloppers:

"That there stage is late agin!"

"That ain't no great consequence, marm."

"Nuthin' ever is ter you," said the first speaker bitterly. She was a tall, large-boned woman, dressed in limp calico, but with a pleasant, kindly face under a big sun-bonnet. A pair of blue eyes looked up the road, while she pushed the straggling gray hair from her face. She was sawing wood, a strange occupation for a woman, but a glimpse inside the log cabin behind her showed why she did man's work.

In the door-way the second speaker was sitting, a pale-faced man with a long, black beard that gave his features a bluish tinge. Above his waist he was a sound man, thin but wiry; below his waist he was a cripple. Six years before a monstrous boulder had rolled down the mountain where he was cutting wood and had caught him and held him fast.

Lydia, that strong-faced woman, found him after a long search, loosened the rock with a crowbar (she went for it five miles) and brought him home on her back.

"It's lucky, Jim, I'm a mannish woman," she said quietly, when she laid him down.

"You'll have to be the man now," he sobbed, but she kissed him with womanly sweetness.

"You be head, Jim, I'll be heels," she laughed hysterically, and rode off twenty miles after a doctor.

Over the log cabin that stood at the meeting of four roads, was a sign—"CLOPPER'S." Below this, in smaller letters—"Post-Office." Three of the roads all disappeared into woods or behind hills; the last wound its way over a long range of rolling country, and one might see the Monadnock road for miles.

Lydia Clopper laid down her saw, picked up a field glass and looked up the last-named road.

"Both on 'em's late," she said, entering the cabin.

"Course they are when I'm ready. Smoke, Jim?"

"Yop."

"There's one comfort," she said dryly, hunting up his pipe and filling it with tobacco, "you can't neither smoke nor drink ef I don't say so." She jammed the tobacco in with her finger nail, lit a match, and drew a few puffs. "Faugh, here take it; wish I could learn, you seem to take such a sight of pleasure in it."

"Just as well; terbacker's costly," he answered, smoking contentedly.

"Allus the same," she said, sitting on the doorstep and pushing her bonnet back; "that philosophy o' yourn—it's a aggravatin' one—so easy fur everything to come, misfortin' or good; settin' there with no legs—shapeless mass of neither bone nor muscle; them beautiful mountains shet out te ye—b'ars, coyotes, deer, all free to come and go, an' the hay of'n spilin' with me an' what men I kin git to help me; an' you're allus cheerful, lookin' for a sunny spot; an' I tell ye, Jim Clopper, there's spots in life like the cañons in them mountains," pointing to the high blue outlines in the fast-falling darkness, "whar the sun never teches."

"I think there's mighty few, Liddy," he said patiently; "fur ef the sun don't tech 'em the light does, an' reflected light ain't so bad—in fact the whole system of moon-shinin' is reflected light."

"Now, don't get scientific," she said, with some pride

in him; "them bits of larnin' you've picked up is allus beyond me. Now, what do you think of all day when I'm at work?"

"Wal," looking about the room, "there's the young chicks you've brought in. I see 'em in the fenced-off corner you've made 'em, an' I watches 'em chirp an' old marm hen talk and clatter to 'em. Beats all, what human natur there is in a hen. Then Bose, thar, the dog, and Liddy, junior, the cat, plays, or Bose chases a jack-rabbit over the hills thar, or the cat hunts a bird or sich; they're a deal of company. Then the magpie,—thar's a knowin' feller. He's gittin' ter know words I says ter him, an' he's full of tricks. Then I likes to watch you, Liddy, bustlin', allus bustlin' about, an' makin' the work fly. I see your big, strong arms, your bright, cheery face, I listen to your scoldin', that is never meant, an' I'm comforted an' helped. I b'lieve you're happier with me laid up, an' you to be the man."

"Oh, Jim!" (brokenly.)

"Only jokin', Liddy—jest a funnin'."

"Don't ye never think of the days you went ahuntin' up the mountains an' carried home a deer on your back, or the days you shot a b'ar an' was tellin' of it fur weeks, chuck full of pride."

"No, Liddy, if I goes back at all, it's ter the days when I was 'fore the mast in the Sairy Black, an' comin' inter Portland harbor we nigh run down a small yawl which a gal was steerin', while an old man—her dad, I knowed later—was a tendin' jib, and she sung out, 'Take keer, you lubber,' an' I says to a mate, 'That's the gal for me, an' I'll marry her by —'"

"No swearin', Jim," with a merry laugh.

"You don't say nuthin' yourself, now an' then, Liddy, when that sorrel mule gits away."

"He'd make a parson ugly."

"I think," said Jim, seriously, his big hollow eyes looking out over the hills beyond the open space before the door, "I like to think over the letters we sorts, who gits 'em an' where they goes, an' what they says, if it's good or bad; an' sometimes a postal card says mother's dead, or baby's buried, or sich, an' I chokes then, for a pictur comes up to me of the house so lonesome or a little, empty crib. I mostly don't know the folks that writes, but can feel for 'em all the same."

"The stage is comin'," Liddy cried, jumping up. She laid a mail sack by the door, cleaned the little counter of rubbish, and then paused a moment behind Jim's chair. Stooping, she pressed a soft kiss on his forehead. "Poor Jim," she whispered, then drawing the sun-bonnet screen over a pretty blush, she ran out to meet the approaching stage.

A big, covered wagon, with monstrous wheels, powerful brake and springless seats, halted before her door. A lean, red-bearded man began unhitching the four dejected horses. There was plenty of freight, one trunk, but many boxes and barrels.

"Levi here yit?" said the red-bearded Sim Hilton, through the whip in his mouth.

"Naw—here, young feller," said Liddy, "sling down them mail sacks."

The young man addressed good-naturedly complied.

A Description of Kady:

Emeline seemed much surprised that Morris was going up to Clark's.

* "Kady"—Patience Stapleton.

"You'll find 'em awful slack up there," she said by way of warning. "Kady's out all the time an' her ma's a Injun, her pa does most of the work. Kady tell yer bout Dave yet?" It did not strike Morris until afterward that Emeline was jealous.

* * * * *

Abner and Morris rowed up the lake. On the shore by the landing was a recumbent figure, a girl stretched lazily at full length, her chin on her hands, reading a paper. She got up unwillingly and caught the rope Abner flung her. How beautiful she was, with that half-tamed splendor, those great, dreamy eyes, the pale bronze of skin and neck, the scornful red mouth, the thin, straight nose and the high, broad forehead—lashes and eyebrows long and jet black, the eyebrows nearly meeting. The brown hand that caught the rope was marvelously small, but dirty. An old calico gown with a much-soiled apron and ragged shoes made up her costume. Indifferent to it, to him, to every one but the three she loved—her father, Seeley and West—Kady was a creature to love or to fear. Implacable in hate, with the fierce, vindictive spirit of the Indian mother, softened to some semblance of gentleness by the kinder nature of the father, one might well dread her, as well as love her. Rather ridiculous to care for a half-wild girl like that, Morris thought, remembering the silent squaw who smoked a pipe.

"Hullo, Morris," said Kady. She was disposed to treat him well, now her father and Seeley liked him.

"Good morning, Miss Kady," he said politely. She flashed a quick look at him.

"Have you put them 'taters on to bile, Kady, as I told yer?" said Abner anxiously.

"I furgot it this—good morning," she said haughtily, aiming this shot at Morris. Then she whistled to her dog, a big shepherd, with glossy black coat pointed with tan. Then dog and girl—between the two there was some strange likeness—disappeared into the woods.

"She's mad an' wun't be back ter day," said Abner, sorrowfully; "too bad she furgot the 'taters; I wanted 'em biled—we've had 'em fried so long."

Kady Wants Her Picture:

While he (the artist) worked he heard steps approaching, and Kady threw wide the door.

"Why this is pleasant," he said. "A long time since you have visited my studio. Sit down. Angry again?"

"I guess I am. I see Emeline last night, she'd told Seeley 'bout the pictur of me, an' Seeley he was mad an' sed he was comin' an' git it an' lick you. Dave he sed he was goin' ter show it to my father, an' then I knowed I'd got ter fight for myself. I hev a idea that coyote I told you of when he was chained tight, yet could twist around to bite at mean dogs an' brute men that teased him. The Judge ain't here or he'd help me as he done onc't afore a standin' atween me an' trouble. There's a streak of wildness in me that serves me now—the streak you was goin' ter show as a cur'osity, Mr. Harrison."

"What on earth are you going to do?" cried Tilford in dismay. Kady was looking eagerly about the room.

"I came for that copy of my pictur," she said.

"You can just go away, for you won't get it," he answered coldly, "you have no right here."

She did not reply. Seeing a pile of canvases with their faces to the wall she flung them all on the floor. In the noise and dust she looked a very demon.

"Let things alone!" shouted Harrison, trying to

catch her. She evaded him and flung down another pile of pictures. Not there. She looked around, tore off covers, opened drawers, flung paints and brushes hither and thither, Harrison trying in vain to stop her.

"Where is it?" she called, opening a closet door. In this were his clothes and books; these followed the frames and pictures out into the middle of the room in a miscellaneous heap. Harrison caught her arm. "Will you quit?" he shouted. A book struck him flying behind her. She shook him off.

"I've got muscle like iron," she cried. "You're a weak man, look at your white hands. I tell you I will have the pictur. This world's bin agin me too long, I've stood it as much as I'm goin' ter. Everybody has hed a dig at me an' I'll claw now."

Kady, taunted by Dave, scowled at by her mother and tormented by Emeline, had risen in revolt.

"Here it is!" she cried, joyfully, as a little canvas, neatly tied up in wrapping paper, met her eye in the bottom of the closet she was searching. She tore the wrapping off, Harrison rushed to her, but she pushed him aside, running to the fireplace.

"Oh, you'll paint me, an' lie about me, will you," she said fiercely, looking like a mad creature, her eyes blazing, her face scarlet, and her loose hair full of dust and cobwebs. "I tell yer, Til Harrison, the time is over when I'll be put on. There's a nater in us mountain folk that is fearful ter rouse. We lives sich quiet lives all the mean in us lies like dead, but when it's up and inter life it's like the snow-slides an' carries all afore it. There it burns, burns," she went on exultingly, "an' now paint anuther lie if you dare to."

"You need not trouble yourself," he said scornfully; "I would not care for an Indian, a squaw."

She laughed merrily. "I ain't mad no more. I'm sorry I mussed up the room, you kin call me all the names you want."

Tilford felt ashamed then. He began picking up the paints and replacing the pictures. "Why don't you go home?" he said coldly.

She hung her head. "Cause I'm 'shamed an' sorry," she answered, meekly.

"Rather late, isn't it?"

"No, I done all I come fur, an' now my mad's over I only think of the pictur you painted of my father an' how good you was. Can't we cry quits now?" Her lips were trembling, her eyes downcast. She was beautiful in a calm though terrible in a storm.

The Snow Slide:

The snow-shoer, a slight, active lad, went hurriedly on. "It's bad fur slides," he said aloud, when he passed the "cut," where the road had been torn out of the mountain side and walled up from the deep ravine three hundred feet below. A pine thicket grew in the ravine, and a brown brook, hidden under rotting timber, sang all the summer time. Close in the shade of the high cliff, under the masses of drift left from avalanches, the snow lay for months. In fact, no one knew a time, even in August, when there was not a patch of dirty white in the gruesome place. As if in judgment on the men who had dared to mutilate a mighty mountain, snow slides each winter cut a portion of the earth above away, like the swath of a huge scythe, sometimes in one place, sometimes another, but always taking a part of this piece of the road, and hurling great boulders, trees, earth and masses of snow down into the ravine. The traveler kept close to the mountain side. "I wonder if you'd start if

I'd holler," he said, looking up. "It's a warmish night an' there's a heap of snow up there."

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He stepped out into the darkness and turned his face homeward. The trees moaned and shivered and a queer seething went on under his feet. Winter's shroud, tattered and torn, was melting into torrents. As he went on the sky lightened into a gray, sullen dawn, but the rain did not cease. He stopped at the "cut" and refastened his snow shoes, then plunged ahead, slipping and sinking into the soft drifts. It was very quiet; he looked up at the high, misty mountain, and down into the black ravine, then he became aware that something, he knew not what, was in motion. He stopped, turned back, went ahead—it was moving all around him. There was no noise at first, only the mountain was coming to meet the valley. The snow then, accompanied by a strange, wrenching sound, began to deepen about him, waist high—to his breast—then to his shoulders—damp, weighty snow that clung to him like a shroud. Then followed an awful crash like the roar of tide-lifted boulders along a rocky shore.

He struggled blindly, clutching as a drowning man does at the bright green water roaring in his ears. There was a sense of suffocation, and then of falling, falling, helpless and swift. Something pressed him down, striking his face cruelly, a big tree from near timber line. There was a sound now like the roar of a thousand water-falls, like the voice of the ocean in one pent-up crash, a frightful, rushing noise, a terrible, relentless motion. He heard the wild cry of an animal; what he never knew; it brought him back from a stupor. He struggled in the white that weighed him down; he strove with bleeding hands against the rough bark of the tree on his chest. He was quite helpless, he felt it and in a moment grew calm, almost happy. He seemed to go into the vast, gray void, that had of late oppressed him, but he went now willingly for, far ahead, where a shining light was, he saw his father's face. "Kady!" he muttered with his dying breath, sending her in his spirit's flight one last message of love.

The mountain side was black and bare, the road was reft away, and the quiet rain fell steadily and fast.

The crash mingled in Al's dreams, but he did not wake. The Swede ran to the window, seeing only the misty darkness. "I thought the world was comin' to an end," he cried. Kady moaned in her sleep, and the Judge called angrily to the wakeful dog that whined about the house, as if he knew, faithful watcher, his young master had passed unheeded in his last farewell.

An hour later a bitter wind came from the north and built, with swift and terrible masonry, an icy wall over mountain and foothill, mortared in its fierce haste tons of earth and rock and snow deep in the dark ravine, and buried, beneath it all, a frozen body, a tortured, weary heart that had found rest at last.

The Sheep Herder:

It was March. The snow had melted under the hot Spring sun, and the brown plains were taking on a faint, pale tint of olive. A rolling ground ending in blue sky or stretching in long, monotonous levels to blue sky—always that. A hut in a hollow had an open door near which a collie dog lay. Far off against the hazy background of the distance was a whirl of dust. The snow had melted and laved the thirsty grass roots; the ground above was quite dry. The dog at the door was chained; he sat up and gave a short, irritable bark.

The herder looked carefully about his cabin—only a bed and rough table, a fireplace, a dish or two—nothing to hide under. He cooked his supper, fed the three dogs and went out again. He sat by the door smoking a pipe and looking toward the sunset. What a terrible face he had, a lean, hollow face with eyes bloodshot and burned by the sun, skin black and scorched, mouth drooping, long tangled beard and lank hair. What rags he wore, how sharp the bones that filled those miserable clothes, how lean and long his neck with the great, swelling cords, how furtive and eager his glance, how talon-like his great long-fingered hands!

"A man 'ud go clean mad," he said, and his voice sounded hollow and strange. Often he used to yell just to get the company of an echo. "I've bin here a year, nigh a year, an' I hain't got no will ter leave. 'Whar air yer goin',' sez a man, I knowed, ter me in Denver, when I got the place. 'A sheep-herdin' fur Gilpin of Clear Crik,' sez I. 'Sheep-herdin',' he says. 'My God! man, do yer wanten kill yerself? Don't yer know sheep herders goes mad or kill theirselves or sum'un else? Don't yer know what them solitudes is—jest the plains an' the sheep an' a dog—months 'thout ever hearin' a human voice, seein' a feller creetur's face? Hain't yer ever heered of the horrors that comes ter sich men, their creepy feelins at night, that awful sense of follerin', of peekin' eyes, of great, queer things a gallopin' through the blackness, and then of voices whar there ain't none, of music whar there never was none, and then of human faces—horrible faces—a leerin', and then, staggerin' out ter breathe in th' air, ter see a human being, of runnin' ter it ter speak, ter ask it fur God's sake ter stay, an' there wan't no human creetur' thar?"

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The herder slept on, the sun beating on the sombrero with which he had covered his face. The sheep drifted away, the dogs following. If the unconscious man had ever a friend he needed him now. He stirred uneasily. He rolled into a more comfortable position. He stretched his limbs with a weary sigh, then he sprang to his feet suddenly, feeling that human eyes were peering at him. Close to his side was a slight, dark woman, with a malignant evil face, holding in her bony hand a broad-bladed hunting knife that glistened in the sunlight. The sudden shock sent the blood surging to his brain, the ground seemed to waver under his feet, the distant mound hills were in rolling motion like ocean waves. He reeled and staggered, and then there came a sharp pain in his heart, a stab from that keen knife.

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She looked at the corpse with a strange expression of joy and fear. "The dead came from the grave and killed him, Abner can rest now," she muttered with a low, insane laugh. Then she returned to the hut without once looking back. The poor dogs welcomed her with a prodigious barking and great wagging of tails. She unloosed both dogs, and calling her own went swiftly away toward the north.

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Night fell. Two wandering collies brought, with their marvelous skill, the flock to water; for themselves there was no supper. They ran to the hut and looked for their master, then, in their hunger, saw a ham hanging on the wall, sprang at it and tore it down, fought over their find and ate greedily. The house dog found the trail that led to the hollow, where lay the herder. The dog licked his face and hands, whining low, and then with a pitiful moan lay down at the dead man's feet.

TABLE-TALK—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

Swell Table-Cloths—Specially translated—La Vie Parisienne

Everything is fantastic, wild, original, this season, even our breakfast cloths. The age of snowy, satin damask has gone by—like the severe order of feminine costume and house decoration à la Queen Anne. To-day let us have the frivolity of the First Empire—or nothing! Now, is a breakfast cloth in stripes of Saxony linen and gold gros-grain ribbon strictly in the style of the First Empire? Possibly not—but it is very pretty, very frivolous, very fashionable—especially when it has a wide border of Saxony linen, edged with guipure, four inches wide, and embroidered in a design of hard-boiled eggs with golden hearts broken upon small silver plates—all so perfectly true as a bit of still-life work, that the steam from the freshly served eggs has clouded the polished surface of the silver. This comes from the Kensington School, and here is another of less realistic design, but the daintiest thing in the world for Milady's morning chocolate, served in the white and gold boudoir. This time it is damask, fine as silk, the mass of Torchon insertion and edging which forms the deep border, caught up at each corner by rosettes of gold satin ribbon—and in the centre of the cloth a wreath of yellow jonquils—leaving an open space wherein must be placed, of course, a basket of the same tender flowers, *au naturel*. For racing breakfasts, hunting breakfasts and *nappes de campagne* generally, we have every conceivable fantasy of sport. Here is a heavy linen cloth about which are flying men, horses, dogs, in mad pursuit of the wary fox—who with lowered ears and brush rampant, is taking a daring leap toward the centre of the cloth. With this go a dozen napkins on which are daintily embroidered some symbol of the chase. For a fishing party at breakfast is offered a delicate piece of Saxony, with a pale green pool in the centre—beneath its circling ripples silver trout, and all about its edge a border of deep, fringed rushes. Irish damasks or Dresden linen luncheon cloths are adorned with an appliqué design of quaintly costumed figures in *toile de Joüy*—Court ladies and shepherdesses à la Watteau being a favorite pattern, and sometimes a whole story—a love song of Chloe and Strephon—is told with the point of the artistic needle. And by far the handsomest of the season's table novelties are the tiny doyleys—sheer as lace and covered with a fine tracery of gold and soft-toned silken threads, after Persian and Indian designs. These are sold at three hundred and fifty francs a dozen, and the indescribable richness they lend a table, when reflected from the hundred points of cut crystal bowls beneath which they are laid, can only be enjoyed by Fortune's favored few.

Concerning "Culinary French"—The London Telegraph

The remarkable dialect known to philologists as "culinary French" has for a length of years obtained, and for the very sufficing reason that the leading cooks employed have been Frenchmen. These "chefs," blessed with the traditional incapacity to acquire any language but their own and a general inability to spell even their native tongue with correctness, have made out their bills of fare in a French which, as a rule, is a trifle more ungrammatical than milliners' and dressmakers' French, and is quite as lawless in appropriating substantives from almost every known form of civilized and uncivilized human speech. Cooks, and gastronomers into the bargain, know well enough what is meant by a "Charlotte

aux pommes," a "baba au rhum," a "Kromesky à la Russe," a "Macedoine de legumes," and a "chaudfroid," or "choufroid volaille;" but such designations have long been the despair of etymologists, who have not even been able to make up their minds as to whether that most ancient of onion sauces, the "Robert," derives its title from a chef of that name, or from a "bruet," or broth as an accompaniment to roe-venison. In polite English society the list of dishes offered for our entertainment is ordinarily termed the "menu," and the production of tasteful hand-painted "menu cards" is becoming quite a remunerative branch of feminine industry in England, but in hotels and restaurants the catalogue of dishes usually maintains its old English name of a bill of fare. For the rest, "menu," even in the "French of Paris" and not that of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," is somewhat of a misnomer when used in a culinary sense. Menu really means something small, spare, and of little account; and the French cooks seem to have got hold of it through the circumstance that their allies the "rotisseurs" used to give the name of "menus"—which might be translated into English as "humbles"—to the giblets of poultry which they sold to be made into fricassees. It is true that a writer so classical as Marmontel speaks of "le menu de son souper;" but supper in his time was a light and elegant, and not a formal or "set," repast of many courses. As regards the body of the "menu," or bill of fare, call it by whichever name we will, it might at the first blush be thought a valuable concession to convenience and common sense if we threw "cook's French" altogether overboard, and henceforth wrote out our catalogue of edibles in plain English. The Italians have set us a praiseworthy example in this respect. They call their bill of fare "la lista." Unfortunately, although our French neighbors have not invented a new dish for fifty years, many of their "plats" are indissolubly associated with the names of French "gourmets," or with conspicuous events in French history; while others of their distinctive terms for the preparation of dishes are wholly untranslatable into rational English. The great Careme tried his hand in this direction; but little beyond derision was awakened by his rendering of "à la maitre d'hôtel" and "à la bourgeoise" as "steward's" and "citizen's manner," while hypercritics found fault with "pot-au-feu" being Anglicized as "restorative broth," "à la financière" as "money-lender's sauce," and "potage de santé" as "potage for pectoral illnesses." As for translating such technical terms as "garbure," "quenelles," "nouilles," "profiteroles," "purée," and "hatelets," he abandoned the task in despair, although he fortuitously jumped at the correct conclusion that "garvanches" were the Spanish "garbanzos," or chick peas. Altogether, Careme's translation cannot well be read without a gloss, although he is so conscientious as to tell us that "potage à la Stewart" was so called in honor of the Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Viscount Castlereagh. "Sic transit." Who eats "potage à la Stewart"—at least by that name—now? There still exist a vast number of names of dishes which even culinary antiquaries must be content to take upon trust—as, for example, the renowned and antique "potage à la Reine," to the recipe for which an honest English cook of the time of George I. appended the candid and

almost pathetic remark, "What Queen I know not." We cannot, perhaps, wholly banish French—or, at least, French locutions—from our bills of fare; but it would not, surely, be difficult to make fashionable menus a little more intelligible than is at present the case. When the chef tries to be exceptionally scientific in culinary terminology, he might just as well write in Basque or in Romansch as in the extraordinary lingo which, in stewpan and gridiron circles, passes current as French.

The Great Goethe's Digestive Capacity—London Life

According to the bills of fare preserved in the city archives at Jena, Goethe was in the habit of dining exceedingly well. He also liked company at dinner, for, during the period covered by the bills when he had not one guest with him, he had three. He always had four courses, and sometimes more, the dishes of his choice being such as roast beef and roast pork on the same day; soups with dumplings, and a sirloin with anchovy sauce, with roasted pigeons and roast mutton to follow, the dinner rather of a glutton than of a poet. For a week and more he dined in this fashion, the bill only coming to a little more than £3. It is satisfactory to know that this really great man could dine well, and was not a dyspeptic wreck, though it is not so pleasant to know that the poet squabbled with the landlord over the items, and even went to law with him on the subject.

The Style in Dinners—The New York World

"Within the past few years," said Caterer Louis Sherry the other day as he turned the leaves of a new illustrated work on French cooking, "American taste in dining has improved, or, rather, has become more continental. This is in a measure due to the habit rich American people have acquired of spending a few months of each year in France and Germany, where the good cooks hold forth. By mingling with the swell foreigners they have learned the art of dining in its most refined phases, and naturally they have copied after many things which they saw and which have the effect of toning down the rough edges of our national school of cooking. This Winter, plain short dinners will be the fashion, and I am sure the change will meet with great favor. Often it happens that people are placed near each other at the table who have not the slightest affinity, and the result is that they spoil the harmonious effect of the repast. Dinners, you know, are social gatherings pure and simple. Now, by serving the solid courses in one room, where it can be conveniently done, and the delicacies in another, it gives the guests a chance to change about and choose the company to their own liking. Menus, too, will be sparingly used this season. Fashion has jumped upon them and decreed that they are good enough for the restaurant, but out of place in the home circle. This is very sensible, and I shall do all I can to further the abolition of the dinner-card, which is more or less an advertisement of what your guests may expect to get. A good dinner should never make the diner sleepy and tired. On the contrary, it should brighten him up, and after the last course is disposed of he ought to feel that he could start over again and eat the courses through a second time. Our taste in the selection of wines will always be American. The American people are champagne drinkers, and don't care a great deal for fancy French Burgundies, Rhine wines or Moselles. For that reason at many dinners champagnes are served with every course. The other wines may be used, but each guest has a champagne glass before him, which is filled at the outset and is never allowed to become empty. The most adept cook

can't fool an experienced diner. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and makes up his meal from those dishes which suit his palate and digestion. Nothing can swerve him, and in his eating he is as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. Two or three courses satisfy him, and the remainder of the time he whiles away in making himself agreeable, which is the reason why his company is so much sought after. I am happy to say that another radical change will be made in the manner of serving dinners this year. From time immemorial it has been the custom to serve the roasts about the middle of the dinner. This is a mistake. Roasts, like the other solid dishes, not excepting the game, should be served as early as possible, and most caterers have come to that conclusion. All the gimcrack decorations, like plush embroidery and tall cut-glass pieces, will be missed this year. There is a tendency to flatness, and the tables of the ultra-fashionable will be decorated in accordance with that fashion. The glassware and fruit receptacles are of the low, spreading order, much more plain than in former days. The early English candelabra are again coming into vogue, and the soft, mellow light they cast on the spotless linen and sparkling crystal has a very charming effect. A caterer does his work with great system. All the dishes are prepared by our chefs in the place and carried to the house in sealed chests. An hour or so before the time set for dinner we take possession of the family kitchen and all we want is a hot fire. We have our own help and do not require the assistance of any of the servants. In less than an hour the first two or three courses are ready for the table, and the remaining ones are cooked as the meal advances. We seldom provide the wine, leaving that part to be attended to by the hostess, who generally knows the tastes of her guests better than the caterer, and who prefers the stock of her cellar to any that we could furnish. We even supply our own table service, and seldom make use of any belonging to the household. The average cost of a dinner is from \$6 to \$8 per plate, although when game, terrapin and fruit are dear it may be as high as \$12 per plate, but never higher than that. Japanese swallows'-nest soup will be one of the features of next season's swell dinners. The nests are of a grayish gelatinous consistence and cost from 20 to 25 francs per piece. The swallows build their nests from a peculiar vegetable fibre and buds, which they chew up. The soup hasn't been tried, but it is popular in France, where it first appeared, and is likely to meet with favor here."

Raw Ants for Dessert—San Francisco Examiner.

An Examiner man yesterday met J. B. Clarke, a carpenter of Los Angeles, who formerly lived in Northern Maine, where he was a lumberman. In speaking of the habits of the lumbermen and their tastes as regards food, he said: The lumbermen north of Bangor, my native place, and in the vicinity of New Brunswick, are very fond of eating wood ants, which they relish as rare bonbons when they are out in the timber districts. The connoisseur ant-eater studies the habits of wood ants as carefully as a duck hunter studies the habits of ducks. To begin with, he knows how an ant community is constituted; he knows that the ants hibernate, and while they are wrapped in slumber under the bark of some big tree he slips upon the comatose community and rivals the armadillo in devouring it by platoons and double handfuls." Continuing his story Mr. Clarke said: "For almost a year I saw my fellow-workmen eating ants as dessert after our meals in lumber tents were over. I regarded them as gastronomical monsters only

a little above the Digger Indians that devour the pediculus, of army fame, otherwise known as graybacks. One day I became seized with a desire to eat an ant myself, so I wrapped two or three up in a paper and stole away behind a tree, somewhat as a boy would do to smoke his first cigar, so that if I got sick nobody would get the laugh on me. I shut my eyes and ate one ant. He was delicious—flavored like a lemon-drop, juicy, yet rich as a walnut. The flesh of an ant is refined, not vulgar hog-meat. The ant is an insect with a highly nervous organization, and his meat is wholesome. Ants eat the soft meats of other insects' bodies, and they devour plenty of fruit also. I believe the day will come when ants will be considered a more delicate dish than frog legs. I have just been to dinner now. I ate ice-cream as dessert; I would have preferred ants, raw."

Concerning Meals in India—The Cornhill Magazine

In India, the table-servants are men of infinite resources; nothing daunts them. A lady says she once objected to the way a vegetable marrow had been cooked. "Your Majesty," said her servant, "has but to give the order and to-morrow it shall be made into French beans." Her servant announced that there was beef-steak for dinner, and she, as a matter of course, asked: "What is it made of?" "Of mutton, as no beef could be bought," he answered. At a ceremonious dinner, given by a native gentleman to the lady and her husband, when the game course was placed on the table, she saw something unusual in the look of the partridges. Her head-servant whispered to her that they were chickens dressed as partridges. A game course was necessary to a ceremonious dinner, and as no partridges could be procured the chickens were offered up on the altar of custom. The native who gave the dinner did not sit at table with his English guests. They dined by themselves, and only saw him after the dinner was over. The table was spread with the foreign guests' own linen, plate, and china, and they were waited on by their own servants, who had cooked the dinner. The explanation is that his caste would not permit him to eat with his guests, and the servants' caste forbade their cooking for them. He had no table furniture such as English guests require, and if he had possessed any, he could, of course, never again have used it, after they "polluted" it.

Wet Nursed Chickens—The Olean (N.Y.) Times

Mr. W. C. Williams, the late business manager of the Paris Daily News and recently returned from a trip around the world, has located in Olean, in connection with his brother Henry Williams, a most unique establishment for the production of French fattened poultry. It is located in the old skating rink. The main part of the building, a surface of 11,000 square feet, is used for the feeding department, and in addition to this there are departments for preparing the food, receiving and weighing the fowls, picking, dressing and preparing for market. The immense feeding room, where 12,000 head of poultry can be cared for at one time, is kept as dark as night, at an even temperature, and perfectly quiet. When fully completed the place will have the capacity for turning out six hundred fowls daily; at present something over two hundred head are prepared for market every day. The place is kept scrupulously neat and clean, and the business is thoroughly systematized. The cost of the plant when fully completed will approach \$85,000, and 450 gallons of milk and 300 bushels of grain will be used daily in feeding. The machinery consists of a series of large revolving upright cylinders, 20 feet in circumference and 18

feet in height, with boxes or stalls for 300 fowls each. These boxes are arranged in tiers one above another, and the fowls are placed in them in comfortable position, but securely tied to prevent escape. Here the birds remain for twenty-one days, in the dark, with no noise or disturbance or opportunity for exercise. Their whole business is to improve and increase the quality of the meat, and nothing is permitted to divert them from that object. They are fed three times a day, and with unvarying regularity and precision. The feeding apparatus is novel. It consists of a platform elevator, with a trough containing the feed and a force-pump, to which is attached a rubber hose and nozzle bent in the form to exactly fit the fowl's mouth and throat. The feeder, standing upon the elevator, opens the chicken's mouth, inserts the nozzle, presses upon a spring, and the feed is forced into the chicken's crop. The process is perfectly painless, and the chickens appear to enjoy it. When one fowl is thus supplied, the cylinder is turned to the next, and so on through the tier, and then the elevator is raised to the next tier above, and in this manner until all the fowls in the cylinder are fed. The feeding apparatus, which is a French invention, accurately regulates the amount of food in accordance with the condition, age, and class of the fowl. The food is carefully prepared from the choicest cereals and the purest of cream and milk, and is in the form of thin batter. It is highly nutritious and rich in fattening properties. The formula of the food is a secret of the business, and covered by patents. After the fowls have been in the fattening cylinder for twenty-one days, they are taken out, killed, dry-picked, carefully prepared for market, and branded with the trade-mark, "Williams' select, French fattened, extra choice dressed poultry." By this name, Mr. Williams' goods have already won the first place in the best New York establishments, and a demand created greatly beyond the present facilities for supply. They have already found their way to the tables of the leading restaurants and a host of the most prominent families in New York, and the Gotham epicureans have well-nigh gone wild in their enthusiasm over these milk-fattened broilers and capons. The fattening process not only improves the texture and flavor of the meat, but also increases the weight of the fowl. The flesh is delicate, juicy, and tender, light in color throughout, and the flavor is most deliciously sweet and rich.

Some Uses of the Lemon—The Chicago Times

"I was just thinking," said Dr. John E. Gilman yesterday, "how foolish people are. About an hour ago I had occasion to visit a neighboring drug store. At the soda-water counter there were a score of men, women and children, most of them drinking decoctions containing phosphoric acid. If the public were aware of the dangers that accompany the use of phosphoric acid it would not be in such common use. When people use phosphoric acid to excess, as they are now doing at soda fountains, it tends to exhaust the entire system, producing weakness and debility, which are characterized by apathy and torpidity of the mind and body. Continued use of this acid will be productive of diarrhoea and inability to resist disease. Every draught of air will super-induce cold. Finally it will affect the bones and the—well, the jig is up." "What are the special symptoms, doctor?" "Complete indifference to everything. A person has to whip himself up to effect a purpose." "What drink is this acid found in in the largest quantities?" "Acid phosphate, Malto, and all nerve foods." "What would you advise the public to quench its thirst

with during the heated term?" "Lemons, by all means. They are very healthy and good not only for allaying the thirst, but will cure a multitude of disorders. The juice of the lemon contains citric acid. Acids, as a rule, decrease the acids ecretion of the body and increase the alkaline. Citric acid, which is the acid of lemons and oranges for instance, will diminish the secretion of gastric juice, but increase very materially the secretion of saliva. The very thought of a lemon is sufficient to make the mouth water. Thirst in fever is not always due to a lack of water in the blood. It may be due in part to a lack of the secretion of the saliva. When the mouth is parched and dry the acid will increase the saliva. When acid is given for the relief of dyspepsia it should be taken before eating. Lemon juice drank before meals will be found very advantageous as a preventive to heartburn." "What do I think of lemons?" echoed E. S. Snow, one of the largest buyers of this succulent fruit in the country. "They are one of the greatest blessings that God ever bestowed upon us." "How many are used in the United States in a week's time?" "About 100,000 boxes. Each box contains from 300 to 360 lemons. New York is the distributing point. They range in prices according to condition of the temperature. Oftentimes the prices of lemons vary even more than the fluctuation of the wheat market. To-day they are selling for \$5 a box, which is not quite two cents apiece." "How does Chicago compare with New York in the manner of consumption?" "This is a beer-drinking community, while the use of lemons in New York has become very popular, particularly with the ladies. There are, I should judge, 5,000 boxes used in a week in Chicago during hot weather; and I am glad to say, speaking for the public health, that the demand is increasing every year. "Where do lemons come from principally?" "Nearly all that are sold in the United States, Germany, Russia, France, England and the English colonies are raised on the Island of Sicily. The whole business of the island is confined to the raising and exportation of lemons and oranges. The Sicilians ship to this country alone nearly 5,000,000 boxes a year. There are more used for medicinal purposes to-day than ever before, and there is nothing better when you are thirsty or feverish than the bite of a lemon." "Are there many lemons raised in this country?" "Very few. Some are grown in California and Florida. San Francisco uses more lemons raised in Sicily than California."

An Old Recipe for Haggis—The Pittsburg Leader

Here is a recipe for "haggis." It was sent years and years ago by a gentleman to a young bride—one of the ancestors of Mr. Andrew Carnegie:

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Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef suet half the weight of this mixture and mince it with a dozen small, firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours until it is a light brown color and perfectly dry. Less than two teacupfuls will not do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little cayenne well mixed. Have a haggis bag, perfectly clean, and see that there is no thin part in it, else your labor may be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat, with as much good beef gravy or strong broth as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon or a little vinegar; press out the air and sew up the bag;

prick it with a large needle to prevent it from bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

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Remarks: A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive color, nor can any man alive conceive a haggis without having it submitted to his senses. It takes possession of the palate. You forget for the time being all other tastes. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth. It is more fibrous, also more porous. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate and inside of the cheeks, your very eyes have a gust, and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort and enjoys such delight that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat; you continue to eye the haggis bag with grateful affection, command the waiter to behave kindly to it, and when removed, follow it reverently out of the room murmuring a silent benediction.

Japanese Dinner Etiquette—The London Spectator

When the guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for sidst"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This, however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greeting. A conversation something after this style ensues: "I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion." "How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?" "Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you." "How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?" "How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?" All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath sucked rapidly in between the teeth, expressive of great *empressement*. At last, amid a final chorus of arigatos, the guests come to anchor upon the floor. Various objects are handed to them, to entertain them, a curio or two, a few photographs, no matter what, for it is *de rigueur* in Japanese etiquette to affect a great interest and admiration.

A New and Delicious Fruit—London Globe

Travelers in Java have filled pages and columns with rhapsodies over the mangosteen, and all unite in extolling it as the supreme delight of the tropics. The mangosteen appears to one as a hard, round fruit the size of a peach. Its hard outer shell or rind is of the same color and thickness as a green walnut, but in this brown husk lie six or eight segments of creamy white pulp. The little segments are easily separated, and transferred to the mouth melt away, the pulp being as soft and fine as a custard. The mangosteen's delicate pulp tastes, as all its eulogists say, like strawberries, peaches, bananas and oranges all at once; a slight tartness is veiled in these delicious flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet. Taken just as it comes from the ice box the mangosteen is an epicure's dream realized, and the more's the pity that it only grows in far away places and deadly climates, and does not bear transportation. Large sums have been offered, and P. and O. steamships have made hundreds of ineffectual efforts to get a basket of mangosteens to England for the queen. The hard rind looks unchanged for weeks, but the delicate pulp melts away, and the dryest and coldest refrigerator chambers cannot keep the heart of the mangosteen from quickly spoiling.

"THE ARIZONA-KICKER"—A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION*

Come and See Us:

We beg to announce to the public that we have established a grocery in connection with the Kicker office. We have run a partition across our shanty and stocked the front end with groceries, and hereafter the two will be one and inseparable. While we blandly acknowledge that this is not a literary move calculated to raise the public hair on end, we call your attention to the fact that we shall sell six dozen clothespins for 15 cents, and seven bars of soap for a quarter. A customer who wants New Orleans molasses at wholesale or retail will find us behind the counter smiling and affable. The citizen who wants to subscribe for the Kicker will find us in the back room willing to pocket his \$2.

For Sale Cheap:

The editor of this paper has \$400 worth of shares in the Spotted Bull Silver Mining Company which he will sell cheap for cash or trade for an all-wool undershirt. These shares were presented us with the understanding that we should help rope in Eastern suckers. Either the rope is out of order or suckers are scarce. The stock has gone down to two cents on the dollar, and we propose to unload before another assessment is made. We said an all-wool undershirt, but we are not going to be too particular about it. If it's half cotton, minus the buttons or flaps, or is ripped up the back, we shall probably make the exchange. Don't hesitate because you may have been told that we are proud and haughty. We know when to come down off the top rail.

More Enterprise:

Three new faro banks and two saloons have been established since our last issue, and we hear of several other enterprises for the near future. The town is bound to grow. We don't claim that a faro bank will add to the population as quick as a rolling mill, but it is far livelier and doesn't occupy one-tenth of the room.

Passed Over:

Old Jim Badlau was found dead in his bed last Sunday morning, and a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of too much whiskey. Old Jim and ourself were the only two men in town who didn't put on false whiskers every time the stage came in, and who dared inquire for their own mail at the post-office. We remember him chiefly as the first man who got ahead of us in Arizona. We intended to strike him for the loan of a quarter, but he hit us first for the loan of a half. Poor old Jim!

Our Jolly Friends:

When we erected the shanty which has ever served us for an office, Italian marble, Milwaukee brick and plate glass were way up in "G," and beyond our means. That's the reason we didn't put up a six-story temple, and that's the reason we built of sods and boards. We traded our last undershirt for two half-window sashes, which contained six panes of glass each, and for some time these were the only sash on Park Row, and our bosom swelled with pride. Our bosom has, however, ceased to swell. Such friends of ours as do not care to go to the trouble of calling upon us in the daytime and punching our head for some real or fancied grievance, hang off until the office is closed and we have sought our couch. Then they rock our windows and canter

away before we can bring our shotgun to bear. While we have saved enough rocks for the foundation of our new office, it has been hard on our windows. The last bit of sash went last night, and to-day we are all boarded up in front. Sorry to deprive the boys of their fun, but we have got to look out for Winter.

Moral Suasion:

Tony society pretended to be all upset last week because Col. DeClaire was arrested for a horse thief and taken to Nebraska to stand trial. It was only a pretence. We have known for months past that the colonel was a beat and an impostor, and many others have known it. He sent us an order for a new hat as soon as he arrived here, and thus put us under obligations not to give him away. The hat grew old and rusty after a time, and as the colonel didn't come in with a cash subscription, we felt that we had given him rope enough. We just dropped a hint to the sheriff of Henry County, and a week later the colonel had the irons on. We are alone every evening after 6. We can't be bribed, but there are parties in town who had best come in and subscribe for copies to send to friends. Our terms are \$2.

A False Alarm:

A Chicago correspondent dropped in on us the other day for a brief visit, and after showing him our Washington hand-press, six varieties of job type and two whole bundles of print paper, we took him out for a survey of the town. The news had gone abroad that he was a Chicago detective, and it was laughable to note the effect upon our leading citizens. A dozen or more broke for the sage-brush, without stopping for clean shirts, and so many others cut off their whiskers or donned false ones that we walked the whole length of Apache avenue without meeting a man we could recognize at first glance. While there is nothing mean about us, this is a feature we are going to work about twice a month on this town. It will keep the boys unsettled and anxious, and may be the means of converting some of them from the error of their ways. It's an awful good feeling to feel that you are the only man in a town of 3000 people whose liver don't kick the breath out of him every time a stranger comes along and takes a second look at the bridge of your nose.

Apologetical:

In the haste of getting to press last week we did a worthy citizen injustice in the item about a shooting affray on Jackass Hill. We stated that Cinnamon Tom was the man who killed old Rutger, and that it would be a great moral lesson to him to draw him up to a limb and fire about fifty bullets into his carcass. We now take pleasure in announcing that C. Tom was not the guilty party. He did not even "draw" on the old man. At the time the latter threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Boys! I'm downed. See that my grave is kept green!" Tom was further down the hill, chewing away at Col. Socket's left ear, and having all he could do to hold it. The censurable party is Wild-cat Joe, who left town that same evening for a purer atmosphere, while Cinnamon Thomas is as innocent as a young gopher. We found him behind the bar of the Red Front saloon yesterday, genial as ever to all comers, but injured in his finer feelings by our hasty conclusion. We make this apology of our own free will, and hope it will reinstate him.

* Published by the Detroit Free Press.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—SOCIETY'S ROSE-BUDS

My Lady—Independent

My Lady's cheek is soft and red,
My Lady holds her graceful head
On high,
And why?
She knows not yet of care or woe;
She only lives to bud and blow—
My foolish Lady Jacquemenot.
My Lady's cheek's less soft and red,
My Lady's bowed her weary head.
And why?
She's nigh

A heart that once was light as snow;
But hearts and flowers die, you know,
When broken, Lady Jacqueminot.

A Maiden Fair—Walter S. Landor

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss,
My heart was sure that her's was true.
Now I have told her we must part,
She shakes her hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
Her's never was the heart for you.

To Daphne—May Porter—Boston Transcript

A gentle look of sweet surprise
In Daphne's eyes,
Golden fetters which do not spare
In Daphne's hair.
Of the rosy blush, I dare not speak,
On Daphne's cheek.
A winning smile, like the warm, warm South,
Around her mouth.
A little dimple, my heart to win,
In Daphne's chin.
A dainty gesture of command,
In Daphne's hand.
These are the charms which to my love belong
And hence my song.

A Natural Born Coquette—Chicago Mail

Rather inclined to be pretty,
Rather inclined to be good;
Rather inclined to a vague, undefined
Feeling of sweet sisterhood
Toward the young fellows who love her;
When they have asked for her hand,
Rather inclined to a vague, undefined
Feeling they don't understand.
Fact is, this maiden can't help it—
Natural born coquette—
Rather inclined not to make up her mind
To marry—that is, not just yet.
Sister she'll be to them all, and
Loving and faithful and true;
Rather inclined round her finger to wind
About—say a dozen or two.

Marguerite—Wm. H. Bushnell—N. Y. Mercury

Hair as silk of corn sun-kissed,
Rippling in a golden mist;
Skin as calla lily white,
Tinted by rose-blushes bright;
Lips as if from Heaven above
Thou had stolen dew of love:
Cheeks as angel's fair and sweet,
Tiny hands and little feet,
Pretty, dainty Marguerite.
Eyes as when the cloudless skies
Dappled are with summer's dyes,
And through film of stormless night
Flash soft rays of starry light;

Teeth as milk of pearl congealed,
When by tinkling laugh revealed,
And from dimples' coy retreat
Smiles peep out loved ones to greet,
Merry, artless Marguerite.

Fair of form as wax from mold,
Gay of heart and purely souled;
Sweet of tongue, whose lispèd words
Are jubilant as song of birds;
Charming all with winsome ways,
Moon of night and sun of days
To the hearthstone. Fairy feet
As ever danced to music's beat,
Witching, darling Marguerite.

Not a soil of earth yet stains,
Know not eyes of sorrow's rains;
Never were thy heartstrings strung
By passion, or by misery wrung;
Free from envy, strife or tears,
Save washed away by baby tears;
Waves of time, as they retreat,
Have left no hopes wrecked at thy feet,
Pure and sinless Marguerite.

Priscilla—F. D. Sherman—Madrigals and Catches

Dear Priscilla, quaint and very
Like a modern Puritan,
Is a modest, literary,
Merry young American:
Horace she has read, and Bion
Is her favorite in Greek:
Shakespeare is a mighty lion
In whose den she dares but peek;
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
Since of lions she's afraid—
She prefers a playful spaniel,
Such as Herrick or as Praed;
And it's not a bit satiric
To confess her fancy goes
From the epic to a lyric
On a rose.

Woman-like—J. B. Kenyon—In Realms of Gold

She would not stir a single jetty lash,
To hear me praised; but when my life was blamed
Her parian cheeks were kindled like a flash,
And from her heart a sudden love upflamed.

Miss Madge—F. S. Brown—Boston Transcript

Your cheeks were a-glowing with roses,
Your hair was a ripple of gold:
Away with the pain that discloses
The love that I bore you of old!
You taught me to whirl to the measure
Of waltzes and schottisches, too,
The knowledge has given me pleasure,
Miss Madge, and I owe it to you!
With fingers as light as a fairy,
You thrummed on the ivory keys;
With badinage, blithesome and airy,
You taught me to be at my ease,
And join in your melody, ringing,
And thrilling my heart through and through:
So now I am lauded for singing,
Miss Madge, and I owe it to you!
A worldly wise beauty of twenty,
Who many a conquest had seen,
Of lovers you surely had plenty,
Why toy with a lad of eighteen?
Your manner, bewitching and artless,
Ensnared me for aye, as you knew;
And now I am bitter and heartless,
Miss Madge, and I owe it to you!

WONDERFUL STORIES—THE SEVERED HAND*

I was born at Constantinople, where my father was a dragoman to the Sublime Porte, and carried on, besides, a tolerably lucrative trade in perfumes and silks. He gave me a good education, partly instructing me himself, and partly engaging a priest of our religion for that purpose. He originally intended me for his own business, but, as I displayed greater talents than he expected, he determined, by the advice of his friends, to make me a physician, being of opinion that a physician, if he has learned more than the common charlatans, could make his fortune in Constantinople. Our house was frequented by many Franks, one of whom urged my father to let me go to the city of Paris, in his native country, where people might study such things gratis, and in the best manner, saying he would take me with him for nothing when he returned thither.

My father, who in his youth had also travelled, agreed, and the Frank told me to be ready in three months. I was delighted beyond measure at the prospect of seeing foreign lands, and could scarcely await the time when we should embark. Having at length concluded all his business, the Frank prepared for his voyage, and on the evening previous to our departure my father took me to his lodgings. Here I saw beautiful dresses and arms lying on the table; but what most attracted my eyes was a large heap of gold, as I had never before seen so much together. My father embraced me, saying, "Behold, my son, I have provided these clothes for your voyage; those arms are yours, and they are the same your grandfather gave me when I went forth to foreign countries. I know you can wield them, but never use them excepting in self-defense, and then fight bravely. My fortune is not large; but see, I have divided it into three parts, of which one is yours, one shall be for my support and wants, but the third shall be sacred property, and devoted to the purpose of saving you in the hour of need." Thus spoke my aged father, and tears trembled in his eyes, perhaps from a certain presentiment, for I never saw him again.

* * * * *

Our voyage was prosperous; we soon reached the land of the Franks, and in six days' journey after landing we came to the great city of Paris. Here my Frankish friend hired a room, and advised me to use proper discretion in laying out my money, which in all was two thousand thalers. I lived for three years in this city, and learned what every skillful physician ought to know; but I should not speak the truth were I to say that I liked the place, for the manners and customs of this people did not suit me. Moreover, I had but few friends, though these were indeed noble young men.

The desire of seeing my native country at length became strong; and, having all this time heard nothing of my father, I seized a favorable opportunity to return to my home.

This opportunity was afforded me by an embassy from the land of the Franks to the Sublime Porte. I engaged myself as surgeon in the suite of the ambassador, and was fortunate enough to return to Constantinople. There I found my father's house closed, and the neighbors were astonished when they saw me, and told me that my father had died two months since. The priest who had instructed me in my youth, brought me the

keys of the now desolate house, which I entered alone and forsaken. I found everything as my father had left it, only the money he had promised to bequeath me was not there. I inquired of the priest about it, who, with a bow, told me that my father had died as a holy man, since he had bequeathed all his money to the Church.

The latter circumstance has ever since been inexplicable to me. Yet what could I do? I had no witnesses against the priest, and could not but consider myself fortunate that he had not also claimed as a legacy the house and goods of my father. This was the first calamity that befell me, but from that time misfortunes succeeded each other. My reputation as a physician spread but slowly, because I was ashamed to play the quack, and I wanted everywhere the recommendation of my father, who would have introduced me to the wealthiest and noblest persons, who now no longer thought of poor Zaleukos. Neither could I find customers for my father's goods, for all had gone elsewhere after his death, and new ones come but slowly. Once sadly reflecting on my situation, it occurred to me that I had often seen in France men of my native land, who travelled through the country, exposing their goods in the market-places of the towns; I remembered that they easily found customers, because they came from a foreign country, and that by such traffic one might profit a hundredfold. My resolution was soon taken. I sold my father's house, gave part of the money I received for it to a tried friend to keep for me, and with the rest I purchased such things as are seldom seen in the West—*viz.*, shawls, silks, ointments, and perfumes. Having engaged a berth in a ship, I thus set out on my second voyage to France. As soon as I had turned my back on the castles of the Dardanelles, it seemed as if fortune would again smile on me. Our passage was short and altogether prosperous.

I travelled through large and small towns, and found everywhere ready purchasers of my goods. My friend in Constantinople supplied me constantly with fresh goods, and I daily became more wealthy.

When at length I thought I had saved enough to risk a greater enterprise, I went to Italy. But I must here mention that I derived no small additional profit from the healing art. Whenever I entered a town, I announced, by bills, that a Greek physician had arrived, who had already cured many; and truly my balsams and medicines brought me in many a zechino. I now reached the city of Florence, in Italy, where I purposed remaining for some time, as I liked it much, and wished to recover from the fatigues of my travels. I hired a shop in the quarter called Santa Croce, and in an inn not far from thence two beautiful rooms which led to a balcony. Having made these arrangements, I had my bills placarded about, announcing myself as a physician and merchant. I had no sooner opened my shop than I had crowds of customers, and though my prices were rather high, I sold more than others, because I was civil and obliging to my customers. When I had thus pleasantly spent four days in Florence, I was one evening about closing my shop, and only had to examine my stock of boxes of ointments, as was my custom, when I found in a small jar a piece of paper which I did not recollect to have put there. On opening it, I discovered that it was an invitation for me to appear that night, at

* From the German of Wilhelm Hauff.

twelve o'clock precisely, on the bridge called Ponte Vecchio. I conjectured a long time who it could possibly be that invited me thither, but, not knowing a soul in Florence, I thought some one wished, perhaps, to take me secretly to some sick person, which was not uncommon, and I therefore determined to go. However, I took the precaution to buckle on the sword my father had given me.

When it was near midnight I set out on my way, and soon arrived at the Ponte Vecchio. I found the bridge forsaken and lonely, and determined to await the person who had appointed to meet me.

It was a cold night, the moon shone brightly, and I looked down on the waves of the Arno, glistening in the moonlight. The church clocks now struck the midnight hour; I looked up, and saw before me a tall man, enveloped in a red cloak, a corner of which he had drawn over his face.

At first I was rather terrified at his suddenly appearing behind me, but soon recovered myself, and said, "If you have summoned me hither, say what is your command." The Red Cloak turned round, and slowly said, "Follow me." I felt somewhat uneasy at the thought of following the stranger alone; so I stood still, saying, "Nay, sir; please first to tell me whither. Moreover, you might let me have a peep at your face, that I may see whether you intend any good with me." But the Red Cloak did not seem to mind my words.

"If you will not follow, Zaleukos, stop where you are," he said, and then went on.

Now my anger was roused, and I cried, "Think you a man like me will submit to be tantalized by any fool, and to wait for nothing in a cold night like this?"

In three leaps I overtook him, seized him by the cloak, and cried still louder, while grasping my sword with the other hand. But the cloak alone remained in my hand, and the stranger vanished round the next corner. My rage gradually subsided, but still I held the cloak, and this I expected would give me a clue to this singular adventure. I wrapped it round me, and walked home. When I was about a hundred paces from my house, some one passed close by me, and whispered to me in French, "Be on your guard, Count; there is nothing to be done to-night." But before I could look round this somebody had passed, and I only saw his shadow glide along the houses. That those words were addressed to the owner of the cloak, and not to me, was pretty evident, but this threw no light on this most singular affair.

The following morning I considered what I should do. At first I intended to have the cloak cried, as if I had found it; on reflection, however, I thought the owner might send another person for it, and that I might still have no clue to the discovery. While thus considering, I looked at the cloak more narrowly; it was of heavy Genoese reddish-purple velvet, edged with Astracan fur, and richly embroidered with gold. The sight of this splendid cloak suggested an idea to me, which I resolved to execute.

I carried it to my shop and exposed it for sale, but set upon it so high a price that I felt sure I should not find a purchaser.

My object in this was to look closely at every person who might ask the price; for I thought I could discover, among a thousand, the figure of the stranger, which, after the loss of the cloak, had shown itself to me distinctly, though but for a moment. Many came desirous of buying the cloak, the extraordinary beauty of which

attracted every eye, but no one had the remotest resemblance to the stranger, and none would pay for it the high price of two hundred zechinos. What struck me most was, that all whom I asked whether they had ever seen such a cloak in Florence before, replied in the negative, assuring me they had never seen such costly and tasteful work.

As evening approached, a young man came who had often been in my shop, and had also during the day made a handsome offer for it. He threw a purse of zechinos on the table, saying, "By heavens, Zaleukos, I must have your cloak, though it will beggar me!"

At these words he counted down the gold. I was greatly embarrassed, having only exposed the cloak for sale in hopes of attracting the looks of its owner, and now comes a young madcap to pay the exorbitant price. But what could I do? I yielded; for the idea was pleasing of being so handsomely recompensed for my nocturnal adventure. The young man put on the cloak and went away; but returned at the door, as he took off a paper which was fastened to it, threw it to me, and said, "Here, Zaleukos, is something which I think does not belong to the cloak." I took the paper carelessly, when, behold! it contained these words:

"Bring the cloak to-night at the usual hour to the Ponte Vecchio, and four hundred zechinos shall be yours. Do not fail."

I was thunderstruck.

Thus, then, I had trifled with my good luck, and utterly missed my aim; but I soon recovered, took the two hundred zechinos, followed him, and said, "Take back your money, my friend, and leave me the cloak. I cannot possibly part with it."

He thought at first I was joking, but when he perceived I was in earnest, he flew into a rage at my demand, called me a fool, and we at length came to blows. In the scuffle, I was fortunate enough to secure the cloak, and was about to run off with it, when the young man called the police to his assistance, and brought me before the magistrate. The latter was much surprised at the accusation, and awarded the cloak to my opponent. I now offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, a hundred zechinos, if he would let me have it. My gold effected what my entreaties could not. He took my money; I went off triumphant with the cloak, and was obliged to submit to be called mad by all Florence. But I cared little for the opinion of the people, since I knew more than they—that I still gained by my bargain.

I waited the night with impatience. About the same time as before I went to the Ponte Vecchio, with the cloak under my arm. The figure approached me with the last stroke of the clock, and I could not be mistaken as to its identity. "Have you the cloak?" was the question. "I have, sir," I answered; "but it cost me a hundred zechinos." "I know it," he replied; "here are four hundred for it." With these words he stepped to the broad balustrade and counted down the gold, four hundred pieces, which sparkled beautifully in the moonlight; their glitter delighted my heart, which, alas! little imagined that this was its last joy. I put the money in my pocket, and was going to take a close survey of the kind unknown, but he had on a mask, through which his dark eyes flashed at me frightfully.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said I. "What else do you desire of me? for I must tell you beforehand that it must be nothing underhanded."

"Unnecessary fear," he replied, as he wrapped the cloak round him. "I want your assistance as a physi-

cian, not, however, for one living, but for one who is dead."

"How can that be?" I exclaimed, astonished.

He beckoned me to follow him, and related as follows:

"I came here from foreign lands with my sister, and have lived with her at the house of a friend, where she died suddenly yesterday. Her relatives wish her to be buried to-morrow; and by an ancient custom in our family every member is to be buried in the vault of our ancestors, where many who died in foreign countries now repose embalmed. I wish to leave her body to our relations here, but must take to my father her head, at least, that he may see his daughter's face once more."

This custom of cutting off the head of beloved relatives seemed to me somewhat repulsive, but I did not venture to raise any objections, fearing to give offense to the stranger. I therefore told him that I well understood embalming the dead, and begged him to take me to the deceased. At the same time I could not refrain from asking him why all this must be done so mysteriously, and in the night. To this he answered, that his relations, considering his intention as somewhat cruel, would prevent him if he attempted it during the daytime; but that if the head was once severed they would say little about it; that he, indeed, would have brought me the head himself, had not a natural feeling deterred him from performing the operation.

In the meanwhile we arrived at a large, splendid mansion, which my companion pointed out as the end of our nocturnal walk. Passing the principal gate, we entered the house by a small door, which he carefully fastened after him, and ascended, in the dark, a narrow, winding staircase. This led to a faintly-lighted corridor, through which we came to an apartment which was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling.

In this apartment was a bed, in which the corpse lay. The stranger averted his face, and seemed anxious to hide his tears. Pointing to the bed, he ordered me to do my business well and expeditiously, and quietly left the apartment.

I took my knives out of the case, which, as a doctor, I always carried, and approached the bed. Only the head of the corpse was visible; it was so beautiful, that, involuntarily, I felt compassion in my inmost heart; the dark hair hung in long tresses over the pale face, and the eyes were closed. I commenced, according to the custom of surgeons when they amputate a limb, by making an incision in the skin. Then, taking my sharpest knife, I cut the throat with one stroke. Oh! horror! the dead opened her eyes, but closed them again immediately, and with one deep sigh now breathed forth her life. At the same time a stream of hot blood gushed over me from the wound. I was convinced that I only had killed the poor lady. That she was dead now I could no longer doubt, since such a wound was sure to be fatal. I stood for some minutes in fearful anxiety as to what I had done. Had the Red Cloak imposed on me, or had his sister only been apparently dead? The latter seemed to me the more probable, but I dared not tell the brother of the dead that a less speedy cut would perhaps have aroused her without killing her. I was going, therefore, to sever the head entirely, when the dying lady once more groaned, stretched herself in painful convulsions, and then expired. Overcome by terror, I rushed shuddering from the apartment. It was dark in the corridor without, the lamp was extinguished, no trace of my companion was to be discovered, and I was obliged to grope my way along the wall at hazard in

order to reach the winding staircase. I found it at length, and hurried down precipitately. There was no one visible below, the door was ajar, and when I reached the street I breathed more freely, having felt oppressed with horror in the house. Spurred on by terror, I hastened towards my lodging, and buried myself in the pillows of my couch, to forget the atrocious deed I had perpetrated. But sleep fled from me, and the morning first summoned me to composure. It seemed to me probable that the man who had seduced me to the fearful act, as it now appeared to me, would not inform against me. I determined to go into my shop to business, and assume, if possible, a cheerful air. But alas! a new circumstance, which I observed only now, increased my anxiety: I missed my cap and belt, as well as the knives, and was uncertain whether I had left them in the apartment of the murdered lady, or had lost them in my flight. The former, unfortunately, seemed more probable, and the knives would therefore surely betray me as the murderer.

I opened my shop at the usual time, and my neighbor came in, as he usually did in the morning, being fond of a chat. "Well, neighbor," said he, "what do you think of this horrible occurrence which took place last night?" I pretended not to know anything about it. "What! do you pretend not to know what is known all over the town? Not to know that the fairest flower in Florence, Bianca, the daughter of the governor, was murdered last night? Ah me: I saw her even yesterday go in her carriage with her bridegroom, for it was only yesterday she was married." Every word spoken by my neighbor was a dagger in my heart. How often were these my tortures renewed, for each of my customers repeated the story, one painting it more frightfully than the other, though none could speak all the horrors I had myself witnessed. About noon an officer from the magistrate entered my shop, and, requesting me to dismiss the customers, and producing the things I missed, he said, "Senore Zaleukos, do you own these things?" I hesitated a moment whether I had not better disown them altogether, but, seeing through the half-open door my landlord and several acquaintances, who might perhaps witness against me, I determined not to aggravate the affair by telling a falsehood, and so owned the things produced. The officer desired me to follow him, and led me to a large building, which I soon recognized as a prison. He showed me into an apartment to await further orders.

My situation was terrible as I reflected on it in my solitude; the thought of having committed murder, though unintentionally, constantly returned. Neither could I deny to myself that the glitter of gold had captivated my senses, or I could not so easily have been caught in the snare. Two hours after my arrest, I was led from my room up several staircases into a large hall. Twelve persons, mostly old men, were sitting at a round table, covered with black cloth. Along the walls stood benches occupied by the nobility of Florence. In the galleries above stood the spectators, densely crowded together. When I stepped to the table, a man, with a gloomy and melancholy expression of countenance, rose: it was the president of the tribunal. Addressing the assembly, he said that, as the father of the murdered, he could not pass judgment in this matter, and therefore ceded his place to the senior of the senators. The latter was an aged man, of at least ninety years. He was bent with age, and his temples were scantily covered with a few white hairs, but his eyes still burned with lustre, and his voice was strong and firm.

He began by asking me if I confessed the murder? I demanded to be heard, and fearlessly, and in a very audible voice, related what I had done, and what I knew. I observed that the president, during my statement, was alternately flushed and pale, and that, when I concluded, he started up furiously, crying to me, "What, wretch! do you wish to charge the crime you committed from avarice upon another?" The senator called him to order for his interruption, as he had voluntarily resigned his right of judgment, remarking, moreover, that it was by no means proved that I committed the crime from avarice, as, by his own deposition, nothing had been stolen from the murdered. Indeed, he went still further, declaring that the president must give an account of the life of his daughter, for that only could enable them to determine whether I had spoken the truth or not. He now dismissed the court for that day, to consult, as he said, the papers of the deceased, which the president would deliver to him.

I was again led back to my prison, where I spent a sorrowful day, still ardently hoping that some connection between the dead lady and the Red Cloak might be discovered. Full of this hope, I entered the judgment-hall the following day. Several letters lay on the table, and the aged senator asked me whether they were written by me. I looked at them, and found they must be by the same hand as the two slips of paper I had received. This I stated to the senate, but they did not seem to regard it, and answered that I could, and must, have written both, the initial on both letters being evidently a Z, the initial letter of my name. The letters contained menaces to the deceased, and warnings against the marriage which she was about to contract.

The president appeared to have given singular information respecting my person, for they treated me on this day more suspiciously and severely. In justification of myself, I appealed to my papers which must be found in my lodgings, but they told me that they had searched and found nothing. Thus, at the closing of the court, all my hopes vanished; and when, on the third day, I was again led into the hall, the sentence was read to me that I was convicted of premeditated murder, and was to die. To this condition had I come! Forsaken by all that was dear on earth, far distant from my native country, I was, though innocent, to die by the axe in the flower of youth. As I was sitting in my lonely dungeon on the evening of this terrible day that had decided my fate, all my hopes having fled, and all my thoughts being seriously fixed on death, the door opened, and a man entered, who looked silently at me for a long time.

"Do I thus find you again, Zaleukos?" said he.

The faint glimmer of my lamp prevented me from recognizing him, but the sound of his voice awakened in me recollections of former days. It was Valetti, one of the few friends I had known in Paris while there pursuing my studies. He told me that he happened to come to Florence, where his father lived, much respected, that he had heard my history, and had come to see me once more, and to learn from me how I could have committed such a heavy crime. I told him the whole story. He seemed much astonished, and conjured me to tell him, my only friend, everything, that I might not depart this life with a lie on my conscience. I swore to him with a most solemn oath that I had spoken the truth, and that no other guilt oppressed me, but that, being dazzled by the gold, I had not at once recognized the improbability of the stranger's story.

"You did not then know Bianca?" he asked.

I assured him I had never seen her. Valetti now re-

lated to me that a deep secret was connected with the deed, that the president had very much hastened my sentence, and that a report was circulated that I had long known Bianca, and now had murdered her out of revenge for her marrying another. I observed to him that all this applied well to the Red Cloak, but that I could not prove his participation in the deed. Valetti embraced me, weeping, and promised to do all in his power to save my life at least. I had little hope, though I knew him to be a wise man, and well conversant in the law, and that he would not fail to do his utmost to save me. For two long days I remained in suspense; at length he came, and exclaimed, "I bring a consolation, though a sad one. You will live to be free, but must lose one hand." Deeply affected, I thanked my friend for having saved my life. He told me the president had been inexorable as to granting a new investigation into the affair, but, that he might not appear unjust, he at length agreed that if they could find a similar case in the annals of Florence, my punishment should be according to that awarded in such a case. He therefore, with his father, had now read day and night in the archives, and had at length found a case similar to mine, the punishment for which was that the perpetrator should have his left hand cut off, his property confiscated, and that he himself should be banished for life. This was now my sentence, and I was to prepare for the painful moment which awaited me. I will spare you this terrible moment: in the open market-place I placed my hand on the block, and my own blood gushed over me.

* * * * *

When all was over, Valetti took me to his house until my recovery was completed, and then nobly provided me with money for my journey, for all I had earned with so much labor had been taken from me. From Florence I went to Sicily, and thence by the first ship to Constantinople. Here I hoped to find the sum of money I had left with my friend, and begged him to receive me into his house; but what was my astonishment when he inquired why I did not take possession of my own? He informed me that a stranger had purchased a house in my name in the quarter of the Greeks, and had told the neighbors that I was soon coming. I immediately repaired thither with my friend, and was joyfully welcomed by all my old acquaintance. An aged merchant gave me a letter that had been left by the purchaser of the house for me. Its contents were as follows:—

"Zaleukos! *Two* hands shall be constantly ready to work for you, that you may not feel the loss of the *one*. The house you now own, with all in it, is yours, and you will receive every year sufficient to make you rank among the wealthy of your countrymen. May you forgive him who is more wretched than yourself!"

I could guess who was the writer of these lines, and the merchant told me, on inquiry, that he took the stranger, who wore a red cloak, for a Frank. I now knew sufficient to convince me that the stranger was not devoid of generous feelings. I found all in my new house arranged admirably, and also a shop with goods more beautiful than I ever possessed. Ten years have now elapsed, and I have continued my commercial travels more from former habit than necessity, yet I have never again seen the country where I met such a misfortune. Ever since I have annually received a thousand gold pieces; but though that unfortunate man is generous, he cannot with his money relieve my soul from its grief, for the awful picture of the murdered Bianca will for ever be present with me.

PURE PHILOSOPHY IN THE FORM OF FABLE

The Dog and the Bees—Ambrose G. Bierce:

A dog being annoyed by bees, ran, quite accidentally, into an empty barrel lying on the ground, and, looking out at the bung-hole, addressed his tormentors thus:

"Had you been temperate, stinging me only one at a time, you might have got a good deal of fun out of me. As it is, you have driven me into a secure retreat; for I can snap you up as fast as you come in through the bung-hole. Behold the folly of intemperate zeal."

When he had concluded, he awaited a reply. There wasn't any reply; for the bees had never gone near the bung-hole; they went in the same way as he did, and made it very warm for him.

The lesson of this fable is that one cannot stick to his pure reason while quarreling with bees.

The Ant and the Grain of Corn—Same Author:

An ant laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is their etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid down his burden, sat upon it, folded all his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of grimness.

"Hullo! what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the reply. "Relapsed into the honest simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property. These are 'hollow conventionalities.'"

A light dawned upon the intellect of that pismire. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal, and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his neighbors, and went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.

From Stepniak's Russian Peasantry:

In the legend called "The Marvelous Threshing of Corn," St. John the Kindhearted is described in a manner which savors rather of the disrespectful. Once he was wandering with other apostles upon the earth when night overtook them in an open field. It was winter time and the frost was bitter. It seemed hard to the saint to spend the night unsheltered.

He accordingly knocked at the door of a mujik, who, seeing so large a company, at first refused them shelter. He relented, however, when the wanderers promised to help him in the morning with his threshing.

When early in the morning the mujik called them, the apostles wanted to go to work, but St. John the Kindhearted persuaded them to sleep a little while longer. When after a time the mujik came once more to summon them, and saw they were still sleeping, he took a whip and administered a good flogging to the nearest sleeper, who happened to be St. John the Kindhearted.

"Stop," cried St. John the Kindhearted; "we will follow you at once to the court yard."

The mujik believed him and went away. But as soon as the door closed, St. John the Kindhearted exclaimed:

"Bah! He has treated us roughly and yet expects us to work for him. Let us sleep a while longer."

The apostles who had proposed to descend allowed themselves to be over-persuaded and resumed their rest.

"When the mujik comes he will again apply his whip to the nearest sleeper," thought the saint, and accordingly stretched himself on the opposite side of the room.

The mujik came again, whip in hand, but said he to himself, "Why should I always beat the same man?" and he applied his whip this time to the sleeper who happened to lie the farthest from the door.

Thus did St. John the Kindhearted have to bear the next thrashing too.

The same promise given by the belabored saint, the same scene after their host had left them, followed by the same result for the unlucky saint who had this time put himself in the middle.

After his third thrashing St. John the Kindhearted found that it was more troublesome to sleep than to work, and urged his companions to descend in hot haste.

The Legend of Mimir—Robert Burdette:

It is a beautiful legend of the Norse land. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut tree, his village smithophjen stood. He the hot iron gehammered and sjhod horses for fifty cents all round please. He made tin hjelmets for the gjodds, and stove pjepe trousers for the hjerodes.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut-and-slash svjcutlasssses. He made chyjeese knives for the gjodds, and he made the great Bjsvssthsen, an Arkansaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semi-colon of a cast-iron Ichthyosaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bhjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class gjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the Svensska Norderbjravisk jkanaheldesplvtndenskgorodovusaken, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made best chilled Norway merino underwear, that would nick the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot metal cutlery of the iron-mongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to his friend Bjohnn Bjorbinsson, was the kind of a Bdjucck he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said "Bjjj!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and the new isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjword, that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias. Amilias buttoned on his new Bjarmor and said:

"If you have no use for your chyjeese kjnife, strike."

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjword above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air.

Amilias smiled, and said "Go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself, and fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boiler-maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery 65 per cent. in all lines.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the harshest natures.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Death of the Owd Squire—Unidentified

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit,
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town,

And the rain (well, it did rain) dashing the window glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the devil had come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as if they would never give o'er.

Lor' how the windows rattled: you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew at the door in gusts; and I could hear the beck,
Calling so loud I knew it at once; it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a practising for the choir;
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, do what he would, "Squire's breaking up at last."

The death watch, sure enough, ticked just over th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that He was near,
And the chill rain, and the wind and cold, made us all shake with fear;
We listened to the clock up stairs, 'twas beating soft and low,
For the nurse said, at the turn of night, the old squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire who dared write to his wife?
He be at the Rads, at Hindon town, I heard, in 'twenty-nine,
When every pail in market place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty years or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his feyther did afore;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
It made him fret, the doctor said, as't might do any one.

And when the young, sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside, as we were going to kill,
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room
Where missus died, ten years ago when Lammastide shall come
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;
Moreover, the town hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton town.

It might be two or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I awake sat, watch and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty years, not since the Luddite days;
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house ablaze
Had sure not scared us half as much, and out we ran—
I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t'little stable lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that came into my head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowby was dead;
When all at once a door flew back and he met us face to face;
His scarlet coat was on his back and he looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees and crying like a child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and wild;
"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my man," that's what he said to me;
"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterby.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night and young again and sound;
I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy," he cried, "a tumbler full, you women howling there;"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip; though he was old and weak,
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne.
I buckled Lightning's throat lash fast; the squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself, so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading, like a flood of flame, fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail,
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast;
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be past,
For it was swollen with the rain; but, Lord, 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on in full cry, the hounds went out of sight,
A cloud came over the broad moon, and something dimmed our light,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;
And that's the way I saw the owd squire ride boldly to his death.

Song of the Mystic—Father Abram J. Ryan

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As houses where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view,

And I toiled heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,

And above me a voice said: "Be mine,"
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayers like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of that valley?
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care!
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one's the dark mount of sorrow,
And one—the bright mountain of prayer!

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, AND GENERAL

Proof that the Earth Turns—Court Journal

It has puzzled the heads of a good many youngsters to know how the earth turns round. A German educational journal, published in Frankfort, gives the following directions for proving that the earth "does move:" "Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then upon the surface of this coating make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which proves that everything else has moved the other way."

How the Apostles Died—The Evangelist

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical:—St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword at the City of Ethiopia, in Egypt. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece. St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death at Ephesus, in Asia. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. John was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salania. St. Paul was beheaded by Nero.

The Modern Stone Age—Petersburg Index-Appeal

All over our country we find many interesting relics of the Indians—stone spearheads, arrowheads, hammers, chisels, knives, scrapers, etc., together with pottery, some of burned or baked clay, some cut from soft stone, as slate, steatite, etc. Similar remnants of the so-called stone age of mankind are found in nearly every portion of the globe, and, besides their interest as curious survivals of a bygone time, they aid us toward a discovery of the prehistoric man. It is hardly of less interest, or of less historic or scientific value, to note how the stone age still survives among us to no

little extent. Here in Virginia, for instance, many people still scald their slaughtered hogs in hogsheads or barrels, as our barbarian progenitors boiled their meat in skins, by heating stones and putting them into the water until it is hot enough for the purpose. The stones ordinarily used in this way are roundish, hard, and very heavy black or brown nodules, sometimes called "negro heads," or iron stones, although they are compressed lava, upheaved in strata through crevices in the rock crust of the earth at remote periods of geological time. We sometimes encounter stones that are hollowed out in the centre, often to a socket, and these not infrequently are treasured by their finders as an ancient Indian stone for mashing or grinding corn, with the aid of a stone pestle; yet they are nothing more nor less, for the most part, than discarded stones once used by our rural brethren for their gates to swing upon—many gates in all parts of the Commonwealth being still thus pivoted. Many a housewife in remote country regions still has her stone weights, more or less rough, but honest. Wherever the old Kentucky rifle lingers there is likely to be found still a set of soapstone bullet moulds; our log cabins yet have rough stone and clay chimneys, where they are not of mud and sticks; in many a humble household a thin rock, not always smooth, is the utensil for baking corn bread, and the stone "mash trap" is familiar to all our country boys. The stone pipe, believed by many to have gone out with the Indian, is made and used to-day by many colored folks and by no few white folks. Whenever soapstone, or steatite, is found not only the stone pipe, but many other articles supposed to be archaic, are still manufactured and put to service by the ingenious and thrifty. In such localities stone pans, stone troughs for children, etc., are still common. Some day they will be dug up and attributed to the Indians, or even to their predecessors. A little inquiry and investigation would show much more in the stone age still here than we have reverted to. It is not rare to see stone sinkers in use for lines and nets in fishing; the flint is not yet superseded wholly by the match; there are clocks in the land, yet run by stone weights; stone hovels, with dirt roofs, are not unknown in our mountains; the colored ruffian, and sometimes the white one, carries a stone in a stocking, along with his razor, when on the warpath; many a cider press and tobacco press are still made effective by stones swung at the end of their lever; and our small boys are all in their stone age when they can give their natures full and free play.

The Happiest Country in Europe—Public Opinion

According to Dr. Alice Vickery the first place belongs to France, chiefly because French families do not exceed manageable dimensions. She says: In the first place, while the surplus of women in the United Kingdom and in Germany amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million and one million respectively, France, in 1881, had a surplus of only 92,000 women, and, as a consequence, marriages are more prevalent in proportion to population in France than elsewhere; and, curiously enough—contrary to the general opinion in this country—France has the smallest proportion of illegitimate births. Thus, from 1825 to 1867 the percentage of all illegitimate births was 7.2 in France; 8.2 in Prussia; 10 in Sweden; 11 in Austria; and 22 in Bavaria. France has the lowest birth-rate of all European countries—viz., 23.8

per 1,000, against 31 for the United Kingdom, and 38 for Germany. The average number of children to a family is now 3.2, against 4.6 in England and Wales, 5.25 in Scotland, and 5.4 in Ireland. Germany has an average of nearly 5 to a family. France contains a far greater proportion of grown-up persons than any other nation in Europe. There are in each 10,000 persons in the several States of Europe, the following numbers in the most productive age, between 15 and 60: in France, 5,373; in Holland, 4,964; in Sweden, 4,954; in Great Britain, 4,732; in the United States, 4,396. France, of all nations in Europe, has the highest average of ages of the living—namely, 31.06 years; against Holland, 27.76; Sweden, 27.66; Great Britain, 26.5; the United States, 23.1. France, too, has a greater number of persons attaining old age than any other country; for out of every 100 deaths, those over the age of 60 are—in France, 36; Switzerland, 34; England, 30; Belgium, 28; Wurtemberg, 21; Prussia, 19; Austria closing with only 17.

State Nomenclature—New York Graphic

Arkansas—The name is of Indian origin, but has no known meaning. In 1881 the Legislature declared the pronunciation to be Ar-kan-saw.

Alabama takes its name from its principal river, and is supposed to mean "Here we rest," which words are the motto of the State. The name was first given to the river by the French in the form of "Alibamon," from the name of a Muscogee tribe that lived upon the banks.

California—This name as first applied, between 1535 and 1539, to a portion of Lower California, was derived from an old printed romance, the one which Mr. Edward Everett Hale rediscovered in 1862, and from which he drew this now accepted conclusion. For in this romance the name "California" was already before 1520 applied to a fabulous island, described as near the Indies, and also "very near the terrestrial paradise." Colonists whom Cortez brought to the newly discovered peninsula in 1535, and who returned the next year, may have been the first to apply the name to the supposed island on which they had been for a time resident.

Colorado—Past participle of the Spanish *Colorar*, to color. So called probably from its tinted peaks, or from its vegetation, rich in many colored flowers.

Connecticut—Takes its name from its principal river, an Indian word meaning "long river."

Delaware—Takes its name from the river and bay, named after Lord De la Warr, one of the early Governors of Virginia and an ancestor of Lord Sackville, late British Minister at Washington.

Florida—This name was given to a larger territory than the present State by Ponce de Leon in 1572, from the Spanish name of Easter Sunday, Pascua Florida (flowery pasture), the day upon which it was discovered.

Georgia—Named as a colony in honor of George II.

Illinois—Derives its name from its principal river, which is named from the Indian tribe of the Illini, supposed to mean "superior men."

Indiana—Called from the word Indian.

Iowa—Named from its principal river; the meaning of the Indian word is variously stated to be "the beautiful land," "the sleepy ones," "this is the place."

Kansas—Named after the river; the word in the Indian tongue means "smoky water."

Kentucky—Derived from the Indian tongue, and means "dark and bloody ground," alluding to the many battles of the Indian tribes.

Louisiana—Named after Louis XIV. of France, in 1644, by its discoverer, La Salle.

Maine—After a district in France.

Maryland—After Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

Massachusetts—An Indian chief's name.

Michigan—Named after the lake; the word is Indian, and means "great lake."

Minnesota—Named from the river. In Indian the word means "sky-tinted water."

Mississippi—Indian "father of waters."

Missouri—Named after the river, and meaning in Indian "muddy water."

Nebraska—Name is of Indian origin, and is supposed to mean "shallow water."

Nevada—Name is of Spanish origin, and means "snow-covered."

New Hampshire—For Hampshire County in England.

New Jersey—Named after the Island of Jersey.

New York—In honor of the Duke of York.

North Carolina, South Carolina—These two States are named after King Charles (Carolus) II.

Ohio—Named from the river. The word in Indian means "beautiful river."

Oregon—Of Spanish origin, means "wild thyme."

Pennsylvania—Named by William Penn, and means "the woody country of Penn."

Rhode Island—This State perhaps was named after the Rhoades family, one of whom, Zachary Rhoades, was Commissioner for Providence in 1658.

Tennessee—In Indian it means "spoon-shaped." The State is named from the river.

Texas—How and when Texas received its name has been a subject of much controversy. Some assert that it is so called because the original inhabitants had roofs over their dwellings, which in the Spanish language are called *tejas* or *texas*; others derive it from *tecas*, which in the language of the aborigines meant friends, and still others from Texas, which was used as an affix to the names of many Indian provinces to denote their inhabitants. The territory now called Texas was known to the Spanish missionaries in 1524 as Mixtecapan, and its inhabitants as Mixtecas; these were the sons of Mixtecatl, the fifth of the six sons of Iztac and the reputed progenitor of the inhabitants of Mexico at the time of its conquest by Cortez. Texas is supposed by some to be a corruption of Mixtecas.

Vermont—In French, means "green mountains."

Virginia, West Virginia—Named in honor of Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Wisconsin—Named after the principal river, which in Indian is said to mean, "wild rushing river."

Head Toward the North—Globe-Democrat

There is no doubt that the belief that human beings should sleep with their bodies lying north and south has its foundation in true scientific facts. Each human system has magnetic poles—one positive and one negative. Now, it is true that some persons have the positive pole in the head, and the negative pole in the feet, and *vice versa*. In order that the person sleeping should be in perfect harmony with the magnetic phenomena of the earth, the head, if it possess the positive pole, should lie to the south, or, if the feet possess the positive pole, the head should lie to the north. The positive pole should always lie opposite to the magnetic centre of the continent, and thus maintain a magnetic equilibrium. The positive pole of the person draws one way, but the magnetic pole of the earth draws the other way, and forces the blood toward the feet, affects the iron in the system, tones up the nerves, and makes sleep refreshing and invigorating. But if the person sleeps the wrong way and

fails to become magnetically *en rapport* with the earth, he will then probably be too magnetic, and he will have a fever resulting from the magnetic forces working too fast, or he will not be magnetic enough, and the great strain will cause a feeling of lassitude, sleep will not be refreshing, and in the morning he will have no more energy than there is in a cake of soap. Some persons may scoff at these ideas, but the greatest scientific men of the world have studied the subject. Only recently the French Academy of Sciences made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way round, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movements ceased.

Laws Concerning Divorces—English "Bench and Bar"

Australians.—Divorces have never been sanctioned.

Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Javans.—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a perfect divorce by paying a certain specified sum.

Thibetans.—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties; re-marriage is forbidden.

Moors.—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again without any further formalities.

Abyssinians.—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians.—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Corean.—The husband can divorce his wife or treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful, he can put her to death.

Siamese.—The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She may claim the first child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic Region.—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint and leaves.

Druse and Turkoman.—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "Go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot lawfully live together again without being remarried.

Cochin China.—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chop-sticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians.—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartars.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated, she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a divorce.

Chinese.—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of tem-

per, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by the law for desertion. A son must divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.

Circassians.—Two kinds of divorce are granted in Circassia—one total, the other provisional. When the first is allowed the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists the couple agree to separate for a year, and if the husband does not then send for his wife, her relations may demand of him a total divorce.

Grecians.—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces are scarcely ever known to occur in modern Greece.

Hindoos.—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. When both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe, the "Gores," if the wife be unfaithful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he gives her all the property and children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another, and convey to him the property of her former husband.

Romans.—In olden times a man might divorce his wife if she were unfaithful, if she counterfeited his private keys, or drank without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this, 521 years elapsed without one divorce. Afterward a law was passed allowing either sex to make the application. Divorces then became frequent on the slightest pretexts. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the year by the consuls, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who had buried twenty wives, and a woman who had buried twenty-two husbands. The Emperor Augustus wisely endeavored to restrain the license by severe penalties.

Wages in 1800—McMaster's History of U. S.

The condition of the wage class of that day, 1800 (A. D.), may be well examined. It is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar-mixers, diggers and choppers, who, from 1793 to 1800, labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington city, received \$70 a year, or if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to Dec. 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or as money then went, 40 cents a day; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at 18 pence a day. None, by the month, asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was from \$5 to \$7. In Virginia, white men employed by the year were given £16 currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed, and their masters paid £1 a month. A pound, Virginia

money, was, in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was \$65 a year, with food and, perhaps, lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.

The Peoples of the World—London Daily News

The comparative tables of the population and area of the various countries of the world, taking them with their dependencies, which appear in the new edition of *The Statesman's Year Book*, have been compiled from Prof. Levasseur's statistics furnished to the International Statistical Institute, and may be described as presenting old facts in a new and striking light. In point of area the British empire stands at the head of the list, the number of thousands of square miles being 9,339, Russia following closely with 8,644. Though the Chinese empire is but a little less than one-half as extensive as its neighbor, in population, China, with her 404,000,000, tops all the countries of the earth. The British empire comes next with 307,000,000, and Russia with only 104,000,000; while France has but 71,000,000, the United States 58,000,000 and the German empire 48,000,000. The comparative rates of increase of population of the European States since 1800 also yield some instructive results. Thus, while the United Kingdom has since that period risen from 16,250,000 to 37,000,000, Russia in Europe from 35,000,000 to 88,000,000, and the German empire from 27,000,000 to 47,000,000 (including Alsace and Lorraine), France has only advanced from 33,000,000 to 38,250,000. Prof. Levasseur estimates that between 1710 and 1874 the entire population of the world about doubled—the figures being 682,000,000 at the former date, reaching 1,391,000,000 at the latter period.

Some Facts About Railroads—S. F. News-Letter

The railroads of the United States supply the cheapest and best railway service in the world. The luxury of traveling in this country is known to surpass that of traveling in any other. The development of this sparsely settled and wide domain could not have reached its present proportions in a century from now if it had not been for the railroads, which have not only kept pace with the growing necessity for them, but have frequently gone ahead of it, and all this without any Government interference or assistance worth speaking about except in two cases. Comparisons with other countries are greatly to our advantage. There are in England about 32,000 miles of railway, against 201,707 miles in the United States. The amount of capital invested of all kinds—that is, including guaranteed and preferential capital, loans and bonds—is in England \$4,230,000,000, while in the United States the similar indebtedness of the railroad companies to those who have invested money in them is \$8,673,000,000; that is, while we have in this country more than six times as many miles of railways as are to be found in the United Kingdom, the cost of construction has only been twice as large. The gross earnings of the railroads in the United Kingdom for the year 1887 were \$339,572,000; the gross earnings of the railroads of the United States were \$931,375,000, showing about three times the amount of earnings for six times the length of road. The operating expenses of the British railways were \$178,328,000, leaving the net earnings at \$161,244,000. In this country the operating expenses amounted to \$600,240,000 and the net earnings to \$321,135,000. It will be seen that in the United Kingdom the operating expenses absorbed 62.51 per cent. of the gross receipts, leaving 47.49 per cent. as net earnings, while in this country the operating expenses absorbed 64.45 per cent. of the gross receipts,

and only 35.55 per cent. was left as net earnings. The comparatively favorable exhibit of the British railways in respect of net earnings is attributable to the fact that almost all of them run through thickly settled districts, while a great many of the railroads in this country are built through sparsely populated sections, in the hope of settling the country and building up and encouraging business not already established. On the other hand, the rates of charges in England are, in the main, higher than those in the United States, and there does not seem to have been the same marked tendency toward a reduction in the cost of passenger and merchandise transportation—that is, there is nothing to show which corresponds to the immense reduction in the charge for moving freight which has taken place on nearly all our roads, but especially on the great trunk lines. One curious change in the railroad business of the United Kingdom is the steady decline in the receipts for first-class and second-class passengers, and the steady increase in the number of third-class passengers carried. It is interesting to notice that the chief freight business of the railway systems of the United Kingdom is the transportation of coal, iron ore, and other minerals. The amount thus carried last year was 193,000,000 tons, while there were carried of general merchandise 75,000,700 tons. But, in consequence of freight classification, while \$102,000,000 was received for the transportation of general merchandise, only \$78,225,000 was received for the transportation of minerals. The business of the last year is said to have been satisfactory, in that the gross earnings were larger than for any previous year; but, as improvements and the building of new roads absorbed during the year about \$88,000,000 new capital, returns upon investment are about as during 1886.

Weighing Mail Matter—New York Times

The Railway Mail Service is divided into eleven divisions, one of which, with headquarters in Boston, is confined to transportation in the New-England States, and another, with headquarters in this city, governs the bailiwick of the Middle States. The compensation awarded to the railway mail lines is based upon a standard of weight established once in every four years. For example, the mails sent from the New York Post Office to the Pennsylvania Road are weighed every day for 30 days, say from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, and the compensation from the Government to that road for the next four years is based upon the average thus obtained. The establishment of an average in this way makes it possible to avoid the delay of weighing each wagon-load of mail matter as it leaves the Post Office on every day of the entire four years. In the event of a marked increase in the volume of mail matter carried by any line during the quadrennial weighing intervals, such a line may petition for a special weighing, and the future compensation is based upon the new average until the next regular quadrennial weighing. The last regular weighing for all the roads of the New-England and Middle States divisions occurred three years ago, since which time the old scale on Mail street has not been used. During this interval of idleness it got so badly out of order that it could be no longer used. A new scale became necessary because of the petition of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford and New-York and New England Roads for a special weighing on account of their recently augmented mail service. Those roads being in the New-England division the Boston Post Office was called upon to furnish a scale. For economy it was decided to put in one new scale for both.

THE UNUSUAL—SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

Death as a Neighbor—French Hebrew Legend

A child lay sick in a little cabin or humble house in the country. Around him was a group of the family and some neighbors. The little fellow, named Abi, indeed was very sick. The rabbi had come to the house, for he was a friend of the family, and they had sent for him. Now, while they were watching the child, suddenly there came a tremor or a quaking, not very visible, yet shaking the house and their hearts, too; for at this strange trembling their hearts turned faint. They said one to another, "Go out and see if Death be coming;" for so the story goes, they knew from many other times that so did the earth shake when Death was traveling on it. The house was on a little hill rising from a plain out of a wide forest which at that point covered the plain to the very foot of the knoll; but far away, not too far for the eye to reach, the wood ended, and there was a green level. Through the trees of the forest, and out beyond into the plain, the road stretched, and it was straight for a long distance, both through the forest and into the green open. Now, when one said, "Go out and see if Death be coming," straightway two or three ran out of the house on to the hill, and a little higher up, to a place whence the road could be seen well; and they looked forth. And there, indeed, they descried Death coming swiftly on a white horse. The horse was rushing forward at a great pace.

Running and bounding with mighty leaping
And neck outstretched like an arrow,
Came the white steed, coursing like light!
The road lay long and narrow.

* * * * *
Running and bounding with mighty leaping
Came on the ghostly steed;
On him was Death, black on the white,
Spurring him up to his speed.

Beholding and quaking in their hearts with this, the two or three who had come out ran back to the house, crying out that Death was hard by, and coming like the wind. Then all of them gave a great cry and beat their breasts, but the rabbi stilled them, to listen while he told them that Death was coming for the little Abi. "But," quoth the rabbi, "I have heard that sometimes Death may be sent away without the soul which he intended to seize, by means of changing the name of the sick one. Let us change now the name of the child." Whereupon, lifting up his voice solemnly and spreading his hands over the child, and asking the parents what new name they would give the boy, and they answering "Joseph," he cried out, "Thou art not Abi, thou art Joseph. By this name be known on the earth." Now scarcely was this done than Death, who had arrived, came in and demanded Abi; and they answered to Death, "Have you come for Abi?" "Even so," quoth Death. "Then," said they, "you have lost your way and come to the wrong house, for this little sick child is Joseph." Whereupon Death, having no warrant for Joseph, withdrew, though much wondering how he had lost his way. After a time, when some years had passed, the child fell sick again, and Death, with a warrant for Joseph, came as before. But this time (for Death had found it needful to be wary and take the people by surprise, so much had they fallen to changing names thus to escape him) Death came by night, and not on a tramping steed shaking the earth, but cun-

ningly and quietly on his own feet, walking softly on the road. But all nature knew him, and though the earth shook not, yet there came a dead silence over all things; and suddenly in the stillness there arose a great sobbing and wailing and crying of the wind. When they in the house heard this, some cried as before, "Go out and see if Death be coming with this wail of the wind." But one answered: "How can we see, since it is dark?" But another cried, "Know you not that Death has a terrible eye? You will see it afar, and the better the darker the night is." Then ran out two or three as before, and went up the hill a little to look down the road through the forest. But never was such a darkness, and never the road so sunk from sight before.

The trees bowed down their tops
And met over the road;
The path whereon Death strode
Now must be pitted with drops,
With drops and splashes, of night.
Sometimes then Death did stride
And boldly on did sweep
Wherever the dark was deep;
And sometimes Death did hide
And warily did creep,
Where any open space
Would cover not his face.

Thus they beheld Death coming, and back to the house they ran as before, saying that Death was stealing on, and was hard by. Then they said, "Death comes for Joseph." So, as before, the parents changed the name of the lad, and he who was Abi, and then Joseph, now became Ezra. Hardly had they done this in solemn manner, and instructed the lad himself that his name was Ezra, when Death entered, thinking that he had come well and silently. But when, taking great manners upon him, since he had them at his mercy, he commanded Joseph to come with him, there was no answer. And when again he spoke, the sick lad said, "I am Ezra," and the parents said, "We have no Joseph. If you have a warrant for Joseph, truly you have come astray; for this house has no child of that name." So again Death withdrew, being foiled again, and the lad recovered. After this Death changed his manner with mortals. What could he do with them if he came shaking the earth, thundering; or blackening the night and making all nature sob and sadden? Truly he must be no more like a king, a conqueror, an enemy, but must become a neighbor with men. For this manner of keeping him out by changing their names spread so far and so fast that soon he could get none to go with him. Therefore, as I have said, he put away his dreadful majesty and changed his black raiment, and made himself the servant of the one good king, and came and walked and talked with men neighborly and kindly. This is the legend as I find it in Meuleville, of the way Death grew neighborly and drew men unto him.

Whither?—A. G. Bierce—S. F. Examiner

James Burne Worson was a shoemaker who lived in Leamington, Warwickshire, England. He had a little shop in one of the little by-ways leading off the road to Warwick. In his humble sphere he was esteemed an honest man, although like many of his class in English towns he was somewhat addicted to drink. When in liquor he would make foolish wagers. On one of these too frequent occasions he was boasting of his prowess as

a pedestrian and athlete, and the outcome was a match against nature. For a stake of one sovereign he undertook to run all the way to Coventry and back, a distance of something more than forty miles. This was on the 3d day of September in 1873. He set out at once, the man with whom he had made the bet—whose name is not recorded—accompanied by Barham Wise, a linen-draper, and Natterville Briggs, a photographer, I think, following in a light cart or wagon. For several miles Worson went on very well, at an easy gait, without apparent fatigue, for he had really great powers of endurance, and was not sufficiently intoxicated to enfeeble them. The three men in the wagon kept a short distance in the rear, giving him occasional friendly "chaff" or encouragement, as the spirit moved them. Suddenly—in the very middle of the roadway, not a dozen yards from them and with their eyes full upon him—the man seemed to stumble, pitched headlong forward, uttered a terrible cry and vanished. He did not fall to the earth—he vanished before touching it. No trace of him was ever afterwards discovered. After remaining at and about the spot with aimless irresolution the three dumfounded men returned to Leamington, told their story and were promptly taken into custody, pending an inquiry. But they were of good standing, had always been considered truthful, were entirely sober, and nothing ever transpired to discredit their sworn account of their extraordinary adventure; concerning the truth of which, nevertheless, public opinion was divided, throughout the United Kingdom. If they had something to conceal, their choice of means is certainly one of the most amazing ever made by sane human beings.

A Beautiful Spectre—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Years ago, before the railroads rendered them useless, two trails led through Bennett, Neb., to the west. The ordinary emigrants so cordially detested the Mormons, who were then plodding along in large numbers to their Mecca, that the saints were compelled to find and use a trail of their own. Hence the two roads. They ran parallel to each other all through Lincoln County. The massacre of a family named Alexander, from New York, when on their way to the coast by a gang of Mormons is a bit of history with which even the present inhabitants of Bennett are well acquainted. Alexander and his son were murdered after first being robbed. The Mormons then commenced to quarrel among themselves for the possession of the money and Alexander's handsome daughter, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away but two out of the twelve were alive. While the fight was hottest the girl made her escape from the prairie schooner and fled to the woods that skirted a small stream, upon the banks of which the camp had been pitched. She lost her way in the then dense forest and died from exposure and starvation. Not many days after the brutal butchery her dead body was found in a hollow tree, into which she had probably crawled for refuge from an awful storm that had raged a couple of days before. Some years later Tom S., a well-known citizen, rode swiftly into Bennett and imparted some startling information to the then handful of inhabitants. He said, while passing through the timber land adjacent to the village, he ran across an unusually handsome girl with long, flowing hair and clad in a white, blood-bespattered dress. He approached her, but she fled. Putting the spurs to his horse he dashed after her. She passed out on the prairie. He followed. Swifter and swifter grew the pace, until they were going like the wind. The fleet-footed female led in the mad chase to

a point out on the prairie about a quarter of a mile away, when she suddenly changed her course and retraced her steps to the woods. She glided along with the ease and swiftness of a dove in mid-air, and at times the horseman declared that her feet never touched the ground. Tom S. urged his animal along at its greatest speed, but he never gained on the strange figure ahead of him. Just before reaching the edge of the forest she gave one great bound that carried her in among the trees and bushes. He pursued her no longer. All of a sudden it dawned upon him that he had been chasing a spectre. As he stopped to reflect, peal after peal of weird laughter, that caused his hair to stand on end, echoed and re-echoed throughout the woods. Turning the head of his foam-covered steed toward Bennett, he dashed into the town with the swiftness of a hurricane. As soon as he had related his story—and the pioneers did not doubt it, for the author of it was considered one of the most reliable men in the town—a party was made up and that same night went to search for the mysterious object in white. Reaching the edge of the woods, they halted to consider some plan of action. The only thing that separated them from the forest was a small stream, and this they would have to ford. Suddenly, and by some strange influence, the eyes of the men were drawn across the creek. There they saw the object of their search. Standing at the foot of a tree was what appeared to be a beautiful girl. The bright moon fell full upon her pallid features. Suddenly a cry of alarm arose from one of the crowd, a haggard, gray-haired old man, whose name it is not necessary to mention, and who, by some irresistible influence, seemed to be drawn toward the spectral beauty. He had dismounted and had advanced a couple of paces toward it, when the mysterious object slowly raised her finger and pointed it toward him. He dropped to the ground as if he had been struck by lightning, and the next instant the horrified spectators saw the phantom rise upward. Slowly she ascended before the watchers' gaze until the top of a tall tree was reached. Here she hovered for a second, and then disappeared. When the prostrate man had been revived, he explained that he was one of the two men who had survived the Mormon massacre, and that the strange figure they had just seen was the spirit of the girl who had escaped the slaughter, and whose dead body was afterward found in the woods. He had been roaming about the world for years, he said, but something had drawn him back to the scene of his crime, and night after night he would go and meet the spectre by the stream. The old man died a raving maniac.

Chinese Superstitions—Popular Science Monthly

A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage, sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving. If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations. A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan-chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes sweets. A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within one hundred days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within a hundred days after a funeral. A

bride, while putting on her wedding garments, stands in a round, shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well-rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door, her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oven, to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life. A bride must not, for four months after her marriage, enter any house in which there has recently been a death or a birth, for if she does so there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride, the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that may follow.

A Realistic Ghost Story—The New York Sun

"I never told you, I guess, about how I came to be converted to belief in ghosts once," said Ben Helfish, an old Philadelphia and Erie engineer. "It is a subject that makes me shudder to think about. But as it don't make me shudder any the worse to tell about it than to think and say nothing, I might as well tell you how it was. A young woman, who, it was said, had disappointed a lover of her's by refusing to marry him, up near one of the little stations on a railroad I was running on some years ago in north-western Pennsylvania, had disappeared from her home, and, as no trace of her could be found, her parents and the public generally thereabouts declared their belief that she had been murdered and her body hidden somewhere in the woods. No evidence of any murder could be found, but the belief in foul play remained as strong as ever, and the neighborhood became so unpleasant for the rejected lover of the missing girl that he left it. He had proved beyond doubt that he was in a certain town half an hour after the time the girl had last been seen, and that place was a good four hours distant by the fastest train, but in spite of that they believed he had revenged himself on the girl by murdering her. The railroad ran through a wild piece of woods and a deep cut a quarter of a mile from the home of the missing girl, and some of the boys became nervous, as many foolish railroaders will, and were afraid to run through these woods and that cut at night. 'We'll see that girl's ghost as sure as guns some night,' they declared. 'It's bound to show up.' I laughed at the superstitious fears of these nervous chaps, and said that if there was anything I would particularly like to see it was a ghost, 'especially,' I would say, with a laugh, 'especially if it's the ghost of a young and pretty girl.' That always made the boys turn pale, and they'd swear that they wouldn't be me and have to run through those woods and that cut for the whole railroad. A couple of weeks passed, and no one had seen the ghost yet, but expectation of its appearance was still high and fearful. One dark night I was running a passenger train east, and after we had left a dingy, gloomy little station about five miles from the spot where the murder was supposed to have been committed, I said to my fireman, in a jocular way: 'Say, Jerry, this'd be the choicest kind of a night to get a peep at that girl's spook, wouldn't it?' Jerry, I knew, was at heart afraid that the ghost of the girl would some time appear. He was a game fellow and had kept his feelings to himself; but I could see he was always a trifle nervous when we boomed along through the woods and the cut, and so I had never before said anything to him on the subject when we were on the road; so when I made the remark about the night being a good one for the purposes of the spook, Jerry looked considerably frightened, and he said to me: 'Ben,' he

said, 'of course you've got a right to believe what you like, but for heaven's sake don't joke on such a terrible subject, especially here, and on such a night!' Seeing that Jerry was worried a great deal, I felt sorry that I had said anything on the subject, and said no more. The cut I speak of was about two hundred feet long, and at the eastern end of it was a road crossing. It was a dangerous one, and we always whistled sharply for it before we got to the cut. The woods began a hundred feet or so beyond the crossing, and were about three miles in length. I had whistled for the crossing, and we had passed through the cut and over the crossing, and were about entering the woods, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, when suddenly I saw Jerry, who was gazing ahead out of the front window of his cab, stagger back as if he had been struck with something. I could see by the light in the cab that he was as pale as death, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. He covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, in a hoarse and trembling voice:

"My God, Ben! There it is!"

"I knew what he meant, and felt cold and a little trembly in spite of myself. I could see nothing from my window, so I stepped over to Jerry's and looked out. To say that I did not totter back, filled with terror myself, would not be true, for there, staring straight toward the cut, and plainly visible by the reflection of our lights, was the face of a young woman, deadly pale, and with an expression of the wildest horror in her eyes. A part of a white garment could be seen streaming out and fluttering in the wind. For an instant I was stunned, and then I nerved myself and resolved what I would do. I felt that the strange apparition could be of no earthly form, and fully believed that it was the ghost of the murdered girl. But at the same time I could not see how a spectre of a young girl could harm me, and I determined on closer inspection. I reversed my engine and put on the brakes. We came to a stop in short order, and I sprang out of my cab and walked quickly ahead. Jerry was cowering down in the cab, completely overcome with terror. I stepped to the pilot. The figure was still there—that of a young woman entirely in white clinging to the bars of the pilot. It did not take me more than a second to see that it was not a ghost, but a young woman of flesh and blood. I spoke to her, but got no reply. I took hold of her, believing then that I was about to remove the dead body of some poor victim of the deadly pilot, when the girl turned and looked at me, but with still the same wild gaze in her eyes. I spoke soothingly to her, and finally succeeded in removing her hands from the bars, which they tightly gripped. I got her on her feet, and called to Jerry and told him the ghost was not a ghost, but a girl who was at least half alive. He came tottering out to where I stood holding the mysterious young woman, who had fainted in my arms. The conductor had come up by this time to see what the trouble was, and we carried the girl into a car. It was about 11 o'clock. Some lady passengers took charge of her, and we went on. A lady who lived at the next station was a passenger, and she took the girl home with her, she being by that time sufficiently recovered. No, she was not the girl who was supposed to have been murdered. She was the daughter of a well-known resident of the station where I had so startled Jerry by joking about this ghost. She was a somnambulist. She had walked in her sleep that night, and had in some way climbed on the pilot of my engine unobserved, as the spot was dark and gloomy, and Jerry and

I were not looking out for pilot passengers. When I whistled for the crossing the sound woke the sleeping girl. She seized the pilot bars mechanically, and when the full knowledge of her peril broke upon her she became paralyzed with fright. Fortunately, in her awakening she had raised her head so that it became visible above the cylinder, and Jerry saw her, and, although the sight almost killed Jerry, it was undoubtedly the saving of the girl's life. So I can truly say that for a few seconds, at least, in my life, I believed in ghosts." "Was the mystery of the missing girl ever cleared up?" "Well—I—the fact is, I got a better job on the P. & E. a week or so later, and left that part of the country, and I never heard how that business came out."

Boston Superstition—A. D. 1688—Cotton Mather Memoirs

"Four children of John Goodwin in Boston, which had enjoyed a religious education, and answered with a towardly ingenuity; children indeed of an exemplary temper and carriage, and an example to those about them for piety, honesty, and industry. These were in the year 1688 arrested by a very stupendous Witchcraft. The eldest of the children, a daughter of about thirteen years old, saw cause to examine their laundress, the daughter of a scandalous Irish woman in the neighborhood, about some linen that was missing; and the woman bestowing some very bad language on the child in her daughter's defence, the child was immediately taken with odd fits that carried in them something *dibolical*. It was not long before one of her sisters and two of her brothers were horribly taken with the like fits, which the most experienced physicians pronounced extraordinary and preternatural; and one thing that the more confirmed in this opinion was, that all the children were tormented still, just in the same part of their bodies, at the same time, though their pains flew like swift lightning from one part into another, and they were kept so far asunder that they neither heard nor saw one another's complaints. The ministers of Boston and Charlestown kept a day of *prayer* and *fasting*. On this occasion at the troubled house, the youngest of the four children was immediately, happily, finally delivered from all its trouble. But the magistrates, being awakened by the noise of these grievous and horrid occurrences, examined the person who was under the suspicion of having employed these troublesome demons, and she gave such a wretched account of herself that she was committed into the gaoler's custody. The woman's house being searched, several *images*, or *poppets* or *babies*, made of rags, and stuffed with goat's hair, were then produced, and the vile woman confessed that her way to torment the objects of her malice was by wetting her finger with her spittle, and stroking of those little images. However, to make all clear, the court appointed five or six physicians to examine her very strictly, whether she was no way crazed in her intellectuals. Divers hours did they spend with her; and, in all that while, no discourse came from her but what was agreeable; particularly when they asked her what she thought would become of her soul, she replied, 'You ask me a very solemn question, and I cannot tell what to say.' She protests herself a Roman Catholic, and could recite her Pater-noster in Latin very readily; but there was one clause or two always too hard for her, wherefore she said 'she could not repeat it if she might have all the world.' In the upshot, the doctors returned her *compos mentis*, and sentence of death was passed upon her. After the condemnation of the woman, I did myself give divers visits unto her, wherein she told me that she used to be at

meetings where her prince with four more were present. She told me who the four were, and plainly said that her prince was the devil. *When I told her that*, and how her prince had cheated her, she replied, 'If it be so, I am sorry for that.' And when she declined answering some things I asked her, she told me she would fain give me a full answer, but her spirits would not give her leave, nor could she consent, she said, without their leave, that I should pray for her. At her execution she said the afflicted children should not be relieved by her death, for other besides she had a hand in their affliction."

The Seven Men Society—Unidentified

This was an informal organization, formed about half a century ago by seven gentlemen of St. Louis, who agreed to have a social dinner once a year while any of the members lived; each man's chair was to be at the table, empty, after his departure from earth; all the survivors were to attend the obsequies of each dead member, and the last survivor was to drink a bottle of wine, duly preserved, after the death of all the rest. The idea is not new, and the narrative of a similar agreement, some years older than this, has been more impressively told. A larger number of hale young Bostonians, a dozen or so, were dining together, when suddenly some one bethought him of the incongruous wonder what they would all be doing one hundred years from then; and another broached a proposal that they all form a club on the spot for an annual dinner, which should take place on the anniversary of that day as long as any member survived. Somewhat warmed as they were with wine, the proposal was adopted with instant acclamation, and the final bottle of wine, to be uncorked and drank on a distant occasion, which seemed to them all hardly a thing to be realized, was put away immediately. The dinner was followed by a pleasure party on the Charles River, and presently the subject of their agreement, an hour earlier, drifted again before their minds; one of the liveliest joked his nearest comrade about the infirmities of age, and playfully gave him a thump on the back. Both were standing in the boat. The sudden stroke caused the person addressed to lose his balance; he went overboard and was beyond recall before the stricken party could recover their senses. One by one the first gap in their number widened until more chairs were empty than occupied, and the dinner grew more and more sombre as the heads became fewer and whiter. The last survivor, faithful to the compact, sat wearily down to the last anniversary dinner, surveying eleven empty chairs, and brought out the memorial bottle of wine from its dusty hiding. He broke the seal, drew the cork, decanted the contents, and paused in an overpowering rush of emotion. The eleven chairs seemed occupied by shadowy forms; the past years rolled back before him; he lived his life anew; his eyes brimmed over and mingled tears with the wine which he tremblingly held up. Then a faithful attendant who had grown old in his service, and now stood behind Mr. A——'s chair, heard to his amazement his master pledging by name every one of the vanished friends who used to fill those chairs. He bowed his head in token of recognition to each name, and concluding with the words, "We'll soon meet again, friends," drained his glass to the dregs, and then sank back motionless in his attendant's arms. The last man had joined his comrades. This incident of real life has formed the subject of many a narrative, and became especially popularized by the affecting little drama entitled "The Last Man."

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Petah—Unidentified

Now, Petah, go and sot down dah
 'Pon dat schackly tree-legged chah;
 Tha' now, while I hab time to spah,
 I wants to talk to you, sah.
 Dah ain't no use foolin' roun',
 Dah's one ting shuah dat I hab foun',
 I'b got to trash you good an' soun',
 Dat's what I'm gwine to do, sah.
 I'b talked to you wid sobs and teahs,
 You'b grinned an' kep' on, till it peahs
 Dat youh's a mule widout de eahs:
 Dey's all you is lackin'.
 You's cuttin' up de lib-long day;
 De bery debil am to pay,
 You'll nebah mind a ting I say
 Unless you gets a whackin'.
 How's dat? an' dat? You Petah, stop!
 Gib back dat cane, sah! Let it drop!
 (I'll kotch 'im, den I'll make 'im hop,
 De lousy, sassy niggah!)
 Deah Petah, chile, cum back to me;
 Your fader lubs you; don't you see
 His ahms stretched out? dey longs to be
 Aroun' your lubly figgah.
 I longs to hole you to my bres';
 I longs de rongs I'b done t' confess,
 I'll nebber git a minnit's res'
 Till you's forgot dis lickin'.
 O honey, don't be skeered, I say,
 Come right along, dat am de way;
 Yah! Yah! I'se got you now, I say,
 Dah's no use in yer kickin'.
 I'se mighty sorry for ye, chile,
 Dat am a bery ghasly smile
 Dat's playin' roun' yer mouf dis while,
 Yer turnin' kinder yellin'
 De wood-shed am de place for chillen
 Dat's stubborn, an' in case you's willin',
 We'll go dah, and I'll bet a shillin'
 I'll make you whoop and holler!

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset—J. W. Riley—Century

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
 Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
 My feet won't get usen to
 These low lands I'm trompin' through,
 Wisht I could go back there, and
 Stroke the long grass with my hand,
 Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
 Smoothed out underneath it there!
 Wisht I could set eyes once more
 On our shadders, on before,
 Climbin', in the airly dawn,
 Up the slopes 'at love growed on
 Nacherl as the violet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!
 How't 'u'd rest a man like me
 Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
 Up there where the mornin' air
 Could reach out and ketch me there!—
 Snatch my breath away, and then
 Rense and give it back again
 Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
 The old pinks I ust to love,
 And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze
 With mixt hints o' mulberries
 And May-apples, from the thick
 Bottom-lands along the crick
 Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
 All comes back: the bluebird swings
 In the maple, tongue and bill
 Trillin' glory fit to kill!
 In the orchard, jay and bee
 Ripens the first pears fer me,
 And the "Prince's Harvest," they
 Tumble to me where I lay
 In the clover, provin' still
 "A boy's will is the wind's will."
 Clean fergot is time, and care,
 And thick hearin', and gray hair—
 But they's nothin' I ferget
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,
 Very middle-aged, in fact—
 Yet a-thinkin' back to *then*,
 I'm the same wild boy again!
 There's the dear old home once more,
 And there's Mother at the door—
 Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
 Yet she's *singin'*, and I *hear*.
 And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
 And Pap, comin' up the lane!
 Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
 'Pears like it's a fallin, too—
 Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Not Willin'—Yankee Blade

Says bould Barney Milligan,
 To Biddy McSnilligan,
 "Ouch, faith! it's mesilf wud be loikin' a kiss."
 Cries Biddy McSnilligan,
 "Ye'd better be still agin,
 Oi'll not be endoorin' sich tratment as this."
 "Arrah! dearest Biddy,
 Be aisy, be stiddy,
 Indade, it's no use to be actin' loike this;
 Ouch! scratch a man's nose off,
 An' tear all his clo'es off,
 It's a de'il uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."
 "Go way, Mr. Barney,
 No more of your blarney,
 Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gittin' a kick.
 Ould red-headed Barney,
 Yer wastin' yer blarney,
 Fur—Here comes the missis! Ach! Barney, be quick!"

If You Really Lo'e Me—Alex. Thomson—Scotsman

If you really lo'e me, laddie,
 You will wait a year or twa,
 For to leave my mother lonely,
 Oh! it winna do at a';
 An' to sit by unco fireside,
 To ane so frail and auld,
 Though 'twas yours and mine, my laddie,
 Would, I fear, seem drear and cauld.
 You ken death called my father,
 When we first came o'er the sea,
 And that mother was left homeless,
 Wi' puir helpless bairnies three;
 You ken poortith's hard and bitter;
 But God's angels only know
 A' the hardships that my mother
 For our sake did undergo.
 Baith my sister and my brither
 Hae braw hooses o' their ain,
 Bonny bairns to fend and cherish,
 While I alone remain

To strive to cheer and brighten
Her too brief remaining day—
Though, alas! her loving kindness
I can never half repay.

Dinna say I'm cruel, laddie,
That your pain is my delight,
For my heart longs for your presence
As a flower longs for the light;
What the sun is to the blossom,
What the blossom to the bee,
Ay! mair than tongue can utter,
Is your honest love to me.

Ance, I min', some thochtless callants
Robbed a wee, wee mavis nest;
Sure the birdie's cries of anguish
Would hae moved the coldest breast;
E'en now I think I see again
The wild, despairing thing,
E'en now the thocht o't to my e'e
Can a rush of feeling bring.

But, laddie, what is love o' bird,
Or beast that roams the wild,
Though wondrous, to that holier love
A mother bears her child.
Can human thought encompass it,
Or meet its utmost bound?
Can human knowledge test its strength,
Or gauge its depth profound?

I have read in story, laddie,
And 'mong gentle-folks, I'm told,
That hearts are often bartered
For a title or for gold;
But a heart that's worth the winning,
To sell for pelf were shame,
For it comes and goes, my laddie,
And a title's but a name.

But true love endureth ever,
Knowing neither change nor turn,
In the night of pain and sorrow
It will bright and brighter burn;
True love can lighten labor,
Make bright the eye of care,
Make a shepherd's cot seem heaven,
Although penury be there.

Sae if you lo'e me, laddie,
You will wait a year or twa,
For to leave my mother lonely,
Oh! it winna do at a';
An' to sit by unco fireside,
To ane so frail and auld,
Though 'twas yours and mine, my laddie,
Would, I fear, seem drear and cauld.

The Miner's Protégé—Ullie R. Akerstrom—Denver Tribune

Wall, you see, it's a queer story, Missy;
The little gal's none of our kin,
But, you bet, when the old men go under,
She's the one who will handle our "tin."
My pard an' me's rough minin' fellers,
We've got nary children nor wife,
But we love little yellow-haired Nellie,
An' we'll rear her up right—bet yer life.
How old? Wal, she's nigh eight, I reckon;
Five years since we brought her out here;
An' she was the cunninest baby
We'd looked at for many a year.
You see, 'twas the time the Apaches
Broke out. Blast the red imps of sin.
The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss,
An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in.

Yes, thar lay men, children an' wimmen,
The red devils raised all their ha'r.
We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em,
So my pard an' me buried 'em thar.

We found one likely lookin' young cretur'
Lyin' out from the rest of the heap.
She was dead, like the others, an' Nellie
Lay close by her side, fast asleep.

Wal, 'twas nigh ninety mile to the settlement—
Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind—
An' at last we concluded to keep her,
An' bring her up lovin' and kind.
We buried her poor dad an' mammy,
Likewise all their unlucky mates,
An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart
My pard had once back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un
Was somethin' quite funny to see.
Bill give her up for a mystery—
Likewise she was too much for me.
Her durned duds we couldn't get on right,
And we cussed every button an' string;
But arter a spell we did better,
When we once got the hang of the thing.
An' she's growed up quite pertlike and bloomin';
We take her to work every day;
While Bill an' me's busy a-minin'
She'll sit by the rock-pile an' play.
An' she's made better men of us both, Miss;
We don't cuss now, nor go on no spree,
'Cause we're workin' an' savin' for Nellie,
The pride of my old pard an' me.

The Rain in the Spout—A. W. Bellaw—Time

Th' cabin's still thar by Sycamore Crick,
Th' dearest spot on th' yearth,
But th' roof's fell in, 'n th' latchstring's gone,
'N silence is roun' th' herth;
Yit many a night neaf 'at roof I've laid,
When only a leetle chap,
'N heerd th' rain in th' ole eave-spout
Goin': *Drop, drip, drop,*
Drip, droppity, drap.

Oh, how I loved th' drizzily nights
(Though th' drizzily days was bes',
Fer I couldn't plow er hoe in the fiel'),
When I climed to roos' 'n to res',
Up thar with th' shingles clus to my head,
Through which th' rain 'ud slip.
But what was that to the ole eave-spout
Goin': *Drop, drippity, drap,*
Drop, drappity, drip?

'N 'en when I growed to a great big boy
'N fell inter love hed firs',
'N got yanked out by a rival o' mine,
'N my heart was thumpin' to burs',
I thort I never 'ud sleep agin,
'N 'spected all night to flop,
My grief caved in when the ole eave-spout
Went: *Drippity, drap, drip,*
Drop, drippity, drap.

'N arter I merried 'n tuck th' place,
'N got to signin' notes
Which I thort receipts fur li'tenin' rods,
Er some new-fangled oats,
I'd clime up into th' garret thar
'N lis' to th' thunder's clap,
'N fergit it all when th' ole eave-spout
Went: *Drippity, droppity, drip,*
Drappity, drippity, drap.

I'm bal'headed now ez a threadbar coat,
'N a citizen o' th' town,
I sole th' farm fer sake o' th' gals,
But when I come to lay down
I'd like to dream o' that cabin roof
'N th' rain a-fallin' on top
'N sink asleep with th' ole eave-spout
Goin': *Drop, drip, drap,*
Drap, drip, drop.

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

Blessing the Dogs—Specially Translated—Paris Figaro

"Not long ago at the chateau of the late Duke D'Ossuna I was invited to attend the 'Mass of St. Hubert.' I knew this to be a picturesque feature of the old *régime*, but was scarcely prepared for the extraordinary performance which shortly greeted my astonished eyes. St. Hubert, you must know, is the patron saint of the chase, and on the first day of the hunting season his divine intervention is besought to ward off broken necks and accidents generally to man and beast. This is a custom even of to-day, but at the chateau, an it please you, we do things according to the *ancien régime*. We rose in the dewy morning, repaired to the chapel of the chateau, where we found congregated not only every man Jack of the hunting corps of D'Ossuna, but also the entire Ducal pack, from the oldest, steadiest hound to the latest impressible pup—all of which lent their howlings, whinings, bayings and barkings to the praise offered their patron saint. Low mass was said, and then the Priest, solemnly making his way down the aisle, stepped into the courtyard. Around the chapel came siding toward him the oldest huntsman, mounted on the oldest hunter, followed by the oldest 'piqueur,' who tooted a jolly fanfare. At this familiar sound the pack tore pell-mell out of the chapel, and, in obedience to a word from the keeper, rallied around the Priest, who thereupon blessed and broke the sacred cake which was to prevent madness among members of the pack, and administered it to the handsome brutes, together with a priestly pat between the ears. Then everybody was blessed all around, from the Ducal party to the last dog. Then was another joyous fanfare—a hurried mount, a scratching of men, horses and dogs, and we were off—anointed with the oil of righteousness, ready for the slaughter of as many of God's creatures as we could run to their death!"

New and Queer Reptiles—San Francisco Examiner

G. W. Dunn, the white-haired naturalist, who has for forty-two years been traveling up and down the Pacific Coast collecting strange and rare specimens, got home yesterday after a long jaunt. He brought a great pile of boxes with him, and long bottles filled with queer-looking insects and reptiles. "I got him this time," said the old gentleman to an *Examiner* representative. "I knew I should. I thought I might have a hard time, but I knew that I would succeed, and I have." And he held up the oddest of all the odd things in the heterogeneous collection. It was a terrible member of the lizard tribe called the man-eater. It was fifteen inches long, mottled in yellow and brown, and the body, which was lizard-like, was joined in sections. This is the poisonous reptile which the Indians stand so much in fear of, and whose bite is sure death. It had rows of sharp-pointed, wicked-looking teeth, and vicious little black eyes that winked and blinked significantly as the old naturalist handled him carefully with some long wooden tweezers. "There are many curious things about this reptile," said he. "You have to be very careful how you take hold of him, not only because he may bite you, but because he is as brittle as glass, and is liable to go all to pieces. It is not often that you ever get a perfect specimen of this rare reptile. I have succeeded, however; and very glad I am of it, too. I got this fellow about fifty miles above the Gulf in Lower California. The man-eater is so called because he always comes right at you with his

mouth open. They are usually found in dark, brushy places, right after the first rains. It was under just such circumstances that I found this one. Among over ten thousand specimens that I got this trip, he is one of the most unique. I got about a dozen tarantulas of a new and novel breed, and a half dozen new coleopteras, that have never before been known to exist. They are called coleopteras because they are a hard, horned-winged insect. I also got some new and strange scorpions. I turned over one stick and found five, and under one log which I turned over I got twenty-one of the curious bugs called the *Cychnus punctatus*, worth seventy-five cents apiece, so I had \$15.75 worth of bugs right there. Another day I got 120 of the black asida, for which I got twenty-five cents each, or \$30. All in all, I made about \$250 a month clear of expenses. That region is new, and has a whole lot of strange things in it that such naturalists as Woods and Agassiz know nothing about. I went to San Bernardino, and then across the mountain to Julian, about sixty miles east of San Diego. There I got a team from an old ranchman, a friend of mine, and drove down on the Lower California side to the Cuimaca and Tantilles Mountains, a wild region, as yet uninhabited, except by Indians of the Cocopah tribe."

Four-Footed Smugglers—Blackwood's Magazine

Probably few persons have the smallest idea of the number of dogs employed in contraband trade along the frontier between France and Belgium. The smugglers have adopted a special breed for this purpose, in which upwards of a hundred thousand are said to be engaged; and so wary are these loyal helpers that, notwithstanding the vigilance of the French custom-house officers, and their efforts to intercept the four-footed smugglers, only an average of one per cent. is ever captured. In the French smugglers' dogs, intelligence of a very high order is essential, for it is not enough that they should cross the frontier without any human leader, they must also keep watch as they travel, lest they be waylaid by custom-house officers or their equally well-trained excise dogs, whose special mission in life is to track smugglers and their canine accomplices and confiscate the precious packs borne by the latter. When a party of excise dogs do fall in with a pack of smugglers' dogs, then, indeed, comes the tug of war, and a sore rending of lace and scattering of coffee and tobacco and the other contraband treasures. The smuggler trains his dogs one by one and always at night. In the daytime he walks across the frontier, accompanied by one of his pupils, and goes to visit his accomplice, in whose house he leaves the dog. It is detained till after dark, when it receives a sufficiently smart beating to make it glad to scamper home to its master, who welcomes it to an excellent supper. This routine is repeated several times till the dog can find its way home on the darkest night without hesitation. It is then promoted to carrying a small light pack, containing articles of trifling value, but by degrees the weight is increased, till the dog is accustomed to carry many pounds. When each dog knows its duties thoroughly, it is taught to work in company with others, the most intelligent in each pack being exempt from carrier service, and taught to act as scouts, to ascertain the whereabouts of possible foes, and so enable the main body to avoid the danger of falling into ambush. The method of training the customs dogs is,

of course, quite different. From their earliest puppyhood they are taught to play hide and seek with pieces of tobacco and small bags of coffee or rolls of lace. When six or eight months old their education in these matters is taken seriously in hand, and they are taught to sit quietly in ambush, never barking, but merely giving a very low growl, or cocking their ears to attract the attention of their master whenever they detect any unusual sound. Should they bark they are, of course, punished, but a wise dog is rewarded with lumps of sugar. After some practice a well-trained excise dog will scent out even one solitary smuggler dog at a distance of 200 yards, and he soon becomes wonderfully expert in tracking the law breakers, human or canine, and in giving unmistakable notice of their approach.

Chinese and their Animals—Ah Wong—N. Y. Sun

The Chinamen regard the beasts of burden as sacred animals because they occupy the positions of men in the labor market. To eat the meat of an ox is deemed sinful, even though these animals should happen to die of old age or overwork. The carcasses are either sold or given away to the poor, so that their owners might not see their desecration by personally devouring them. The mules and the jackasses, as well as the ox, are inseparable companions of the farmer. They usually live in the same building with their masters, but in a separate apartment, which is especially devoted to them. By long association with these animals their owners can easily understand their animal language. Thus the simple pawing of the hoof means "hay is wanted." The common bray means either "water" or "oats." The loud stamping in the stall means "general starvation," and the following, in Chinese language, is believed to be understood by the beasts: "Woh" means a southern path, "Yee" a northern path; "Heh" means hurry, and "Wee" means slowly. Strange to say the above words are all understood by animals of long service, and the whip is seldom used except upon old, worn-out brutes in the hands of cruel masters. There being no societies among the Chinese for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it is not unusual to find an occasional benevolent and rich individual buying up here and there old beasts of burden, to turn them loose in some garden of his own where they can eat and drink until they die. The land is so valuable in most of the settled districts of China that hay has to be made out of the stalks of the grain that was raised for man. Corn-stalks are cut down, the moment the ears of golden corn are plucked, to make food for the animals. The principal hay-making stalks are the millet, which the animals prefer to any other. The next that come in for a large share of animal patronage are the stalks and vines of sweet potatoes and green peas. The former are dried into a reddish brown, and cut up in two-inch sections, and the latter even finer. The sweet-potato vines are better enjoyed by oxen and cows than by mules or horses. Wheat straw is the principal food for cows, and the provender of the other animals is only given them as holiday meals or luxuries, as the mules, jacks and horses will not touch cow food. Three times a day the horses, mules and jacks are given roasted beans or browned peas, with salt. These are never given raw. Chinese believe these grains in their raw state would make the animals sick. The cheapest grain with which to diet animals are cakes made from yellow beans—the refuse of the oil manufactories. These cakes when fresh from the mills weigh about 150 to 200 pounds each, and owing to the extremely poor pressing machines in the oil factories they

retain about 40 per cent. of the oil. Whole families have been known to exist comfortably upon such cakes for months. Green grass, even during the Summer months, is seldom given to working animals. It is deemed unhealthy for them, except for cows, which are usually turned loose to feed by the wayside or wherever they can find food. The life of a Chinese jackass is not a happy one at the best, as it is without doubt the hardest-worked and the poorest-fed animal in the world.

Directive Faculty in Brutes—Popular Science Monthly

A bird that builds its nest in a sheltered place exercises control over nature, in its degree, quite analogous to the work of a human architect. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests." How does the fox get its hole, or the bird its nest? They make them for their purposes, and this is certainly control over nature to that extent. How does the fox support his family if he has no control over nature? Do hens and chickens run into his hole and ask to be eaten? Dr. Hopkins does not seem ever to have heard of the way in which a tribe of monkeys prepare to rob a corn-field. Let us describe it. When they get ready to start on their expedition, an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all-fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitring in all directions, till the party arrives at the corn-field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's content. When they retire, each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on arrival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view; and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference that really exists is in degree; otherwise, it is much the same.

Ants and Butterflies—The London Times

In the last number of the journal of the Bombay Natural History Society, Mr. Lionel de Niceville describes the manner in which the larvæ of a species of butterfly (*Tarucus theophrastus*, Fabricius) are cultivated and protected by the large, common black ants of Indian gardens and houses. As a rule ants are the most deadly and inveterate enemies of butterflies, and ruthlessly destroy and eat them whenever they get the chance, but in the present case the larvæ exude a sweet liquid of some sort, of which the ants are inordinately fond, and which they obtain by stroking the larvæ gently with their antennæ. Hence the great care which is taken of them. The larvæ feed on a small thorny bush of the jungle, the *sizyphus ju juba*, and at the foot of this the ants construct a temporary nest. About the middle of June, just before the rains set in, great activity is observable on the tree. The ants are busy all day running along the branches and leaves in search of the larvæ, and guiding and driving them down the stem of the tree towards the nest. Each prisoner is guarded until he is got safely into his place, when he falls off into a doze and undergoes his transformation into a pupa. If the loose earth at the foot of the tree is scraped away, hundreds of larvæ and pupæ in all stages of development, arranged in a broad, even band all round the trunk, will be seen. The ants

object to uncovering them, and immediately set to work to put the earth back again; if this is taken away again, they will remove all the chrysalids and bury them lower down. When the butterfly is ready to emerge, in about a week, it is tenderly assisted to disengage itself from its shell, and, should it be strong and healthy, is left undisturbed to spread its wings and fly away. For some time after they have gained strength they remain hovering over their old home. In one case a butterfly fell to the ground before its opening wings had dried, and a soldier-ant tried to rescue it. He carried it back to the tree with the utmost care, and made several attempts to assist the butterfly to hold on again, but finding his efforts unavailing, he left the cripple to recover himself. On his return, seeing no improvement, he appeared to lose all patience, and rushing in, bit off both wings and carried the body into the nest. But high-handed proceedings of this kind are very unusual. It is said to be a curious sight to watch the fragile and delicate butterflies wandering about, all feeble and helpless, among the busy crowd of coarse black ants, and rubbing shoulders in perfect safety with the ordinary fierce, big-headed soldiers. A larva of another species, thrown down among them as an experiment, was immediately set upon and torn to pieces by the enraged ants.

The Senses of Animals—New York Tribune

Sir John Lubbock in his latest book has much to say of the queer ways in which insects and fishes feel, and hear, and see. He begins by stating that "there are animals which have eyes on their backs, ears in their legs, and sing through their sides." This, however, is but the tuning of the orchestra. There are insects which have what closely resemble true voices. Some, as Sir John says, "sing through their sides" quite literally; others possess a kind of violin attachment, playing with their legs upon their wing cases or abdomens or some other part fitted up for the purpose. Some of the winged insects make music by the rapid and graduated vibration of their wings, and, what is more, they evidently express different moods and desires in this way. Sir John is inclined to think that many creatures which man has labeled dumb hitherto may have utterance which is beyond human perception. We know that sound vibrations carried beyond a certain number become inaudible by the human ear. There are many ears which have never heard the shrill note of the cricket. It is, therefore, quite possible that insect voices may exist which convey no sound to our tympanums. In the same way Sir John strongly inclines to the belief that some insects are affected visually by the ultra-violet light rays which are invisible to the human eye. He has made some interesting experiments to determine this, and the results certainly appear to strengthen his theory, if they do not demonstrate its correctness conclusively. With regard to the hearing and the sight of insects and the crustacea, however, nothing is settled. These creatures possess in many cases curious contrivances, which, while obviously sense-organs of some kind, cannot be assigned their functions with any certainty. Thus some naturalists regard as auditory apparatus that which others believe to be organs of touch or taste, or even sight. The ways of Nature in these obscure corners of creation, moreover, are so fantastic that it is difficult to know what to expect, or by what standard to form judgments. There are some queer crustaceæ, for instance, which improve their hearing by putting grains of sand in their ears. Is that mere instinct? Then there are other creatures which possess two kinds of eyes, the compound eye and

the ocellus, which is suspected of being a sort of unfinished or aborted organ by some naturalists, while others think the compound eye is for the day and the ocellus for the night. Experiment, by producing spurious and contradictory results, has only confused the question still more. There are the strange insects which carry their ears in their tails, of all places in the world; though these are really not so marvellous as the bombardier beetle, who mounts two apparent guns at his stern, and when attacked fires them, producing a loud report, a little cloud of white vapor, and an emission of some secretion that smells and burns like nitric acid. If we descend into the depths of the ocean we find other wonders;—fishes which are equipped with electric lamps in their heads, and can thus see their way and their prey in the abyssal darkness of the great depths; other fishes which angle with tentacles tipped with miniature lights; yet other creatures which carry lamps behind instead of in front; fishes that hear through holes in their sides; creatures which see with the ends of their antennæ; marvels of many kinds, in short, such as the cunning story-tellers of the Orient never could have imagined. To get at the actual truth about all these weird, uncanny things is well nigh impossible, because of the difficulty of ascertaining how much or how little they can see and hear, and what use they make of all their complicated apparatus, the several parts of which are the despair of the naturalist everywhere, and tempt him to audacious and ill-founded guesses. Sir John Lubbock, to his credit be it said, steadily resists all such temptations, and when he does not understand a thing valiantly says so. But he does not hold himself under any obligation to restrain the scientific imagination, and the drift of experiment is toward the suggestion of several surprising possibilities, all tending to strengthen the surmise that there are more senses in Nature than man possesses. Thus he says: "We find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and colors as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive." The concluding chapters record experiments with bees and wasps, to ascertain whether these insects possess a sense of direction. The results are not conclusive, but the weight of evidence so far is certainly negative. Sir John has also a chapter relating his experiments with his dog Van, with cards upon which the names of different things were printed. The general bearing of the facts in this case is not favorable to the perfectibility of the canine intelligence, yet Van learned to do some things beyond the capacity of an Australian native, and he showed decidedly more alertness of mind than the lower savages possess. In arithmetic he proved to be a little more advanced than the least developed man, and, all things considered, he did not discredit his species. There is abundance of suggestive material in this volume, and it fully explains the enthusiasm with which the learned author, speaking of his researches among the animal kingdoms, observes: "To watch their habits, to understand their relations to one another, to study their instincts and intelligence, to

ascertain their adaptations and their relations to the forces of Nature, to realize what the world appears to them; these constitute, as it seems to me at least, the true interest of natural history, and may give us the clew to senses of which at present we have no conception."

Snow-shoes for Horses—Plumas (Nevada) National

"Snow-shoes have been worn for years by horses on the Oroville and Quincy mail route during the winter months. It would be impossible for them to travel over the deep snows without their aid. A horse that is accustomed to wearing them will travel five and six miles an hour, where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, about nine by eleven inches, fastened on the hoofs with clamps. The horses are shod with long heel calks, which go through the snow-shoes and prevent their slipping going up and down hill. Snow-shoes for horses are commonly supposed to be a new thing and of California invention. This is by no means the fact. Snow-shoes were used on horses in the Old World 400 years B. C., and no one knows how many centuries before that time. Xenophon, in his admirable description of the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand,' being the retreat of 10,000 Greeks from the province of Babylon to Trebisond, the most masterly and prolonged retreat the world has ever known, gives an account of the use of snow-shoes on horses. The historian himself was one of the 'Ten Thousand' and an officer. Being without boats or other means of crossing rivers, the retreating Greeks were obliged to make a detour into the mountains of Armenia in order to ford the Tigris and Euphrates near their sources. There they encountered heavy snowstorms, and were still pursued by the Persians. They crossed the Euphrates in water up to their middles and then marched on in snow five or six feet deep. Some of the soldiers lost their sight and some their toes. The historian says: 'Against the first evil it was well to wear something black before the eyes; and against the other, to keep the legs always in motion and to bare the feet at night.' In these mountains they found some villages. The houses were built underground, with an opening at the top like a well, through which the descent was made by a ladder; but there was another entrance for cattle. The master of the house where Xenophon lay received him very kindly, and even showed him where he had concealed some wine; besides which he made him a present of several horses. He taught him, also, 'to fasten a kind of hurdle to their feet, and to do the same with other beasts of burden, to prevent their sinking in the snow.'"

The Topographical Instinct—The Youth's Companion

A deep-thinking Scotch skipper, seeing a whale ploughing its solitary way steadily south for hours, and not deviating a point from his course, said, "A whale will often leave the pack, and set out all alone in search of warmer seas, as this one seems to have done. What guides them? Ah! now you block me, lad; but not only whales, even seals seem positively to carry a compass in their brains." Many animals and birds possess a sense which enables them to find their way unerringly over sea or land, where there exists, so far as we can see, nothing to guide them. Dogs, cats, horses and birds have found their way back from great distances to their homes, although they have been conveyed from it in a way to deprive them of all assistance from their organs of sight. The carrier-pigeon, for instance, is carried hundreds of miles from its loft. It has travelled

that distance in a basket under the seat of a railroad car; but when it is thrown up, it circles about for a few minutes, and then decides unhesitatingly on the exact line of flight which brings it to its loft, though it may never have been in the country before. The explanation which says the bird has "the homing instinct" is as lame as that which ascribes to the bird the power of seeing its loft a hundred miles away; the Scotch skipper's is much better: the bird "carries a compass in its brains." A writer in *Leisure Hour* says that a collie pup, seven months old, was brought from Inverary to Aberdeen by rail, and from Aberdeen to Banchory by another railroad. The puppy ran away from Banchory, and found its way back in a few days to Inverary, across a wooded, hilly country, with one river and several streams to get over. The writer calls the sense by which animals are guided in finding their way the topographical instinct—a name, but not an explanation.

A Tobacco-chewing Mule—New York World

A large dark-brown mule on a Cortlandt-street ferry-boat yesterday convicted himself of tobacco chewing in plain view of a boat-load of interested spectators. There were two mules hitched to the wagon, which was loaded with tobacco stems, and on its way from Lorillard's, in Jersey City, to a New York snuff factory. The mules were both large, finely proportioned and intelligent looking. There was a thoughtful light in their large brownish-black eyes which, in the nigh mule, gleamed at times almost with the fires of ferocious cunning. After getting a look at the nigh mule's eyes the spectators invariably moved to a respectful distance from his heels. Those same eyes, however, lighted up with new intelligence when the driver, a smooth-faced and clean-featured young man in a fur cap, approached his team with a handful of loose tobacco and a half dozen or so bundles of the stripped weed under his left arm. The nigh mule uttered a low whinny of delight and both reached eagerly for the odorous long brown leaves. The clean-featured young man in the fur cap, while a crowd quickly gathered about him, proceeded, quite as a matter of course, to feed the tobacco to the mules. The beasts evidently expected their meal and enjoyed it. The nigh mule in particular reached out his long gray tongue with the appreciation of a tobacco gourmand and curled the tobacco leaves, which were still attached to the bottom of the stem, with prehensile tenderness about his tongue before withdrawing them from public view into the cavernous receptacle where, after a judicious course of champing, they were gradually absorbed and swallowed. Here was a tobacco-chewing mule, and no mistake. "Zeke is the mule's name," said the driver when asked about his rather remarkable beast; "and he has been broken in and brought up to the tobacco business and works for a cigar factory. Some of our colored hands from the South have told me that mules down there won't eat growing tobacco, and that tobacco green in the field is safe from the appetites of all animals. But the cured article has evidently a different flavor. I have known of Zeke's eating tobacco for about two years now. I have never noticed any narcotic effects of it on him, however. He is naturally of a quiet temperament, and I have known him sometimes to pull a heavy load for three-quarters of an hour with his eyes shut. Of course it is possible that the mule might poison himself by eating tobacco, but I have yet to see any bad effects of this unusual habit on Zeke. There isn't a stronger animal in the stable. I believe he'd eat a barrel of tobacco at one time if I'd let him."

PRATTLE—A SELECTION OF LULLABIES

Lullaby—Eugene Field—Chicago News

Fair is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revellers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reckon of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

A Cradle Song—M. A. C.—Chicago Inter-Ocean

Tell me what shall we do, baby bye,
You and I?

On some bright sunny day
Let us sail far away,
Far away to the sky, blue and high.
Tell me what we will see, baby bye,
You and I?

All around we will go
On a pretty rainbow,
Far away in the sky, blue and high.
We will hide in the clouds, baby bye,
You and I.

We will laugh at the sun,
And away we will run,
Till his face disappears from the sky.
O! the man in the moon, baby bye,
You and I,

We will worry and tease
Till we get him to sneeze,
Just to look at the crick in his eye.

We will say "Mr. Moon," baby bye,
You and I,

"Is it true, if you please,
You are made of green cheese?
Do they nibble you up in the sky?"

With the dear little stars, baby bye,
You and I,

As they twinkle and peek,
We will play hide-and-seek
Till we chase them all out of the sky.

A Lullaby—D. A. Morehead—Mail and Express

When the west is all aglow,
And the winds of evening sigh,
Hear the mother singing low
To her child a lullaby.

Singing, "Sleep, my blue-eyed one;
Toil is over, day is done,"
Singing sweetly, "Rest, oh, rest,
Day is done, and in the West,
To his slumber, sinks the sun—
Rest, oh, rest, my blue-eyed one.

"Sleep, oh, sleep, my baby dear,
Light is fading, night is here.
Soon the white-faced moon will shine
Over yonder lonely pine.
One by one the stars appear—
Sleep, oh, sleep, my baby dear."

A Burmese Lullaby—S. F. News-Letter

Swinging by a couple of ropes from the roof hangs a rude basket,
made snug with a soft blanket. This is baby's cradle. The mother
may often be seen by it, crooning this favorite "Taydat Lullaby."

Clouds in heaven, bright as levin,
Dyed with rosy diamonds' light,
Did the vine gems
Stud your white hems,
Silver moonbeams
Cast their chill gleams,
But to make black darkness vanish?
Fairies wiled him,
Dreams beguiled him,
In his cradle wrapped so snugly,
Cradle carved with vayas ugly,
Carved with vats and kings and princes,
Every splendor that evinces
Royal state and princely usance,
There he sleeps, when, what a nuisance!
Comes the light
To affright
My baby.

A Swing Lullaby—E. J. Langley—Good Housekeeping

Swing high, swing low,—heigho, heigho!
Swing high to the sky,—swing high!
A magical fragrance floats in the breeze,
And music tuned to musical keys—
Swing high!

Swing high to the sky,—swing high!

A cloud skims past like a fairy boat,
And I, in my swing, am afloat,—afloat,
On a sea as rare and wondrous and fair—
Swing high!

Up, up, to the sky, swing high!—

Swing high!—but then swing low.

The sky is fair—yes, fair—to greet;
But earth lies fairer under my feet,
All creamily soft and dreamily sweet,
With croonings, and broodings, and murmurs of bees,
And rustlings and whisp'rings in orchard trees—
Swing low!

Swing soft and low,—swing low!

Over away, my little wife
(The sweetest part of this sweet life)
Presses her babe to her heart and sings—
Sings—and I hold my breath to hear;
For on pinions, soft as thistle-down wings,
The song takes flight to my waiting ear.

"Lullaby," sings she, and "Lulla-by-by;"
Over and over "Lulla-by-by!"

Beating the time
To her soothing rhyme,

On the crest of a "Lulla" I sweep on high;
Then float—float—down the sweet "By-by!"
"Lullaby, baby,"—swing high, swing high,
Low and lower,—"Lulla-by-by."

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS—WIT AND WISDOM OF CHILDREN

Christian Advocate:

A father says to a little girl of five: "Suppose a little girl should strike you, you wouldn't strike back, would you?" After a moment's thought she said: "I should want to show her how she did."

Portland Press:

She came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think that it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and then you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

From Time:

Little Boston girl (as the hair-brush is reached for)—"Mamma, the consecutiveness and the prevalency of these interminable castigations are slowly sapping my young and really innocent life!"

Detroit Tribune:

A new baby came to a home on Charlotte Avenue, and the little three-year old Harry brought in a playmate to rejoice with him over the new sister. After looking at it a moment the little visitor says: "Why don't it laugh? Our baby does." Little three-year-old looked at baby, then at his playmate with marked disapproval, and replied: "Our baby knows better than to laugh at nothing."

Scranton Truth:

"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again; I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—"It wasn't me. No, sir! I swallowed the seeds in mine."

Pittsburg Chronicle:

A little Minersville tot was found by her papa at the window calling, "Nigger, nigger!" to a colored man on the street. The gentleman reproved her and said he would have to chastise her if she repeated the offence. He then went into an adjoining room, but presently he heard the little girl saying, "Nigger, nigger!" softly to herself. "You musn't say that," said the nurse; "your papa will whip you." "Will he whip me real hard?" "Yes, real hard." The tot then went to the window again and called out as loud as her little lungs would permit, "Nigger, nigger." Then, turning to the nurse—"Now call papa in and let's have this thing over."

Bangor Commercial:

"These fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," remarked the minister, who was discussing a Sunday dinner with the family, "are deliciously fresh. I am enjoying them very much." "They ought to be fresh," volunteered Bobby, also enjoying them; "Pa caught 'em only this morning."

New York World:

"Did God make the baby, pa?" "Yes, Willie." "About what does he charge for a kid like Jimmy?"

Omaha Bee:

The following remark came from the lips of little Pearl Menneiley, a five-year-old girl, whose father was getting in readiness for a three-months' trip. Alice, her

older sister, was feeling badly over her papa's prospective long absence, and Pearl, seeing her cry, approached her father, saying: "What day is to-day, papa?" "Why, Friday, my dear. Why do you ask?" "Then to-morrow is Saturday, and the next day Sunday, and then comes Monday, and you are going away on Monday." "Yes, my little darling, I am sorry to say I am." "Well, then, papa, I ain't going to cry till Monday."

The Chicago Tribune:

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often I have told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy!" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I really look as if I had been playing with anybody!"

Youth's Companion:

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.

Detroit Free Press:

Mrs. Fitz had company to tea. Little Fitz had been told just how to behave, and a good big bribe was promised him if he acted out his part of the programme. He did very well until he saw the company beginning to eat some of the jam that was served in small dishes. Then fixing his round eyes on a majestic old lady opposite to him, he bawled in the sweet tones of childhood: "Say, did yer taste the pill?"

Texas Siftings:

Mother—"Johnny, I'm shocked to hear you swear. Do you learn that at school?" Johnny—"Learn it at school! Why, it's me what teaches the other boys."

Macon (Ga.) News:

The little girl, caught by the glitter of the shining bracelets on the visitor's fair arm, under the usual puffy glove, insisted on borrowing them. The wish was granted and she ran out of the room to show her new attractions to her grandma. Presently she came running back. "Well," said her mother, "did you show the bracelets to your grandmamma?" "Yes, ma." "And what did she say?" "She said they were plated."

From Life:

Mamma—"Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?" Lily—"No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family."

From Sunshine:

When Charley put on his first trousers he was very proud. He strutted up and down in front of his mother almost crazy with delight. Then he burst out: "O, mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when—" But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically—"O poor mamma! poor mamma!"

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

How the Chinese Economize—North China Herald

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste, or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetables, and fish, with a little meat on high festivals. Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day for each adult, and even in famine times thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on about a half-penny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese. Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; everything is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle. The physical condition of the Chinese dog or cat, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this; they are clearly kept on starvation allowances. The Chinese are not extremely fastidious in regard to food; all is fish that comes to their net, and most things come there sooner or later. Certain disturbances of the human organization, due to eating diseased meat, are well recognized among the people; but it is considered better to eat the meat, the cheapness of which is certain, and run the risk of the consequences, which are not quite certain, than to buy dear meat even with the assurance of no evil results. Indeed the meat of animals which have died of ordinary ailments is rather dearer than that of those which have died in an epidemic such as pleuro-pneumonia. Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterprising collector. Similarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress; nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another, where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who give their cast-off-clothes away to Chinese may be assured that the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for the want of a few drops of oil; but to people who have no nerves the squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similarly, dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash; the motto "Cheaper than dirt," which the soap-dealer puts in his windows, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap-wasters. Scarcely any tool can be got ready made; it is so much cheaper to buy the parts and put them together for yourself, and as almost everybody takes this view ready-made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing almost anything by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry

on a minute scale of completeness in a backyard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, of strong and perfect draft, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly, and costing nothing. The old woman who in her last moments hobbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers was Chinese.

The Great Hall of a Castle—Scribner's Magazine

The great hall of the castle was the theatre of indoor ceremonial. There were banquets, trial, and allocution; there liegemen and vassals came to put their hands between those of their over-lord and swore to be *his* men; there delinquents were summoned, from the knight who slipped into his sleeve the silver spoons of his prince, to the fiery lord who, unclasping his mantle, threw it upon the floor in token of defiance to his adversary. The hall is rectangular, with high stained windows and wainscoting of oak; armors, scatcheons, and banners decorate it, and at the end, above the huge chimney place, the nine female champions, Semiramis, Tomyris, Penthesilea, and the rest, having exchanged their Assyrian jewels and Scythian furs for the triangular shields and straight swords of the fourteenth century, stand in Amazonian guard above the banqueters. Even more important than the hall was the platform in front of the donjon door: there the ceremonial of knighting took place; the families of the young candidates thronged the courtyard, and the damoiseaux, all in white after their night of vigil in the chapel, bent to the accolade and arose licensed heroes and full-fledged warriors. About them stood a group of the oldest and bravest knights, sponsors in this strange bridal, where the youth wedded battle and toil, and the richest marriage gift was the gaudium certaminis. An old lord stooped, and with fingers tremulous but still strong fastened on the spurs of the aspirant; others with hands that had cloven many a casque gave the undented shield and helmet, and the suzerain himself buckled on the sword and belt. Then the father approached; the youth bowed his head; a heavy blow upon the nape of the neck conferred the accolade, and the boy who the day before had groomed in the stables and stood behind his lord's chair at the banquet arose a knight, the brother in arms of Roland and of Arthur, the beloved and protected of the warrior angels.

Lumbering in the Northwest—"The Shanty Boy."

Lumbering in the abstract partakes of so much similarity that a description of one camp will do for all, so please imagine John C. Brown, of East Saginaw—a well-known Michigan lumberman—telling one of his many foremen to take a gang of men and build a set of camps on the Ocqueoc River, Presque Isle County, Mich., and prepare to lumber ten millions. To put in this amount of timber in what is called "the season," extending from September 1 to April 1, requires a camp of 100 men and twelve teams. Of course, the length of the log road or "haul" makes all the difference in the world, but a two-mile haul will serve our present purpose. * * *

To pierce the unbroken forest with the necessary supplies for a camp of the above dimensions is a work of no small magnitude. The growing scarcity of timber has driven the lumbermen up on the head waters and tributary streams of the lumber regions, and many are obliged to "tote" their supplies from a distance of from thirty-five to fifty miles. So the reader will kindly

imagine the above gang of men to have found a location in the pine woods on the opposite side of the county from where they went in for the winter's operations. The first things necessary in the locating of a set of camps are water, shelter and convenience to the "cutting ground," so that the time of the men in going and coming to and from their work may be economized. This being thus properly selected, the first thing is to start the cook and blacksmith to work. These are placed under a temporary shelter of boughs while the work of building the camps goes on. All the immediate supplies for living, together with the tools required for building camps, have been brought along with the men. The "tote road" to camp has been cut out and blazed from the front to camp, and the "tote" teams are sent back for more, and from the time the men go in till camps break up in the spring, not less than three "tote" teams make the daily journey to the "front" for supplies for the men and beasts in the woods. The camp usually consists of four principal buildings, viz., cook and eating camp, 65x35 feet; the bunk camp 60x30 feet, with sleeping room for 100 men; the barn and stable with stall room for eighteen teams and room for hay and oats for the same; a blacksmith and tinker shop, where the massive sleighs are made and all the tools necessary for the woods are made and kept in repair. In addition to these buildings there is what is known as the "van," or office, where the foreman and scaler bunk, and where the clothing, tobacco and tools of the camp are kept. Sometimes the foreman has his wife with him, when a little more effort at comfort and seclusion is made in favor of the lady. * * *

It takes from ten to twelve days to get the camps in condition to live in, during which time the men live a sort of Robin Hood life, under canvas or hemlock boughs. But many hands make light work, and nothing in the way of lumbering is done till the camps are all up and the men and horses are made comfortable. The shanties are built in the most substantial manner of the straightest logs neatly scarfed to fit into each other, "chinked" and plastered in the interstices. Lumber is necessarily scarce, and the roof and floor is about all that shows the work of the mill saw; all else is formed from the trees of various sizes, manipulated with no other tool save the axe, cross-cut saw and two-inch auger. Here for six months are congregated a heterogeneous conglomerate of humanity of all ages and races, with hard work in plenty and but little to amuse. A gigantic stove warms up the bunk camp, and the "chore boy" has the bestowal of the heat in the cords of dry Norway he fires up with. Plenty of warm blankets spread on a bed of hay fill the bunks, which are built one above the other, along both sides of the camp. A couple of headless flour barrels let through the roof furnish ventilation, and "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," gives back the health and strength subtracted by the toil of daily labor. The men are usually well fed. The secret of success in the woods is well-fed men comfortably housed. The following rough estimates will show the quantity of provisions consumed by a camp of 100 shanty boys, for men eat terribly in the lumber woods: Flour, per week, 6 barrels; beef, $2\frac{1}{2}$ barrels; pork, $2\frac{1}{2}$ barrels; potatoes, 8 bushels; onions, 3 bushels; pickles, $\frac{1}{4}$ barrel; sugar, 1 barrel; tea, 25 pounds; coffee, 16 pounds; butter, 50 pounds; lard, 40 pounds. These, together with prunes, dried fruit, salt, pepper, mustard, spices, sausages, meat and fresh beef, all go to spread a bounteous table. Two great requisites go to make a lumbering

job a success—a good cook and a good fiddler. All else may go wrong, but good grub and a good tune before turning in smooths over the rude excrescences, serving to make the toil of the woods a burden. Therefore, the cook is autocrat *per se* of the camp, and the fiddler first lieutenant. The cook camp is also the dining camp, where at one end two immense cook stoves are placed, and through the remaining length of the room two tables, furnished with brilliant tinware, are stationed, where a dyspeptic would faint with astonishment at the appetites evolved from breathing a piny atmosphere.

The Midnight Sun—"Jubilee Jaunt to Norway"

Imagine yourself on a ship at anchor looking west or straight in front of you. There is a broad expanse of sea a little to your right hand, behind you will be the rugged coast, and to your left the long, narrow fiord between the islands and the mainland that the steamer has just traversed. You watch the sun as it slowly, slowly sets; the islands and the coasts look like a rich dark purple, and the shadows cast by the ship's mast, etc., grow longer and longer. After a bit, when the sun has sunk apparently twelve feet from the horizon, it stops and seems to remain stationary for about twenty minutes; then the very sea-gulls hide away, while the air all of a sudden strikes chilly. Each one has an awed, expectant feeling; the tourist steamer broods a silence that may be felt. Soon the sun rises very slowly once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty, first to the palest primrose and then to a bluish pink. The sky, which was just now rose color, becomes gray, then pale emerald green, and lastly blue. Rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's bright rays, and the reign of day has begun once more.

A Flowery Country—Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch

On each side of the road the country looked like two immense crazy quilts, whose patches were represented by large fields of hyacinth in a hundred different varieties of color and size, as well as tulips and narcissus. The sight was grand, as well as novel, for any one who had never been in this part of the world. Arrived at Sessenheim, I was immediately guided into the field, where the growth and the methods of propagation were explained to me. "Our soil here," I was told, "is especially adapted for the cultivation of bulbs, because it has all the properties which are necessary for the plants to grow. The soil, as you see, is very sandy, and we believe that this part of Holland was formerly—perhaps several thousand years ago—the bed of the sea. But the soil varies, and it is not at all rare to see hyacinths growing in one place when in the field adjoining they would not grow at all. In September the bulbs are put into the soil, and in December they are covered up with a layer of hay. Thus they remain until February, when the hay covering is removed again. Then the plants come out in bloom; they are allowed to be in blossom until July, when the flowers and stems are cut off as grass is mown in the meadow." When my informant came to this part of his explanation I said: "And what do you do with the blossoms; do you sell them?" "No, not at all. We let the flowers lie on the field to rot, and use them as manure!" "When do you take the bulbs out of the ground?" I said. "Immediately after the blossoms are cut off. We gather them out of the ground, and we take them to the dryhouse. After they have been there we examine them and place them on shelves. Come with me and I will show you. Here we are. Those that are in a condition to be shipped we place over here on this shelf, while those that are

too young to be used for propagation are gathered and stored over here." "How old has a bulb to be before it is shipped for sale?" "Four years, the ordinary hyacinth, but the narcissus and tulip only three years." "Do you ever use artificial methods in the propagation of bulbs, or is it all left to nature?" "Some bulbs do not require the aid of art, but others do. There are two ways of artificial propagation. One is called 'cutting' and the other 'holing.' If we cut a bulb, we make several incisions crosswise over the top of the bulb before we put it in the ground, and it is in these incisions the new bulbs are formed. 'Holing' a bulb means to separate the top part entirely, allowing the new bulb to form in this hollow. The crop depends very largely upon the weather, and the quantity of rain in the western part of Europe this year has harmed the hyacinth bulbs very considerably; in fact, the production this year is 25 per cent. less than last year." "Is the exportation of bulbs to America very large?" I asked my informant. "Yes, and constantly on the increase. Not many years ago there were only about five bulb growers in Haarlem who sent their goods directly to America, and our firm was one of the first to commence it, but now nearly all of them trade in the States. The cultivation of bulb plants appears to be very much fancied in America—especially tulips, and my experience is that the exportation of tulips becomes larger every year.

The African Situation—London Daily Telegraph

A French missionary who has just returned from Uganda shares the opinion, held by so many authorities, that Stanley is safe. He declares it is absolutely impossible that, if Stanley had succumbed to an attack, the news should not have reached the missions. It seems that when the intrepid traveller started from the falls a report was spread that he was going to "eat up Uganda," according to the expression in fashion in those benighted regions. The missionary thinks that Stanley is keeping quiet for the present either because he has some political project in view which is not yet ripe, or because he fears that his appearance might lead to the massacre of the English and French missionaries, particularly of the former, who are now at the Court of Monanga, the sovereign of Uganda. This same Monanga is described as a puissant negro king, ruling over 10,000,000 subjects, and as ferocious as he is powerful. He is accredited with being the happy possessor of 1,500 wives, five of whom he daily kills off for his amusement. Some time ago Monanga received from Asia Minor, through the medium of slave-dealers in Egypt, intelligence of the acquisitions made by England and Germany on the Zanzibar coast. He at once assembled all his courtiers and made them swear that they would exterminate all the whites who might seek to "eat up Uganda." The first result of the ceremony was the imprisonment of Mr. Gordon, an English missionary, who had unluckily selected that very day to read out to Monanga a letter from Mr. Parker, a fellow-missionary, reproaching that monarch with his enormities and exhorting him to turn over a new leaf. Mr. Gordon is, or was, in durance as a hostage. Monanga's very unpleasant behavior towards him warned the French missionaries to withdraw from his dominions, the only one who has remained behind being M. Sourdél, whose medical skill is highly appreciated by the tyrant, who has a decided horror of death. Monanga is the largest slave-trader in central Africa. He supplies the Mohammedan dealers annually with about 150,000 slaves, which are transported from the Zanzibar coast to the Persian Gulf

and the Euphrates. Landed on the shores of Arabia, the victims are sent on to Asiatic Turkey, where they are sold "on the sly" through the medium of the pashas, who receive about ten francs per head for their trouble.

Alaska Totems—The Youth's Companion

Among the most curious sights in Alaska are the Indian *totems*—lofty, carved posts, often thirty or forty feet high, of pine or cedar logs, sometimes four feet in diameter, laboriously wrought out to represent the ancestral crests and rude coats-of-arms of the chiefs and wealthy men of the tribe. These *totem* posts are peculiar to the tribes of the North-west coast, though something resembling them is found among the South Sea Islanders. One, and sometimes two, of these wooden pillars are erected in front of a chief's house, over which they tower and seem to keep watch and ward, like guardian genii. The carving is grotesque and startling in its savage imagery. In addition to distorted human faces, the heads of bears, ravens, frogs, wolves and beavers are frequently represented, rampant, or engaged in combat with each other. Where there are two posts before a single house, the design is to celebrate the lineage of both the male and female heads of the household; or, in other words, to give the pedigree of both the chief and his squaw. The posts are thus literally genealogical trees, and are to be read from the top downward. Thus, the carved head of a chief at the top of a pillar over the head of a bear, which, in turn, is over a frog, while the frog is over an eagle, would record that this chief was descended from a family whose heraldic totem, or crest, was a bear, and that in the previous generation there had been an alliance with the frog family, and so on down the post. The setting up of a totem post was a social event of importance. It was ushered in by many *pottaches* (gifts), feasts, and the ceremonies peculiar to the Indians, and it will surprise no one to be told that the *tyee* (chief) who thus celebrated his pedigree, usually found the expenses mounting up to a large sum. As to the origin of the custom, little can be learned. Both the Tlinkat and Chilkat tribes, as also the Haidas of Queen Charlotte's Islands, have their totem posts, and the practice has not yet wholly ceased. At Fort Wrangell the writer was shown one raised so late as 1876. At the same village are also to be seen three rude log sarcophagi, each of which is surmounted by a large carved figure representing the bear, the whale, and the otter respectively. These heraldic beasts are, no doubt, the totems of the chiefs whose bodies are interred within. Certain students of Indian lore have attempted to establish an Indian mythology upon the evidence of these totem posts, associated with religious worship; but from all that can be learned, it seems more probable that the totem posts are merely a means of commemorating ancestry and ancestral exploits. Considered as an effort on the part of savages to establish genealogical records, they are interesting relics of aboriginal skill. Fac-similes of these totem posts are now wrought in slate stone, on a small scale, by the Haidas, and sold to Alaska tourists. Some of these toy totems are very beautifully executed, and make pretty bric-à-brac for mantel adornment. They are sold at prices ranging from five to twenty dollars each.

A Creole Voodoo Dance—N. O. Times-Democrat

The picture inside the room was not particularly novel to any of the party, as all had been present on such occasions before, but to a stranger it would have been a novelty to say the least. Seated on the floor, with their legs crossed beneath them, were about twenty-five negro

men and women, the men in their shirt sleeves and the women with their heads adorned with the traditional head handkerchief or tignon. In the centre of the floor there was spread a small tablecloth, at the corners of which two tallow candles burned, being held in place by a bed of their own grease. As a centre-piece, on the cloth, there was a shallow Indian basket filled with weeds, or, as they called them, "herbs." Around the basket were diminutive piles of white beans and corn, and just outside of these a number of small bones, whether human or not could not be told. Some curiously wrought bunches of feathers were the next ornamentations near the edge of the cloth, and outside of all several saucers with small cakes in them. The only person enjoying the aristocratic privilege of a chair was a bright *café-au-lait* woman of about forty-eight, who sat in one corner of the room looking on the scene before her with an air of dignity. She said but little, but beside her two old and wrinkled negresses whispered to her continually. She was of extremely handsome figure, and her features showed that she was not of the class known in old times as field hands. She was evidently raised about the plantation house. She was neatly attired in a blue calico, with white dots sprinkled over it, and on her head a brilliant tignon was gracefully tied. On inquiry it was learned that her name was Malvina Latour, and that she was the Queen. As soon as the visitors had squatted down in their places against the wall an old negro man, whose wool was white with years, began scraping on a two-stringed sort of a fiddle. The instrument had a long neck, and its body was not more than three inches in diameter, being covered with brightly mottled snake skin. This was the signal to two young mulattoes beside him, who commenced to beat with their thumbs on little drums made of gourds and covered with sheepskin. These tam-tams gave forth a short, hollow note of peculiar sound, and were fit accompaniments of the primitive fiddle. As if to inspire those present with the earnestness of the occasion, the old darky rolled his eyes around the room and then, stamping his foot three times, exclaimed:

"*A present commencez.*"

Rising and stepping out toward the middle of the floor a tall and sinewy negro called the attention of all to him. He looked a Hercules, and his face was anything but attractive. Nervous with restrained emotion, he commenced, at first in a low voice which gradually became louder and louder, a song, one stanza of which ran:

I will wander into the desert,
I will march through the prairie,
I will walk upon the golden thorn—
Who is there who can stop me?
To change me from this plantation?
I have the support of Louisiana—
Who is there who can resist me?

As he sang he seemed to grow in stature, and his eyes began to roll in a sort of wild frenzy. There was ferocity in every word, boldness and defiance in every gesture. Keeping time to his song the tam-tams and fiddle gave a weird and savagely monotonous accompaniment that it was easy to believe was not unlike the savage music of Africa. He had hardly ended the fourth stanza before two women, uttering a loud cry, joined their leader on the floor, and these three began a march around the room. As the song progressed, an emaciated young negro stepped out, and, amid the shouts of all, fell in behind the others. The last addition to the wild dancers

was most affected of all, and in a sort of a delirium he picked up two of the candles and marched on with them in his hand. When he arrived opposite the Queen she gave him something to drink out of a bottle. After swallowing some he retained a mouthful, which, with a peculiar blowing sound, he spurted in a mist from his lips, holding the candle so as to catch the vapor. As it was alcohol it blazed up, and this attempt at necromancy was hailed with a shout. Then commenced the regular voodoo dance, with all its twisting and contortions. Two of the women fell exhausted to the floor in a frenzy and frothing at the mouth, and the emaciated young man was carried out of the room unconscious. Enough had been seen to satisfy the guests, and leaving the now highly excited crowd, a start was made for the city.

A Prairie Storm—The Omaha Bee

There is one thing beyond man's control, and the grandeur of a prairie storm can only be imagined by those who have seen it or witnessed a storm at sea. Such a storm swept over the prairies in August last. The morning was warm and bright, but shortly after noon there came an undefinable change. The sun still shone, but its rays threw an altered light and brought the prairie flowers into brighter relief, while it cast a darker shadow where shadows fell. Away toward the horizon the wavering glimmer that curtained the meeting place of sky and plain became more tangible, and a thin black line framed the landscape. Gradually it grew broader and higher, and as it overlapped the bright blue sky the birds flew hurriedly before it, and such cattle as were in sight drew closer together for protection. Gusts of wind that shook the train followed each other at intervals that grew shorter and shorter, and the frame of black was once in a while illumined with flashes of summer lightning which, as they came nearer, threw heavy banks of sulphurous-looking clouds into bold relief. Still there was no rain, and the thunder of the train was all that broke the stillness. For nearly two hours the clouds maintained the same slow approach, and left the spectator to run fancy free and imagine the outstretched fingers of some great ghoul to be slowly closing in to crush him. So strong did the feeling become that the more nervous passengers drew back and shuddered at each succeeding gust, while others clustered round windows and gazed, fascinated, at the coming storm. At last it came. One huge cloud shot out from the approaching bank and for a moment poised in mid-air. Fleecy clouds that looked ghastly by contrast hung round it like fringes on a funeral pall, till with a crash that outweighed the roar of the train it seemed to be rent in two with one streak of fire that turned the entire cloud into gold. From that on and for nearly an hour it was one continuous rumble, broken occasionally with a sharper crash, and accompanied by rain that fell in torrents. Both sheet and forked lightning played continuously, and while the former turned the clouds from blackness into light, the latter seemed to rend them in fragments and stand out in lines of fire for seconds at a time. At last it passed away, and the flickering flames that illumined the southern horizon seemed like the volley-firing of a retreating army; but so great was the expanse of prairie that they were never entirely lost sight of, but again grew more and more vivid until eighty miles further west the storm again crossed the track, moving northward with diminished force. Slowly as it appeared to move, it had in five short hours traversed the half of a circle not less than one hundred miles in diameter, which would give it a rate of upward of thirty miles an hour.

CURIOSITIES IN VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

The Bones of the Body—Unidentified

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear,

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones in the shoulder bind?
Two in each—one before and behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneecap, please.

How many bones from the leg to the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now altogether these many bones fix,
And they count in the body two hundred and six,

And then we have the human mouth,
Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink,

A sesamoid bone, or a wormain, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

A Botanical Poem—Lucy C. Bull—Swiss Cross

Come mitella, sanguinaria,
Tiarella and wistaria!
Come clubmoss, cool water cresses,
St. Luke's cross, and ladies' tresses!
Virgin's bower and purplish heather,
Passion flower and prince's feather;
Lilacs, hickory, copper beeches,
Smilax, chicory, Dutchman's breeches,
Morning glory, bridal wreath,
Fumitory and cape heath!
Pimpernels, minute mimosa,
Asphodels and scabiosa,
White stellaria, dark-blue squill,
Sagittaria, daffodil,
Savory sage, sweet mignonette,
Saxifrage and violet!

Maiden's hair, sabbatia, pokeberry,
Prickly pear, spinacia, choke-cherry,
Jacob's ladder, tongue of adder,
Balm and palm, lime, thyme and madder,
Blue-eyed grass, false indigo,
And the greenish flower-of-an-hour,
Rattlebox, New Jersey tea,
Gorgeous phlox, anemone,
Molucella, Solomon's seal,
Fraxinella and self-heal,
Melilot, sweetpea, dianthus,
Apricot, fringe-tree, acanthus,
Sorrel, four-o'clocks, abromia,
Laurel, hollyhocks, Houstonia,
Elderblow, begonia, pansy,
Mistletoe, claytonia, tansy,
Blackberry, hackberry, likewise huckle-
Berry and bush honeysuckle,
Oxalis, sweetfern and aralia,
Hesperis, lucerne and azalea,
Gilia, tilia and germander,
Bays and maize and oleander,
Rue and yew and morning-bride,
Dock and stock and London-pride,
Golden rye and rosy beet,
Salsify and bitter sweet,
Fleur de luce, canary vine,
Norway spruce and Georgia pine,
Stalk of wheat and culm of rice,
Marguerite and edelweiss!—
From all quarters of the globe
Come, and let us prick and probe;
Let us tear you lobe from lobe;
Separate you sheaf from sheaf;
Classify you leaf by leaf.
Though the poets make you do
Things unnatural and untrue,
Though the painters paint you badly,
Lovers contemplate you sadly,
Cattle tread by no means lightly
On your heads upturned and sprightly,
Insects nip you, children clip you,
Sickles lop you, lambkins crop you,
We, at least, know how to prize you—
Come, and let us analyze you!

A Curious Teetotal Lecture—Tid Bits

There's danger in the glass. Beware
lest it enslaves. They who have
drained it find, alas! Too often early
graves. It sparkles to allure, With
its rich, ruby light! There is no
antidote or cure, Only its course
to fight. It changes men to
brutes; Makes women bow
their heads; Fills homes
with anguish, want, dis-
putes, And takes from
children bread. Then
dash the glass away,
and from the
serpent flee;
Drink pure
cold water
day
by
day,
And
walk

GOD'S FOOTSTOOL FREE!

LOUISIANA FOLK LORE—PITI BONHOMME GODRON*

This tale was written in 1884 by MR. ZENON DE MORUELLE, of Waterloo, La., and communicated to me by my friend, DR. ALFRED MERCIER. It is a genuine negro story, and illustrates admirably the peculiarities of speech, and the quaint and somewhat witty ideas of Louisiana negroes. With the author's permission, I now reproduce it from the manuscript, slightly modifying some expressions which appeared to me a little too realistic, and changing the orthography to make it accord with my own ideas of the phonetics of the Creole patois. "Piti Bonhomme Godron."—In French, this expression might be translated: "la Petite Sentinelle de Goudron," as the little black fellow placed by the well is really a sentinel, being left alone to guard the precious water. This tale is exceedingly popular among our negroes, and is related with many variants. In one of them *Compair Lapin* is caught while stealing vegetables, and in *Mélusine* for 1877 is another short variant taken from a Louisiana newspaper. In neither story, however, is the proverbial cunning of *Brer Rabbit* as well exemplified as in MR. DE MORUELLE's tale. Here, also, we see a real intrigue, naïve and rude, but interesting, and such as an uncultured narrator, with a vivid imagination, may have invented.—*Alicée Fortier—Translator.*

Bonnefoi, Bonnefoi; Lapin, Lapin!

I am going to relate to you something which is very funny, as you are going to see, and which happened a long time ago!

When the animals had the earth for themselves and there were yet but few people, God ordered them not to eat each other, not to destroy each other, but said that they might eat the grass with all kinds of fruits that there were on the earth. That was better, because they were all his creatures and it pained him when they killed each other; but as quickly as they would eat the grass and fruits, He, God, would take pleasure to make them grow again to please them. But they did not obey the Master! Mister Lion began by eating sheep, the dogs ate rabbits, the serpents ate the little birds, the cats ate rats, the owls ate chickens. They began to eat each other, they would have destroyed each other, if God had not put a stop to all that! He sent a great drought to punish their cruelty. It was a thing which was funny, nevertheless, as you are going to see.

There was smoke in the air, as when they burn cotton stalks; it looked as if there was a light mist. After sunset, the heaven remained red like fire. The sea, the rivers, the lakes all began to fall, to fall; all fell at the same time, until there was not a drop of water remaining. Neither did the dew fall early in the morning to moisten the grass. Ah! I tell you, my friends, all animals found themselves in a great trouble. They were roaming about everywhere; their tongue was hanging out; they became thin, thin.—There was among them a doctor who was called Mister Monkey; he was half wizard, half voodoo. They said he knew a great deal, but he was a big talker, and did very little. He said to the other animals that it was because they had made so many sins that God sent them all these misfortunes to punish them, that if there were any among them who wanted to pay, he would pray to make the rain fall. He had already succeeded very often when he asked for something; God in heaven always listened to *his* prayer. There was also a famous thief there, it was Mister Fox, who ate all the chickens there were in the neighborhood! He said to the other animals: "Don't you listen to Dr. Monkey, he is a rascal, he will take your money without giving you anything for it. I know him, he is a rascal, you will have no rain at all! It is better

that we should dig a well ourselves. We need not count upon anything else. Let us go! hurrah! right off, if you are all like me, for I am very thirsty." Then Mister Monkey told him: "I think indeed that you are hungry, you d . . . pirate, now that you have finished eating all the chickens there were here, you are coming to play the braggart here." Master Fox told him: "You are a liar; you know very well that the owls, the polecats and the weasels are eating all the chickens, and you come and say it is I. You know that if there is a thief here, it is you, you prayer merchant."—All the other animals, tigers, lions, wolves, elephants, crocodiles, serpents were running about to look for water. They had all assembled to hear the dispute of Dr. Monkey and Mr. Fox.

I must tell you that if a hog grunts, a dog barks, a wolf howls, a cow bellows, each kind of animal has its own language. A tiger or an elephant or a lion cannot speak the language of another animal, each one speaks his own language, but when they are together, they all understand each other—the hog which grunts understands the dog which barks. It is not like us men, if a German comes to speak with a Frenchman or an American, he will not understand, any more than if an Englishman were to speak with a Spaniard who does not understand English. We men are obliged to learn the language of other nations if we want to converse with them. Animals are not at all like that, they understand each other as if they spoke the same language. Well, I must tell you that Mr. Fox pretended that if there was such a drought, the rain not having fallen for a year, so that all the grass was parched up, and the trees had lost their leaves, and there were neither flowers nor fruits, it was because there were no clouds in the heaven to give water, and not a prayer could make the rain fall. "All the water has gone into the ground, we must dig a large well in order to have water to drink. Listen to me, my friends, and we shall find water."

Lion, who was the king, opened his mouth, he roared, the earth shook, he spoke so loud! He beat his sides with his tail, and it made a noise like a big drum in a circus. All the other animals lay flat on the ground; He said: "By the very thunder, the first fellow who will speak to me about prayers, I shall give him something which will make him know me. I am a good fellow; when did I ever eat another animal? It is a lie, and I say that the little lawyer Fox is a fine little fellow. He is right, we must dig a well to have water immediately. Come here, *Compair Bourriquet* (Donkey), it is you who have the finest voice here; when you speak, it is like a soldier's trumpet. You will go everywhere to notify all animals that I, the king, I say that they must come to dig up and scratch the earth, that we may have water. And those that don't want to work, you will report them. You will come right off that I may compel them to do their share of the work or pay some other animal to do it."

Bourriquet was so glad he was to act as a newspaper, that he began to bray so loud that it was enough to render anybody deaf.—"Depart, depart," said the king, "or I shall strike you." Then Bourriquet reared, and thought he was doing something nice, he was so proud that the king had confidence in him, and then that gave him the opportunity to order the other animals to come, in the

* From the Transactions of the Modern Language Association of America.—*Alicée Fortier.*

name of Lion, the king. On starting, he put down his head, then he kicked half-a-dozen times with both feet, and made a noise which was as if you were tearing up a piece of cottonade. That is his way of saluting the company when he is glad.

Now, all the animals which he met, he told them that if they did not come immediately to dig up and scratch the ground to make a well, surely king Lion would eat them up. They were all so much afraid, that they all came, except Compair Lapin, who was gnawing a little piece of dry grass.—“Don’t listen to what I tell you, remain there, and don’t come right off, you will see what the king will do with you.” “I don’t care a d— for you and the king together, come both of you, you will see how I’ll fix you. You may go to the devil. Do I drink? Where did I ever use water? Surely, that is something new to me. You are a fool, donkey that you are, I never drink, a rabbit never drinks. My father and my grandfather did not know how to drink, and as I am a real rabbit, I don’t use water! Never did a rabbit have little ones without ears, you hear. If any one heard you he might believe that I am a bastard. Go away, you big ears, for if I take my whip, I shall show you your road, and make you trot faster than you ever galloped in your life. If you knew me as I know you, you would not have stopped here, surely.”

Bourriquet saw that he could do nothing, so he went away; but he was not as proud as when he started to tell all animals that the king ordered them to come to work. As soon as he arrived near the king, he said: “Master, I went on all your errands, I saw all the animals in the world, only Compair Lapin does not want to listen to reason. He says he does not need water, let those who need it look for it. Besides, if you are not satisfied, he will make you trot. You have no right to command him, he is free, free as air, he has no master, none but God.”—When the king heard that, he said to a Tiger who was there, to go with the Bear to arrest Compair Lapin and bring him here. “Take care you don’t eat him on the way, for if you do, I’ll give you such a beating as you never had before. You hear? Well, go.”—They started, and traveled a good while before they arrived. During this time, all the animals were working hard, each one had his share of the work, and they had even left a big piece as Compair Lapin’s task, and that of the two who had gone to arrest him. They looked everywhere: in the prairie, on the mountain, at last they fell on Compair Lapin, who was eating the root of a cocklebur which was full of water. You know that rabbits know how to dig up the earth and find water below, in the roots.

At the same moment that they arrived near him, Compair Lapin was singing a little song which he had made about the king. He said in it that the king was a fool, and did not know how to govern, for his wife had many husbands and he was laughing to himself, and that perhaps, after they finished to dig that well, the king would make all the animals pay taxes to drink the water from the well they had dug with their sweat. I am not so foolish, I am not going to work for that fellow! Let the others do it, if they are fools, I don’t care any more for the king than a dog for Sunday. Tra la la, etc., The tiger approached without making any noise, and then he said: “Good morning, Compair Lapin, I ask your pardon if I disturb you, but I don’t do it on purpose; the king has ordered me to arrest you, I must obey him. You know that the weak must submit to the strong, this is why I advise you not to resist, because the

Bear and I will be obliged to eat you. Take my advice, come quietly, perhaps you will come out all right! Your mouth is sweet, you will get Mr. Fox to defend you; he is a good little lawyer and does not charge dear! Come, let us go.” When Compair Lapin saw that he could not do otherwise, he let the officers of the king arrest him. They put a rope around his neck, and they started. When they were near the dwelling of the king, they met Dr. Monkey on the way. He said: “Compair Lapin, I think you are a pupil of Master Fox, you will have to pay for it; you are gone up, my old fellow. How are you now? Don’t you feel something getting cold within you. That will teach you to read the newspaper and meddle in politics on Sundays, instead of going quietly to mass!”

Compair Lapin answered briefly: “I don’t care a d— for anything you say, old Monkey! And then, you know, he who must die, must submit to his fate. Just hush up, you rascal! You are trying to injure me, but perhaps you will be the loser; I have not given up all hope; perhaps, before long, you will be in trouble. Each one his chance, that is all I have to tell you.”—At last, they arrived at a big tree which had been thrown down by the wind, and where the king was seated. The Tiger and the Bear, the two officers who were leading Compair Lapin, said to the king: “Here is the fellow!”—“Haw! Haw!” said the king, “we shall judge him immediately.” Master Fox came slyly behind Compair Lapin, and told him in his ears: “When they will ask you why you spoke badly of the king, say that it is not true, that it is Bourriquet who lied to do you harm. And then, flatter the king very much, praise him and make him some presents, you will come out all right. If you do what I tell you, you will find it well for you. Otherwise, if you are foolish enough to say all there is in your heart, take care, you will come out all wrong. I assure you that the king will make hash with you.”—“You need not be afraid, Master Fox, I know what I have to do; I thank you for your good advice; I am a lawyer myself.”

Compair Lapin had suspected that they would come to arrest him; he had spoken so badly of the king and the government. It is for that he had put on his best coat, and a big gold chain around his neck. He had said to one of his neighbors with whom he was quite intimate, and also with his wife and daughter, and who was called Compair Bouki, when the latter asked him where he was going so finely dressed: “Yes, Compair Bouki, I shall soon go to see the king, and, as it is the coat that makes the man, this is why I dressed so well. It always produces a good effect on proud and foolish people.” When the king was ready to begin the case of Compair Lapin, he said to the policemen: “Bring the prisoner here to be judged.”

Then Compair Lapin advanced, and said: “O Lion, my dear Master, you sent for me; here I am. What do you want?”

The Lion said: “I have to condemn you, because you are always slandering me; and besides, you don’t want to work to dig the well, which we are making to drink. Everybody is working except you, and when I sent Bourriquet to get you, you said to him, that I was a scoundrel, and that you would whip me! You will know that if your back has tasted of the whip, I have never been whipped; even my late mother did not dare to touch me! What do you have to say? You rascal with the long ears hanging down. I suppose they are so long, because the hounds have chased you so often.

Speak right off with no fooling, or I shall mash you, like I would a too ripe persimmon."

Compair Lapin kept quite cool; he knew that all that was a big wind that would bring neither rain nor thunder. He rubbed his nose with both paws, then he shook his ears, he sneezed, and then he sat down and said: "The king is justice on earth—as God is just in his holy Paradise. Great king, you who are more brave than all of us together, you will hear the truth. When you sent Bourriquet to get me, he who is more of a donkey than all the donkeys in the world, when he came to my house, I was sick. I told him you will tell the king that I am very sorry that I cannot come now, but here is a fine gold chain, which you will present to the king for me, and you will tell him that I have forty twelve other animals to work in my place. Because that too necessary a thing, to get a well; it is life or death for us, and we cannot do without it. Tell him also that there is but a great king like him to have such an idea, and enough brains to save us all! What do you think he answered me? He replied that he did not care about a gold chain, that he did not eat that. If I had given him a basket of corn or some hay, he would have eaten it, but as to the chain, perhaps the king would hitch him up to the plow with that same chain, and he would be sorry to have brought it. When he went away, he said to me: 'Go on, papa, I shall arrive before you, you will know that the ox which is ahead always drinks clear water!' I suppose he meant that he would speak before I should have the chance to be heard! As I want the king to believe that I am not telling stories, I have a witness who was there, who heard all our conversation. If the king will have the kindness to listen to his testimony, he will hear the same thing I have just told him." Compair Lapin bowed to the king, and put the gold chain around Lion's neck, and then he sat down on one side smiling, he was so sure that his gift would produce a good effect and help him to come out all right from his trouble. Now, Lion said to Master Fox to speak quickly. "I know all that business, and if you come here to lie, I'll break your neck. You need not wag your tail and make such grimaces, as if you were eating ants. Come on, hurry! I have no time." "Dear Master Lion," said the Fox, "I shall tell you how all that happened: Compair Lapin, whom you see here, is the best friend you have. The proof of it is that he brought a big chain to make you a present. You will never see a Bourriquet do that; that is sure, because there is not in the world a greater clown than those donkeys. Dan Rice took twenty-one years to train a donkey! He says that for \$100,000 he would not undertake again such a job. He would prefer to train fifty twelve thousand Lions, because they would eat him up, or he would do something good with them. Well, I must tell you, Mr. Lion, you, who are the king of all animals, that same Bourriquet, whom you sent to represent you, came to lie on you, and as to Compair Lapin, he is as white as snow! Although Dr. Monkey has your confidence, it is he who is governing secretly and advising all your people, and putting them in rebellion against you the king to establish another government, where that same Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet will govern in your place, when they will succeed in putting you out. That is what they have been trying to do for a long time, and that is what Compair Lapin and I wanted to tell you."

When the king heard that, he said: "That is all right; I am glad you told me so. You can go with

Compair Lapin, I acquit him." But while they were hearing the case, Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet thought that it was not healthy for them to remain there, so they escaped when they saw that the wrong side was being warmed up; they vanished, and no one knew where they had gone, so well were they hidden. After that, Compair Lapin and Master Fox both remained in the same parish where the king resided. Master Fox was his deputy or chief clerk, and the other was mate, that is to say, he commanded the others and made them work to finish digging the well with their paws. At last, the well was completed! All the animals drank, and they became strong again. The lioness recovered her health also, and some time after that she gave birth to twelve little cubs as yellow as gold, and all as pretty as could be. The king was so glad that he pardoned all that were in the penitentiary, and he allowed the exiles to return. When he granted their pardon, he told them all to go and drink the water of the well. Then, you may imagine that Dr. Monkey with his accomplice Bourriquet came out of their hole to mingle with the others. But they began to spy and to watch all that was being done or said. One day, they met Master Fox, who was speaking of the government affairs in order to increase the tax. He and Compair Lapin found that there was not enough money in the treasury for them to become rich quickly. When Dr. Monkey saw them both together, he began to smile. He came near them, he bowed and said: "Let us forget what has passed, we must not be looking for those old papers. Let us be friends and live quietly like good neighbors." You might have thought they were the best friends when they parted. Dr. Monkey said to his partner Bourriquet: "You see these two fellows Compair Lapin and Master Fox, they are d—scoundrels. I must get the best of them, or they will beat me; that is all I know!" As Compair Lapin had said when they judged him that he never drank water, the king had told him: "Take care that you never try to drink water from this well, I want to see if you say the truth, and I order every one to watch you."

You will not believe me when I tell you that it is true that rabbits never drink water, there is always enough water for them in the grass which they eat. But expressly because they had forbidden Compair Lapin to drink from that well, he wished to do it. All the other animals praised that water so highly; it was so clear, so good. That gave him such a thirst, that he felt at every moment as if he had eaten well-peppered salt meat. He said to himself: "I don't care, I shall drink, and I shall see who is going to prevent me. Besides, if they catch me, I shall always have the daughter of the king to protect me. She will find some way of preventing them from troubling me, for she has much influence with her father." He did as he said; every evening he drank his fill. But at last, he wanted to drink in the daytime also. It was a strange well; its water was not like any other water; it made people drunk like whiskey, only, instead of making you sick after you were drunk, it made you much stronger than before, and they were beginning to perceive that all those who were old were growing young again. Even the vegetables which you watered with it, if you cut them, the next day they would grow as fine as the day before.

When Compair Lapin began to see the effect of that water, he said: "I must have some for the day also, it does me a great deal of good, and as I am much older than the daughter of the king, I must become as young as she. Let me be, I shall arrange it. Don't you say

anything." Well, when it was dark, he took his little calabash, which contained about two bottles of water, he went to the well, and filled it up. But he was so careful that the guard, which they put every evening near the well, saw nothing.

Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet watched all the time, because they could not forget how Compair Lapin had treated them whilst he was being judged. Therefore they had sworn that they would catch him. But in spite of all their efforts, they lost their trouble and their time. At last, one day, Dr. Monkey went to see Bourriquet, his comrade, and told him: "Come to my house, I have something to show to you." He showed him Ti Bonhomme Godron (a man made of tar) and said: "It is with that I want to catch the fellow; as this time I shall be able to prove that he is guilty, we shall have all his money, which the king will confiscate to give us for discovering all his rascalities."

They took Ti Bonhomme Godron; they put him in a little path, where Compair Lapin was obliged to pass, very near the water, and then they started; they knew it was not necessary to watch; Ti Bonhomme Godron would attend to him without needing anybody's help. I know not if Compair Lapin suspected something, but he came quite late that evening. He never came at the same hour, but he managed things so well that he always got his water, and no one could catch him. When he arrived the evening they had placed Bonhomme Godron there, he saw something black. He looked at it for a long time, he had never seen anything like that before! He went back immediately, and went to bed. The next evening he came again, advanced a little closer, looked for a long time, and shook his head. At that moment, a frog jumped in the water *tchoappe*. Compair Lapin flattened on the ground, as if crushed, and in two jumps he reached his house. He remained three days without returning, and Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet were beginning to despair, and to believe that it was true that Compair Lapin did not drink at all. But it was enough for this one that it was forbidden for him to be still more anxious to drink. "Oh! well," said he; "I don't care! I have some money here, but the remainder is hidden in the briars. If they catch me, I shall pay the police, and they will let me go. Besides, I have the protection of the daughter of the king; every night, she comes to see me. It would be very strange, if she did nothing for me. Besides I have always instructed the police to let go a man who had money, and I suppose that they will make no exception for me, for they would lose the money which I would give them."

This reassured him. He started in the evening; it was a beautiful moonlight night, and every one was out late promenading. It was the end of Spring; the honey-suckle perfumed the air, the mocking bird was singing in the pecan tree, there was a light breeze, which caused the leaves of the trees to dance, and the rustle prevented any one to hear him walk. Everybody was in bed, only the dogs, from time to time, were barking at the big clouds, which were fleeing before the wind. "It is my turn now; I, Compair Lapin, I am going to drink, but a drink that will count." He took his calabash. When he arrived at the place where Bonhomme Godron was, the old fellow was still there. It had been warm during the day, and the tar was soft. When Compair Lapin arrived there, he said: "Hum, Hum, you have been long enough in my way. I do not come to drink, that is a thing which I never do, I want to take a bath to-night; get away from here. You don't want to answer? I

tell you that I want to take a bath, you black scoundrel." Bonhomme Godron did not reply; that made Compair Lapin angry. He gave him a slap; his hand remained glued. "Let me go, or I shall strike you with the other hand." Bonhomme Godron did not reply. He struck him *cam* with the other hand; it remained stuck also! "I'll kick you, rascal, if you don't let me go." One foot remained stuck, and then the other one.

Then he said: "You are holding me that they might injure me, you want to try to rob me, but stop, you will see what I am going to do to you. Let me go, or I shall strike you with my head and break your mouth!" As he said that, he struck, and a mule could not hit harder, he was so mad. His head, however, my dear friends, remained stuck also. He was caught, well caught. At daybreak, Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet arrived. When they saw Compair Lapin there, they laughed, they cursed him. They took a cart to bring him to prison, and all along the way they told the people how they had put a trap to catch the most famous rascal there was in the universe. It was the famous Compair Lapin who had so sullied the reputation of the king's daughter that there was not a great prince who wanted to marry Miss Léonine, as Compair Lapin had spoken so much about his being her lover. Master Fox, who was passing, heard all the bad things which Dr. Monkey and Bourriquet were saying about Compair Lapin, and he replied: "Yes, it is true, there is nothing like a thief to catch another thief."

When they were taking Compair Lapin to prison, all who passed on the road threw bricks at him, and they made a true clown of him. When he arrived in the presence of the king, the latter said to him: "Now, I would like to hear what you can say to get out of this scrape." Compair Lapin replied: "When the tree falls, the goat climbs on it! I know I can die but once, I don't care. If it is my money they want, I assure you that they will never see it. When I was free, never Bourriquet and Dr. Monkey tried to quarrel with me, the wild hog knows on what tree he must rub himself. I assure you that they are famous rascals."—"You must not speak in that way before the king, but the king will try your case in a few minutes."—"What I say is well said, I am ready to hear the judgment."—After the king and his friends had consulted together, they found Compair Lapin *guilty* and they condemned him to death. They ordered that he be put in prison until they could find an executioner willing to execute him. The king thought that he would get rid of a fellow who was too cunning for him, and then he would take vengeance on Compair Lapin, because he had injured Miss Léonine's character in such a manner that it was a scandal.

While Compair Lapin was in prison, he was thinking how he would manage to escape forever. He thought that he was in the worst plight than he had ever been before. He said to himself: "By Jove! that is no child's play, I think that I am gone up. Well, as I am tired, let me sleep a little: it will do me good." He lay down on the floor, and, soon after, he was snoring. He began to dream that the beautiful Léonine, the daughter of the king, was making a sign to him to tell him he need not be afraid, that she would fix everything all right. He awoke contented, and at daybreak the jailer opened the door of his prison and said to him: "They have found an executioner willing to execute you, but before that, they must cut off your ears; it is Bourriquet who has offered his services to send you in the other world. Take courage, my old fellow, I am

sorry for you, you are a good fellow, but you risked your life too often. You know that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure; now, it is too late. Good-bye, comrade." At the same moment the sheriff came with his deputies to take him to the place of execution.—They arrived at the steep bank of a little river. There were tall trees, grass, and briars everywhere. They chose a clear space. When they arrived, there was a big crowd: gentlemen, ladies, many children. All had come to see how they were going to kill Compair Lapin. The king was there with all his family. Miss Léonine, the daughter of the king, was there also. Oh! but she was so beautiful with her curls, which shone like gold in the sun. She had a muslin dress as white as snow with a blue sash, and a crown of roses on her head. The eyes of all were turned towards her; she was so pretty that they forgot completely Compair Lapin, who was trembling like a leaf. Yes, indeed, he was sorry to leave such a large fortune and such a beautiful wife as the king's daughter. What pained him the most was to think that perhaps Dr. Monkey or Bourriquet would marry Miss Léonine as soon as he would be dead. Because they both boasted that Compair Lapin was in their way. Without him, they said they would have succeeded long ago.

Now, the king said: "Well, let us put an end to all this; advance Bourriquet, and read Compair Lapin his sentence." The king allowed him to choose his death, as he pleased: to be drowned in the river, burnt alive, or hung on a tree, or to have his neck cut with a sword. "Yes, yes," said Compair Lapin, "all that at once, or one after the other, if that pleases you so much that I should die, well, I am very glad. Only, I was afraid that you would throw me in those great thorns that would tear my skin and I would suffer too much, and then, the snakes and the wasps would sting me. Oh! no, not that, not that at all! Tell the king to do all except throwing me in those briars; for the love of God who is in Heaven, and who will judge you as you judge me!" "Haw! Haw! you are afraid of the thorns? We want to see you suffer, suffer, you scoundrel."—They were making such a noise that the king said: "What is the matter?" He came closer, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Léonine, who had come to see if Compair Lapin was going to die bravely; that is to say, every one thought so, but she had come to encourage him and reassure him, because she had sent word to him secretly, while he was in prison, that even if the rope was around his neck, she, Miss Léonine, would arrive in time to take it off and save him, because she loved him more than anything in the world.

They related to the king and to Miss Léonine what Compair Lapin had said, and how much afraid he was to be thrown in the thorns and to suffer. Miss Léonine came forward and said: "Papa, I have a favor to ask you: I know that you hate Compair Lapin, and I also, because he has sullied my name. Well, I want to make you all see that what they said is not true. I want to see him suffer for all his stories; we must get rid of him, and I ask you to throw him in the briars, and let him rot there; it is good enough for such a rascal." All clapped their hands, they were so glad. "Throw him in the briars, it is there indeed we must throw him," said the king; "he must suffer. Quick! Hurry!"—They took Compair Lapin by each limb, they swung him once; poor devil, he was crying: "No, no, not in the briars, in fire, cut my neck, not in the briars." They said: "twice"—*Vap!* they threw him in a great bunch of thorns.

As Compair Lapin fell in his native country, he sat down, he rubbed his nose, shook his ears, and then he said: "Thank you, all of you, I thought you were stupid, but it is here my mother made me; I am at home here, and not one of you can come here to catch me. Good-bye, I know where I am going." Miss Léonine also was very glad, she knew where she would meet Compair Lapin that very evening. That proves one thing to you, that Compair Lapin was a hypocrite and pleaded false things to know the truth. It proves another thing, that when a woman loves a man, she will do all he wishes, and the woman will do all in her power to save him, and in whatever place the man may be, the woman will go to meet him. This is why they say that what a woman wants, God wants also.

As I was there when all that happened, they sent me here to relate it to you. I have finished.

Extract from the original Creole:

Bonnefoi, Bonnefoi; Lapin, Lapin! Mo va raconté vouszote ein kichoge ki ben drolle, com vouszote va oua, é ki té rivé yn a lontan, lontan.

Can zanimò té gagnin la terre pou yé minme é yé navé pa boucou mouné encor, Bon Dgié té ordonné yé com ça pou pa manzé yé entre yé minme, pa détruit yé minme, mé ké yé té capab manzé zerbe avé tou qualité fri ké yé navé dan mouné. Ça té vo mié, pasqué yé tou so criature é ké ça té fé li la peine can yé té tchué leine à lote; mé ké aussi vite ké yé yé sré manzé zerbe avé fri, Li Bon Dgié, li sré pran plaisir pou té fé yé poussé encor aussi vite pou yé plaisir.

Mé yé pa couté e Maître! Michié Lion comancé manzé mouton, chien manzé lapin, serpent manzé ti zozo, chatte manzé déra, hibou manzé poule. Yé metté yé à manzé entre yé minme, yé sré fini par détruit yé minme, si Bon Dgié té pa vini rété tou ça. Li voye ein gran la sécheresse pou pini yé dé yé criauté. Cété ein kichoge ki ti ben drole tou dé minme, com vouszote a oua. Lair té boucanin, com can yé api bourlé baton coton, té semblé com si yé navé ein ti brouillard. Après soleil couche, ciel té résté rouge comme di fé! * * *

Explanatory note by translator:

It is quite difficult to make a complete collection of the negro tales, as the young generation knows nothing about them, and most of the old people pretend to have forgotten them. It is a strange fact that the old negroes do not like to relate those tales with which they enchanted their little masters before the war. It was with the greatest trouble that I succeeded in getting the characteristic stories. While reading these tales, one must bear in mind that most of them were related to children by childlike people; this accounts for their *naïveté*. As to their origin, I shall not attempt to explain it. I shall be satisfied to give the text and to comment upon it with regard to the morphology and idiomatic expressions. Some of the tales, such as *Ti Bonhomme Godron* and the stories about *Bouki* and *Lapin* are probably to be found in all Creole-speaking countries, but modified by variants in the different localities. I have heard negro women relate a story one way, and the next day change it considerably. The Louisiana Creole tales are probably amplifications of some well-known theme. The Arabian Nights, or La Fontaine's fables, or popular tales from Europe, have doubtless been the origin of many of our local stories. It is nevertheless interesting to note what changes have been made in the foreign tales by a race rude and ignorant, but not devoid of imagination and of a genuine poetical feeling.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

In The Street—Boston Globe

Methinks invisible agencies there are,
 'Twixt soul and soul; that each to each extends
 A salutation, and, in passing, blends
 Its being, by the body's sensual bar
 Impeded not; that none, or near or far,
 Their fellows meet, but that each spirit bends
 In sympathy—is altered in its ends—
 As dips the needle to the northern star.
 If this be fantasy, my soul yet feels
 A perturbation in these thronging streets;
 The agitation of innumerable souls
 Evinced in vagaries my own reveals,
 That like a faithful compass falsely cheats,
 Drawn from its centre by conflicting poles.

Eternity Lane—Frank Sherman—America

The fence on either side is down,
 Or buried under vines and bushes,
 Save where, determined not to drown,
 A picket through the tangle pushes.
 On its gray peak the birds alight
 And trill their carols brief and tender;
 All day a beacon, golden bright,
 It shines in solitary splendor.
 But through the creepers' leafy wall
 No gleam of sunlight ever passes
 To break the night that shadows all
 The cobwebbed growth of groping grasses.
 The rain that rattles on the leaves
 Outside with such a happy laughter,
 Once captive in this prison grieves
 For light and liberty long after.
 No traveler for years has set
 His foot upon the pathway hidden;
 Nor through the weeds forever wet
 For years has any horseman ridden.
 No rut remains of wagon-road;
 The gateway has no gate to span it;
 Only the bat and bulging toad
 Dare venture past the posts of granite.
 One dreams, so silent is the place
 With all its life and light departed,
 That Time has finished here the race,
 And now Eternity has started!

Demons—Pushkin—Transl. by Louise Le Dixon

The dark clouds are hurrying by,
 The moon is shining on the flying snow,
 The sky is overcast.
 The night is dark,
 We drive over an open field.
 The bells are tinkling, tinkling, tinkling—
 Despite my courage it is terrible on these plains;
 "Drive on"—"I cannot, Sire,
 The storm blinds me,
 The road is impassable with snow."
 "Oh! death—the way is obscured,
 We have lost our track,
 What shall we do?
 It is a demon who is leading us astray—
 Look! here! here! he plays, he blows, he spits.
 Now—he impels the horses into the ravine,
 He is there, standing before me like a post.
 There! There!" He glitters for a moment
 And is lost in the darkness.
 The dark clouds are hurrying by,
 The moon is shining on the flying snow,
 The sky is overcast,
 The night is dark.
 We have no more strength to go forward,
 The bells cease tinkling,

The horses stop—
 What is that in the field?
 Perhaps the stump of a tree—
 Perhaps a wolf—
 The storm is ferocious,
 The sighing of the wind,
 The quick-scented horses are snorting
 The devil leaps onward.
 You see the light of his eyes in the darkness
 The horses follow.

The bells are tinkling, tinkling, tinkling—
 I see the ghosts in the black ravine,
 I see the devils in the shadow of the moon,
 Eddy around like leaves in November.
 How many there are!
 Whence are they being whirled?
 Mayhap they are burying a ghost,
 Mayhap they are marrying a gypsy.
 The dark clouds are hurrying by,
 The moon is shining on the flying snow,
 The sky is overcast,
 The night is dark,
 The demons skurry away in groups
 Into infinite space.
 Their plaintive howlings
 Rending my heart.

Yesterday—Richard E. Burton—Harper's Weekly

My friend, he spoke of a woman's face;
 It puzzled me, and I paused to think.
 He told me of her eyes and mouth, the trace
 Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink
 I said: "Oh, yes; but you wrong her years,
 She's only a child, with faiths and fears
 That childhood fit. I tell thee nay;
 She was a girl just yesterday."
 "The years are swift and sure, I trow"
 (Quoth he). "You speak of the long ago."
 Once I strolled in a garden spot,
 And every flower upraised a head
 (So it seemed), for they, I wot,
 Were mates of mine; each bloom and bed,
 Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,
 The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood
 Were known to me; it was my way
 To visit them but yesterday.

Spake one red rose in a language low:
 "We saw you last in the long ago."
 Entering under the lintel wide,
 I saw the room; 'twas all the same;
 The oaken press and the shelves aside,
 The window, small for the sunset flame,
 The book I loved on the table large;
 I ope'd, and lo! in the yellow marge
 The leaf I placed was shrunk and gray.
 I swear it was green but yesterday!
 Then a voice stole out of the sunset glow:
 "You lived here, man, in the long ago."
 'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
 By a hundred paths of pain and glee,
 Till I guess the truth at last, and know
 That yesterday is the Long Ago.

A Load of Hay—Stanley Waterloo—Chicago Tribune

A load of hay in the crowded street,
 A whiff of the scent of clover,
 A change of thought—vague—incomplete—
 A living a young life over.
 A day in August, and clouds of white,
 A shifting of light and shadow,
 The hum of bees and the martin's flight,
 The meadow-larks and the meadow.

Strong arms of men and the yellow green
 Of the swathes, the steady swinging
 Of forms of laborers, strong and lean,
 The scythes with their steely ringing,
 * * * * *
 The roar of trade and the newsboys' call
 And the dream of a moment's over;
 'Twas a brain-wave came through the nose, and all
 From a whiff of the scent of clover!

Ebb-Tide—S. F. Potter

The tide slips from the harbor's mouth,
 The rugged reefs stretch far away,
 The tangled grasses lightly sway,
 And a faint odor of the South
 Comes stealing in across the bay.
 The ships, like phantoms, lie asleep;
 They wait the turning of the tide,
 And ere the dawn will safely glide
 To the broad bosom of the deep,
 Beyond the surf's unceasing chide.
 When in our hearts the tide is low,
 When blackened reefs of old despair
 Rise to our view, we need not care;
 The tide returns: at morn we go
 To sunlit seas and skies more fair.

A South Sea Ditty—Sam. T. Clover—The Journalist

I'm a Borrioboo from Woolloomooloo
 And a king of the Friendly Isles;
 I'm the owner-in-chief of a coral reef
 Where a mermaid sits and smiles;—
 Where a mermaid sits and smiles on me
 As she combs her dark-green locks,—
 And nibbles the seed of the salt sea-weed,
 Which clings to the polypous rocks.
 I have been to sea with a manatee,
 On the back of a big black whale;
 I have warbled a song with a young dugong,
 Who was taking a little sail;—
 Who was taking a little sail with us
 In the South Pacific seas,—
 But we both had a cough and soon left off
 When the whale began to sneeze
 I played fan-tan with a Chinaman
 Who swam ashore from his junk,
 He looked very blue when I won his queue
 And went on a horrible drunk;—
 And went on a horrible, howling drunk
 Because of his sad, sad loss—
 But we put him in jail to weep and wail
 And pray to his Chinese Joss.
 I have hobnobbed, too, with a cannibal crew,
 And sampled their humble fare;
 O, a richer dish than any fried fish
 Was some missionary, rare;—
 Was some missionary rarely cooked,
 Served up on a wooden skewer,—
 He was done to a fault, and with pepper and salt
 Was fit for an epicure.
 I have played leap-frog with the pert sea-hog
 On the top of the bounding wave;
 I have straddled a spar with a shipwrecked tar
 Till he sank to his deep-sea grave;—
 Till he sank to his deep-sea grave below
 Where the sea-ghouls laid in wait,—
 And shrieked with glee at their banquet free
 As they dined off the Captain's mate.
 I have sat in the shade with a young mermaid
 As she fanned herself with her tail;
 I have heard her sigh when I swore to die
 If my love should ever fail;—
 If my love should ever fail for her
 My queen of the tropical seas,—
 Then I stole a kiss from this mythical miss
 As I gave her fin a squeeze.

But away she ran with a gay merman
 Who brought her a fine-tooth comb;
 It was mother-of-pearl and it caught my girl,
 For she left my house and home;—
 For she left my house and she left me too
 Alone on this coral reef,—
 And I sit and moan in an undertone
 For I'm overcome with grief.

The Old Line Fence—A. W. Bellaw—Detroit Free Press
 Zig-zagging it went

On the line of the farm,
 And the trouble it caused
 Was often quite warm,
 THE OLD LINE FENCE.

It was changed every year
 By decree of the court,
 To which, when worn out,
 Our sires would resort
 WITH THE OLD LINE FENCE.
 In hoeing their corn,
 When the sun, too, was hot,
 They surely would jaw,
 Punch or claw, when they got
 TO THE OLD LINE FENCE.

In dividing the lands
 It fulfilled no desires,
 But answered quite well
 In "dividing" our sires,
 THIS OLD LINE FENCE!
 Though sometimes in this
 It would happen to fall,
 When, with top rail in hand,
 One would flare up and scale
 THE OLD LINE FENCE!

Then the conflict was sharp
 On debatable ground,
 And the fertile soil there
 Would be mussed far around
 THE OLD LINE FENCE.
 It was shifted so oft
 That no flowers there grew.
 What frownings and clods,
 And what words were shot through
 THE OLD LINE FENCE!

Our sires through the day
 There would quarrel or fight
 With a vigor and vim,
 But 'twas different at night
 BY THE OLD LINE FENCE.
 The fairest maid there
 You would have descried
 That ever leaned soft
 On the opposite side
 OF AN OLD LINE FENCE.

Where our fathers built hate
 There we builded our love,
 Breathed our vows to be true
 With our hands raised above
 THE OLD LINE FENCE.
 Its place might be changed
 But there would we meet
 With our heads through the rails
 And with kisses most sweet,
 AT THE OLD LINE FENCE.

It was love made the change
 And the clasping of hands
 Ending ages of hate,
 And between us now stands
 NOT A SIGN OF LINE FENCE.
 No debatable ground
 Now kindles alarms.
 I've the girl I met there,
 And, well, both of the farms,
 AND NO LINE FENCE.

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 The Practice of Letters : *Macmillan's.
 Victor Hugo : Toute la Lyre : A. C. Swinburne : *Fortnightly.
 Walter Scott at Work : E. H. Woodruff, A. D. White : Scribner's.
 Work of John Ruskin : Dr. Chas. Waldstein : Harper's.
 Zola : Mrs. Emily Crawford : *Contemp. Rev.

Medical and Sanitary :

- Compulsory Vaccination : J. A. Picton : *Contemp. Rev.
 Life in a London Hospital : *Westminster.
 New Facts in Alcoholic Heredity : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Physical Training of Young Children : Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Vaccination by Act of Parliament : *Westminster.

Military and Naval:

- Federation versus War: *Westminster.
 Machine Guns and Coast Defence: Capt. Verney: *Nat. Rev.
 The British Fleet: Chas. Beresford: *XIX. Century.
 The First Regiments of U. S. Colored Troops: Belford's.
 War: General Viscount Wolseley: *Fortnightly.

Miscellaneous Essays:

- Cathedral-Room for Neglected Records: *XIX. Century.
 Handwriting of our Kings and Queens: *Leisure Hour.
 The Decay of Lying: Oscar Wilde: *XIX. Century.
 The Wise and Foolish Virgins: J. S. A. Herford: *Nat. Rev.

Natural History Sketches:

- Dance of the Lady Crab: T. H. Morgan: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Photographing the Big-Horn: Fred. H. Chapin: Scribner's.
 Story of British Bloodhounds: G. Stables: *Leisure Hour.
 Greatest Singer of the World: J. F. Rowbotham: *Good Words.
 The Harvest Mouse: Grant Allen: *Good Words.
 The Sand Grouse: Duke of Argyll: *Good Words.

Poetry of the Month:

- A Colonial Valentine: Clinton Scollard: Harper's.
 A Couple of Ducks: Fred. Langbridge: *Leisure Hour.
 A Friend: Annie Kent: Harper's.
 A Lyric of Lyrics: Richard H. Stoddard: Scribner's.
 A Natural Conclusion: Julie M. Lippman: Century.
 A Night Paddle: W. B. Harte: Outing.
 A Plea to Mary: Marg. H. Lawless: Catholic World.
 A Shot on the Mountain: J. W. Rumble: Belford's.
 A Song of Pleasure: Maybury Fleming: Scribner's.
 Ad Lucem per Te: Emily H. Heckey: *Leisure Hour.
 After Five Years: Lippincott's.
 An Outing: Jay Gee: Outing.
 Ballade of Arcadia: Robert Richardson: *Temple Bar.
 Coming from the Fields: H. S. Edwards: Century.
 Estrangement: Langdon E. Mitchell: Century.
 Eurytochus Transformed: W. P. Stafford: Atlantic.
 Fruition: Kate Putnam Osgood: Century.
 Funeral March (Chopin): *Cornhill.
 Hero and Leander: Schiller: Th. Martin: *Blackwood's.
 Hymn of Faith: Eli Shepperd: Cosmopolitan.
 Mizpah: Homer Greene: Lippincott's.
 My Boat: Arthur C. Hall: Outing.
 Omnia autem Probat: Louise I. Guiney: Catholic World.
 On a Sun-dial: Richard Wilton: *Leisure Hour.
 Peaked Rock: Caroline Hazard: Century.
 Scotch Songs: Amélie Rives: Harper's.
 Singing Flame: Coates Kinney: Harper's.
 Snow: Annie R. Aldrich: Scribner's.
 Sunset Blessings: Frank Waters: Catholic World.
 The All-Kind Mother: Jas. Whitcomb Riley: Century.
 The Devil's Balloon: C. P. C.: Century.
 The Key Note: Mary Bradley: Lippincott's.
 The Old Tune: Irene Putnam: Belford's.
 The Singing Heart: Danske Dandridge: Cosmopolitan.
 The Way: Annie Fields: Harper's.
 Three Days' Grace: Sarah J. Burke: Outing.
 Time for Us to Go: C. G. Leland: *Longman's.
 To J. S. D.: Christopher P. Cranch: Scribner's.
 To M. B.: R. H. Stoddard: Cosmopolitan.
 To R. H. S.: M. B.: Cosmopolitan.
 To my Violin: Thomas Rae: *Longman's.
 To Sleep: Helen Gray Cone: Lippincott's.
 Two Valentines: F. D. Sherman, L. R. R.: Century.
 Valentine: Ariel Siegfried: Cosmopolitan.
 Vision of Beatrice: Samuel Byrne: Catholic World.
 Waiting for the Cat to Die: J. W. Riley: Harper's.

Political Science:

- A Canadian American Liaison: Wat. Griffin: Mag. Am. Hist.
 A Few Practical Facts for Senator Edmunds: Belford's.
 Australian Side Lights: E. W. Beckett: *XIX. Century.
 Bryce's Amer. Commonwealth: F. Harrison: *XIX. Cent.
 Chaos in the House of Commons: G. O. Morgan: *Contem.
 European Outlook for 1889: *National Review.
 International Extradition: Henry W. Rogers: Forum.
 Islam as a Political System: A. T. Sibbald: *Nat. Review.
 Obstacles to Annexation: Marquis of Lorne: Forum.
 Politics, 1705-1707 A. D.: G. B. L. Woodburne: *Nat. Rev.
 Shall Negro Majorities Rule? J. T. Morgan: Forum.
 The Autumn Session: *Blackwood's.
 The New Queen of the Pacific: *Westminster.
 The Spirit of American Politics: C. W. Clark: Atlantic.

- Two Political Centenaries: Henry Dunckley: *Contemp. Rev.
 Value of Chinese Alliance: D. C. Boulger: Nat. Rev.

Religious and Ethical:

- Cambridge Apostles of 1830: J. Wedgwood: *Contemp. Rev.
 Foundation of Ethics: W. S. Lilly: Forum.
 Future of Agnosticism: Fred. Harrison: *Fortnightly.
 How the Blind See: John A. Mooney: Cath. World.
 How Shall We Teach Morality? Thos. McMillen: Cath. World.
 Our Lady of Lourdes: G. J. Cowley-Brown: *Blackwood's.
 Scientific Basis of Optimism: W. H. Mallock: *Fortnightly.
 The Church and the Working-Man: C. M. Morse: Forum.
 The Stones Shall Cry Out: A. F. Marshall: Catholic World.

Scientific and Industrial:

- A Reply to Our Appellant: Duke of Argyll: *Contemp. Rev.
 Demoniacal Possession and Insanity: A. D. White: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 How We See, Hear and See: *Leisure Hour.
 Is Our Climate Changing? C. Abbe: Forum.
 Isolation or Survival of Unfittest: *XIX. Century.
 Revival of Hand Spinning: A. Fleming: Century.
 Shooting Stars: Sir R. S. Ball: *Good Words.
 Song and Science: Bishop of Ripon: *Good Words.
 The New Talking Machines: P. G. Hubert, Jr.: Atlantic.

Sociological Questions:

- A Thousand More Mouths Every Day: *XIX. Century.
 Are Good Women Characterless? E. L. Linton: Forum.
 Clubs for Working Girls: Maude Stanley: *XIX. Century.
 Competitive Element in Modern Life: H. C. Potter: Scribner's.
 Ethics of Cannibalism: H. H. Johnston: *Fortnightly.
 Growth and Decay of Class Distinctions: *Westminster.
 In the Year 2889: Jules Verne: Forum.
 Indian Problem and Catholic Church: M. Marty: Cath. World.
 Mines and Miners: *Leisure Hour.
 Negro of the United States: *Leisure Hour.
 Paris Exhibition of 1889: *Westminster.
 Physical Development of Women: D. A. Sargent: Scribner's.
 Prisons and Prisoners: Alexander H. Japp: *Gentleman's.
 Reforms that Do Not Reform: Edw. Atkinson: Forum.
 Safeguards of the Suffrage: Washington Gladden: Century.
 Slow Burning Construction: Edward Atkinson: Century.
 Social Problems: Edward E. Hale: Cosmopolitan.
 The Colonies and Colonization: *Westminster.
 The Feeding of London: W. J. Gordon: *Leisure Hour.
 The Indian in Canada: W. Macdonald Oxley: *Macmillan's.
 The Unemployed and the Donna: Miss Trench: *Longman's.

Sporting Topics:

- A Russian Wolf Hunt: Tom Bolton: Outing.
 American College Athletics: R. M. Hurd: Outing.
 Herne the Hunter: Wm. P. Brown: Outing.
 Jersey City Athletic Club: C. L. Meyers: Outing.
 Memories of Yacht Cruises: R. F. Coffin: Outing.
 On Blades of Steel: R. B. Herrald: Outing.
 Sleighing: Will H. Whyte: Outing.
 Winter Shooting in South Carolina: C. W. Boyd: Outing.

Travel and National Studies:

- A Brahmin School-Girl: Mrs. Kingscote: *XIX. Century.
 A Russian Village: V. Verestchagin: Harper's.
 A Winter in Syria: M. E. Grant Duff: *Contemp. Rev.
 A Winter Night with the Highland Crofter: *Good Words.
 Across Wyoming on Horseback: Lewis P. Robie: Outing.
 Ancient Rome and Recent Discoveries: Atlantic.
 Around Lake Superior: Wm. H. Ballou: Cosmopolitan.
 At the Saeter: Bishop of Wakefield: *Good Words.
 Berkeley Castle: Elizabeth Balch: *Eng. Ill. Mag.
 Dakota: P. F. McClure: Harper's.
 East Africa As It Was and Is: J. Thomson: *Contemp.
 Fairies and Druids of Ireland: Chas. de Kay: Century.
 Gwalior: Hon. Lewis Wingfield: *Eng. Ill. Mag.
 How I Reached my Highest Point: J. Thomson: Good Words.
 Koreans at Home: F. G. Carpenter: Cosmopolitan.
 Nepal the Land of the Goorkhas: H. Ballentine: Harper's.
 Norway and its People: B. Björnson: Harper's.
 Notes from the Congo: *Blackwood's.
 Old Vauxhall Gardens: Austin Dobson: Scribner's.
 On the Slopes of Olympus: J. T. Bent: *Gentleman's.
 Over the Cossack Steppes: David Ker: Cosmopolitan.
 Pictures of the Far West: Mary Hallock Foote: Century.
 Picturesque Quality of Holland: Geo. Hitchcock: Scribner's.
 The Yezidees, or Devil Worshipers: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Visit to Bokhara: George Curzon: *Fortnightly.
 Visit to Holy Meshed: Thos. Stevens: Cosmopolitan.

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Tennyson's recent severe illness was brought on through indulgence in a life-long passion for walking in the rain.—George Kennan, author of the *Century's* Siberian articles, is forty-three years old, has a spare figure, a long, thin face, a mouth concealed by a heavy mustache; and eyes large and dark.—Sainte-Beuve once said to Taine in the heat of an historical discussion: "Taisez-vous, Taine! You know books, but you know nothing about men."—Mrs. Richard Realf has collected her husband's poems, copyrighted them and will shortly issue them in book form.—Amanda M. Douglas, the popular novelist, who for the last fifteen years has been the chief support of her father, mother and sister, writes novels at the rate of two a year.—Browning says that *How the Good News was Brought from Ghent to Aix* was written under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, when he was shaken up by travel; it has no historic basis.—E. P. Roe's most popular novels are being translated into German.—J. O. Halliwell Phillips, the famed Shakespearean scholar and critic, died recently.—Lord Coleridge has already collected \$35,000 for the widow and daughters of Matthew Arnold.—Bugle Echoes, by F. F. Browne, is the best collection of war poetry published for years.—Prof. William T. Harris is writing in favor of compulsory education.—Dr. Jon Arnason, of Reykjavik, Iceland's most interesting literary character, died recently.—A permanent library, composed solely of books written by women, is to be established in Paris.—Mayo W. Hazeltine, the famous book reviewer of the *Sun*, and Blakely Hall have been added to the staff of *Collier's Once a Week*.—English Men of Action is the title of a new biographic series published by the Macmillans.—Harriet E. Francis, wife of the Hon. John M. Francis, of Troy, has written *Across the Meridian*, a book describing her recent travels with her husband.

Richard Whiteing, the well-known correspondent, has written a book which he calls *Wonderful Escapes*.—Canon Baynes, compiler of a well-known collection of hymns under the title *Lyra Anglicana* and author of several English religious works, was recently arrested for obtaining money under false pretences.—Marion Crawford is thoroughly familiar with German, French and Italian, reads Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian, and has a bowing acquaintance with Turkish and Russian.—Of all the seven or eight volumes Mrs. Mary J. Preston has published not fifty copies were bought in her own state of Virginia, except the one book *Beechenbrook*.—Adolphe Jullien's work on Wagner will be followed by a similar volume on Berlioz.—A new dramatization of *As in a Looking Glass* has been made.—There is a movement on foot to raise a memorial to Christopher Marlowe in his native city of Canterbury.—Mary Kyle Dallas, who has been writing short stories for twenty-five years, now issues her first novel, *Adrietta*.—Baron Nordenskjöld is engaged on a geographical work to embrace fifty-one maps published in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.—William Ralston, the well-known writer of folk-lore, myths, and other subjects, has been made insane by too close study of the mysterious Whitechapel murders.—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill recently purchased over fifty copies of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* for presents among their young friends.—Almost the first literary work of Arsene Houssaye, the French author, was the writing of extravagant romances

for wandering minstrels.—Of Gustave Aimard's book, *The Rebel Chief*, it is said: "It deals, fatally, with three generations of a distinguished Mexican family, and in the final chapter leaves no survivors but the author and the publisher."—The *Athenæum* rashly asserts that the whole delightful array of female novelists has never yet been able to distinguish a gentleman from that other person known as a "cad."—The total resources of the widow of the late Prof. Richard A. Proctor are stated to be only \$750.—Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brincker* has been translated into French, German, Dutch and Russian.—Of Gen. Sheridan's *Memoirs* the *Saturday Review* says: "We doubt if such a delicate piece of work was ever done with less egotism and more consideration for his comrades of all ranks."—Queen Victoria wishes Sir Theodore Martin to undertake a *Life of the Emperor Frederick*.—The *Industrial Day* is a new Richmond monthly published in the interests of the negro race.

Edmund Yates, who made in America the money that started the *London World*, nets from this paper about \$30,000 a year.—Mr. Gladstone says he can quote from memory any page of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* in the original if the first line is given him.—Constance Fennimore Woolson, says the *Atlanta Constitution*, "has about as absolute a misconception of the Southern dandy, his mode of thought, his speech, his actions, as one could possibly have."—The Duchess finds most of her characters in her dreams.—Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, has patented a music rack and a bath shoe.—Bishop Steere has translated *The Pilgrim's Progress* into the language of Zanzibar.—Dr. James McCosh, of Princeton, looks a typical Scot: he is tall, with gray eyes and grayer hair, and little whiskers alongside of his ears.—Rider Haggard has become a vegetarian.—James Russell Lowell was recently elected president of the Modern Language Association of America.—Mrs. Cleveland is engaged in translating a French novel into English.—Guy de Maupassant and his valet are to make an excursion to Central Africa, disguised in the black burnouse of the Arab.—Miss J. Walt Whitman, the "handsome English cousin of the poet," is sitting for an eminent Danish sculptor as a model for "Literature" for the Academy.—E. C. Gardner, architect and writer of Springfield, Mass., has dramatized Dr. J. G. Holland's story, *Baypath*.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox has just written *The Punishment of Nione*, a poem in twenty-seven stanzas, which critics have pronounced bold and passionate.—John D. Adams, of Oswego, has succeeded Wolcott Balestier as editor of *Time*.—Josephine Lazarus is credited as being the author of the recent *Century* article on her sister, Emma Lazarus.—Oscar Wilde is a gloomy critic: he thinks Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin are all right, but other writers are "terribly dull and cumbersome, heavy in movement, and uncouth in expression."

Charlotte Porter is the editor of *Poet-Lore*, a new Philadelphia magazine devoted to Browning, Shakespeare and the comparative study of literature.—George Kennan has been elected President of the Literary Society of Washington, D. C.—Richard A. Proctor's representatives have sold the copyright of his monthly magazine *Knowledge*; and in its new form religious and social questions will be omitted.—E. Nesbit's new book, *Leaves of Life*, has many tender thoughtful poems for those who

delight in introspective moods.—Edmund Gosse is to lecture shortly on Leigh Hunt at the Royal Institution.—Countess Tolstoi does not sympathize with her husband's extreme religious views, and threatens, if he attempts to carry out his plans of selling all that he has for the benefit of the poor, to ask for an official investigation of his sanity.—Mrs. S. A. Curzon, author of *Laura Secord*, is writing a dramatic story of the time of Louis XIV., for the *Canadian Advance*.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been writing an Answer to the criticisms on Robert Elsmere.—Robert Burns Wilson, so says Jas. Whitcomb Riley, is a noble fellow whose art is a religion with him.—Walter Besant made a funny mistake in his latest novel, *For Faith and Freedom*, when he described one of his characters as going "on board a steamer bound for New England" in 1687.—Alfred Trumble recently had the courage to say of Mrs. Rives-Chanler's preface to the new edition of the *Quick or the Dead*: "Her explanation of her heroine's character will satisfy all reasonable people, and there are many that were able to appreciate her story and her own fine mental attitude without any explanation."—Two Offerings, a newly found unpublished poem of Longfellow's, appeared recently.

Adirondack Murray is lecturing on *How to Become a Millionaire*.—The *Princeton College Bulletin* is the title of a quarterly, devoted to philosophy, science and literature.—Swinburne is said to be sorry that he published certain of his poems.—Marion Crawford's new novel is *Griefenstein*.—Prof. James Bryce is a member of Parliament, a professor at Oxford, a lecturer at the Inns of Court, a man of affairs generally, and a tireless student and writer.—Mary Thatcher Higginson, wife of T. W. Higginson, writes occasional poems of real merit.—The distinguished Swedish novelist, Emilie Flygaré Carlén, has just published *Gleanings from my Fifty Years of Authorship*.—George Meredith and his novels are growing rapidly into favor of the best thinking American readers of fiction.—The late W. J. Thoms invented the word "folk-lore" for use in English, but it has now been adopted by the French.—Rev. W. H. Thorne, author of *Modern Idols*, has founded a new church, in which he will teach a Universal Religion.—Last summer T. de Thulstrup, the artist, and Theodore Child spent several months travelling in Russia, for the collection of material for a series of articles on Russia for *Harper's Magazine*.—Eric Mackay, the son of the verse-writer Charles Mackay, is a broad-shouldered, stout young man, rejoicing in thick uncombed masses of black hair, which, they say, make him "look like a poet."—Stanley Middleton, the Boston artist, has made an excellent painting from a scene of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' *Madonna of the Tubs*.—A sister of Mrs. Stannard (the military novelist known as John Strange Winter), is private secretary to George Augustus Sala.—Miss Vida Croly, daughter of Jennie June, is a member of the Madison Square Company.—Chas. F. Richardson, in his *American Literature*, refers to Edith M. Thomas as "one who strayed from the Elizabethan days into ours, with bright, gracious nature-chronicles, preludes to a chorus triumphant, many-voiced and long."—A bust of the late Louisa M. Alcott has been cut out in marble by Walton Ricketson, of Boston.

Rev. C. D. Southey, a son of the poet Southey, lately died in England.—Parthenia Antoinette Hague has written the story of *A Blockaded Family*, giving in an easy, kindly, sympathetic style the every-day life in Southern Alabama during the dark days of Civil War.—Prof. Paolo Mantegazza, the famous Italian scientist, has

just issued the first part of his work on the causes of the nervousness of the present age.—Mrs. Burnett is writing a new play.—Georges Ohnet is a short, lithe and active man, with eyes sparkling with fun, and a mouth wearing a satirical smile, and uttering brilliant gay and reckless sentences.—Philip G. Hamerton has in press a new volume of essays.—The *New York World* says of Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "Cheerful, shrewd, plain spoken, sprightly and succinct, she furnishes precisely the pleasant musical truisms that the world enjoys the reiteration of, which it cuts out and carries about in its pocketbook."—David Lowry, of Pittsburgh, is becoming well-known for his clever fiction in the magazines.—The distinguished Latin scholar and lexicographer, Prof. Karl E. Georges, recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his entry upon his professional career.—Miss Augusta Clinton Winthrop, of Boston, is contributing some charming poems to the *Independent*.—Frank Stockton, they say, thinks out much of his work in a hammock swung in his library, and will spend, if necessary, three days in polishing a bit of 200 words, so brilliant that you can see your face in it.—Sir Robert Morier has nearly completed a volume of diplomatic reminiscences.—When J. H. Shorthouse sent a copy of *John Inglesant* to Cardinal Newman, the latter replied that he had read the book with much interest; "but," he added, "I observe that it lacks an index."—Maria Henrietta, Queen of the Belgians, assisted by her daughter, the Princess Clementine, has started a magazine entitled *La Jeune Fille*.

Ernest Shurtleff, the young poet, is at Pasadena, California.—Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has been appointed a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education.—Jean Richepin is to write the preface for the translation of the complete works of Marlowe, recently announced in Paris.—Mrs. Robert L. Stevenson, it is said, resembles Lotta, the actress.—Hon. Geo. V. Lothrop, ex-minister of the United States to Russia, recently stated that Mr. Kennan's pictures of Russian prison-life are greatly exaggerated.—Zola says, "You have a pack of translators and publishers over there in the United States who are a disgrace to the great Republic and to this nineteenth century."—Prof. Delius, of Bonn, noted for his services to Shakespearean criticism, died recently.—Mr. Edwardes, managing editor of the *New York Evening Sun*, has written a story of Puritan times, which has received high praise.—William Winter is described "as a slightly built man of about fifty, with gray hair falling in picturesque confusion over a high forehead, beneath which look out a pair of dreamy, poetic eyes, that snap and sparkle in accompaniment to happy witticism or ready sarcasm."—An Australian traveller, Dr. Max Ritter von Proskowetz, will shortly publish the story of a strange trip over the Russian railway to central Asia.—Rufus King, in his "Ohio" in the excellent *American Commonwealth Series*, gives a strong, graphic and succinct story of the formative period of the State.—Prof. Richardson says of Henry James: "Behind all his books stands the author, never more visible than the live man in Maelzel's automaton chess-player."

Harry Quilter, whose new *Universal Review* has been a success from the start, has come into a neat legacy of \$530,000 by the death of his father.—Prof. David Swing has joined the agnostics by asking the terrible question, Is Browning a poet?—At the last seance of the Academy of Morals and Politics, in Paris, Jules Simon recommended a new work by Germain Bapst for flattering mention.—The *New Princeton Review* has been pur-

chased by Ginn & Co., Boston, to be merged in the Political Science Quarterly.—Wilkie Collins is an assiduous worker, sitting at his desk almost all day, and finding his recreation in a game of whist in the evening at his club.—Mrs. James T. Fields has been lecturing to the Boston women on the duty of "Giving."—Blanche Willis Howard says, "probably no publisher is so lavish in the matter of author's copies as Tauchnitz, and so amiable in sending not only one's own books, but also those of other people."—Robert J. Burdette declares that, though he writes continually for the Sunday papers, he has not read one for four years.—Olive Schreiner, author of *The Story of an African Farm*, is busy on a series of allegories on ethical questions, a new edition of Mary Wollstonecraft's writings which she is editing, and another novel.—Jules Ferry owes his first success as a political writer to a series of articles on the financial condition of Paris.—The *Fiery Cross* is a new Boston monthly, published in the interests of the Order of Scottish Clans.—F. C. Phillips, author of *As in a Looking-Glass*, now a successful lawyer, has been a soldier, a journalist, and a theatrical manager.—The first volume of America's Younger Poets published by the Westminster Publishing Co. shows verse virile as well as delicate, that promises much when further developed.—"If I had been able to follow my own inclination," says Alexandre Dumas, "I should have occupied myself, to a large extent, with horses and dogs, fencing and the chase, and above all with gymnastics."—J. H. Shorthouse is a short man, and has a rather strong face, a big nose, black hair and an impediment in his speech.—Laurence Oliphant published his first book, *A Journey to Katmandhu*, when he was in his twenty-third year.

Olive Thorne Miller confesses to an inclination to mysticism, and says she has yet to find the creed that is broad enough for her.—Huntington Smith, of *The Literary World*, now assumes the literary editorship of the *Boston Beacon*.—Robert Buchanan is not troubled with the modesty shown by Tennyson, as to memoirs, and is now finishing his literary reminiscences.—Victorien Sardou is a believer in magnetism, hypnotism, second sight, and all such phenomena.—A Brussels writer places Mr. Henry M. Stanley by the side of Ulysses and Aeneas.—Goldwin Smith is setting forth his personal recollections in a volume of *Observations of a Lengthened Experience*.—Wilfred Blunt, who married a daughter of Byron's Ada, has lately completed a volume of verse, mostly in sonnets.—Patience Stapleton, the writer of Western stories, is the wife of Wm. Stapleton, managing editor of the *Denver Tribune*.—Swinburne, standing scarcely five feet in high-heel boots, has an immense head covered with wild, unkempt hair; a face, pale, livid, and almost ghastly; and a mouth small and girlish in expression.—The intrepid Austrian African explorer, Wilhelm Junker, is to publish an account of his travels.—Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is sixty-three years old, and a hard worker, with no desire for newspaper fame, living a secluded life with her two children near Windsor Castle.—Andrew Lang has succeeded the Earl of Strathford as president of the Folk-Lore Society.—Minna Irving, who writes passion verses, is known in private life as Minnie Odell.—Jules Claretie, the brilliant French journalist and art critic, is President of the Society of French Authors, Director of the *Comédie Française*, a member of the French Academy, and the literary leader of *La Vie Parisienne*.—Joel Benton's home at Amenia, N. Y., is called "the house of the seven fire-places."—

Sofia Santanelli has translated into Italian T. W. Higginson's *History of the United States*.—Mrs. Gladstone once said that her husband considered it one of his most sacred duties to do his utmost to check the strong flood of infidelity which is sweeping over England.

Dr. John Martin Crawford, translator of the *Kalevala*, may be sent to Finland in the spring under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.—Daudet is so deeply interested in the education of his oldest boy, who is to read Sappho at 21, that he revamped his own Latin and Greek in order to coach him.—In speaking of John Ward, Preacher, Whittier recently said that we need no more proof of immortality than the incompleteness of this life, and he added "it was quite certain that we are not going to be much different in the other life than we are in this."—Amelia B. Edwards is as much at home among the temples and pyramids of Egypt as in the cathedral towns of England.—Marion Wilcox, the author, is in the south of France for the season.—Andrew Lang's *Letters on Literature*, are to be reprinted in book form from the *Independent*.—Ouida has been writing for forty-one years, having begun her literary career by a story when four years old.—Edward L. Bynner's new novel, *The Begum's Daughter*, is to run as a serial in the *Atlantic*.—"Mr. Furnivall," says R. H. Stoddard, "was the founder of the Chaucer Society, and later the presumptuous originator of the various English Browning societies; he has not yet, however, started a Swinburne or a Tennyson Society."—Oscar Browning is mentioned among the prominent candidates for the Provostship of King's College, Cambridge, England.—Ex-Pres. Andrew D. White, of Cornell, is on his way to make a trip up the Nile and to finish a two-volume work on mythology.—Mabel Collins, who writes much on theosophy, is a daughter of Charles Dickens.—Archibald Forbes, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, compares Gen. Sheridan's innate genius for war and personal magnetism with that of Skobelev.—Edgar Saltus has written for early publication a novel boldly called *The Girl with the Naked Eye*.

Edgar L. Wakeman, founder of the *Current*, and for some time its successful editor, is now travelling in Ireland and writing newspaper letters.—Hall Caine thinks the reading world is suffering from a dreadful bout of literary dyspepsia.—Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, author of *The Led-Horse Claim*, is the wife of a civil engineer, and has spent most of her married life in the mining camps of the West.—Joshua Frazer, the well-known Canadian author and mineralogist, died recently.—Mrs. George E. James, who is better known as Miss Florence Warden, author of that shocking curdling romance *The House on the Marsh*, has written a new story.—J. F. Johnson is the literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.—Margaret Deland says Robert Elsmere is "a great novel; not so much in what it gives as in what it suggests that one may gain for one's self; it is impossible not to see by the struggle in Robert Elsmere's soul that the Eternal may be reached sometimes without the aid or limitations of creed."—The will of Artemus Ward, the humorist, who died in 1867, has just been admitted to probate.—A Chinese novel is to be the serial in the *Cosmopolitan* during the forthcoming year.—Mrs. Annie S. Coombes, whose writings smack of George Eliot, has written *The Garden of Madeira*, a novel of life in Rome.—Mr. Elliot Stock, the London publisher, is a tall, athletic-looking man with dark hair and beard just turning iron-gray.—Paul B. Du Chaillu, the traveller, is to return to America for a visit of two or three months.—

Richard Henry Stoddard's new volume of poems will be out in March.—"People complain," Darwin once wrote to Prof. Huxley, "of the unequal distribution of wealth; but it is a much greater shame and injustice that any one should have the power to write so many brilliant essays as you have lately done, for there is no one who writes like you."—H. S. Salt will soon publish a *Life of James Thomson*, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*.

John Fiske has embodied the most valuable material of his historical lectures into a clear, polished, scholarly study of *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789*.—Mrs. Burnett receives \$25 for every performance of her dramatization of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.—B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is the son-in-law of Joseph Jefferson, and lives in Adelphi Terrace, a quiet, romantic corner of London overlooking the Thames.—Col. Rives, father of Mrs. Chanler, has been for years general manager of the Panama Railroad Company, and consulting engineer for the Panama Canal, at a salary of \$25,000 a year.—Father Isaac T. Hecker, founder of the *Catholic World*, and an able writer, intensely American in all his ideas, died recently in his seventieth year.—Prof. Freeman is spending his winter in Sicily, delving into Sicilian history for material for a new book.—Julian Hawthorne, it is said, has accepted an offer of \$3,000 for a novel to be used as an advertising medium by an enterprising syndicate.—Catulle Mendès is the eccentric son-in-law of the great Théophile Gautier.—A combined mural monument to Charles Lamb and Cowper, the poet, has been erected in Lower Edmonton Church, near London.—Ruskin's early poems, privately issued in 1850, with some that have never yet been printed, will be published soon by Mr. Allen.—Princess Valerie, the younger daughter of the Austrian Emperor, is very fond of literature, and writes genuine poetry.—A subscription fund has been started in England to erect a memorial of the late Sir Henry Maine in Westminster Abbey.—W. M. Fullerton, literary editor of the *Boston Advertiser*, has gone to Egypt, with Percy Anderson, the English portrait painter.—Frederick Apthorp Paley, editor of the works of many Greek and Latin writers, and grandson of the famous author of *The Evidences of Christianity*, died recently in England.—Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston is to join Mark Twain in a partnership, giving entertainments similar to the Cable-Clemens and the Nye-Riley combinations.—Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, who was the greatest Shakespeare enthusiast in the world, not excepting Mr. Furnivall, when chided for his hobby, would reply, "I used to think I was mad until Furnivall rose, and then I realized that I was sane!"—James Redpath, of the *North American Review*, has gone to Ireland.

Victoria Stuart Mosby, the twenty-year old daughter of Col. John S. Mosby, is now almost entirely devoting herself to literary work.—The Academy thinks Duffield Osborne's *Spell of Ashtaroth* "makes up in power what it lacks in reality."—Mary and Anne, both queens of England, were born in the house where Lawrence Oliphant died.—P. J. Johnson, a brilliant young Washington writer, is responsible for the wit of *The Merchant Traveler*.—Dean Bradley has completed the first part of his life of Dean Stanley, about one-third of the whole work.—Vernon Lee has been ordered off to Algiers by her physician to recuperate before touching her new book of essays.—A German dramatization of William Black's novel, *In Silk Attire*, has been successfully produced at Antwerp.—Mr. Froude's book on Melbourne, Australia, has given birth to a new word, "Froudacity,"

in the Assembly House.—Mrs. Gertrude F. Atherton's new novel, *Hermia Suydam*, in a strong, vigorous way discusses society and marriage.—The biographer of Mrs. Browning, John H. Ingram, defends himself against the charge that his undertaking was discountenanced by her family.—Dr. Alex. Kohut, the eminent Talmudist scholar, has completed, after twenty-five years' labor, an enlarged edition of a lexicon of the Talmud.—Sir Frederick Pollock, whose pleasant *Reminiscences* have been but a short time before the public, died recently.—The Ruskin Reading Guild Journal, a monthly serial, under the editorship of William Marwick, of Arbroath, N. B., is one of the new periodicals.—Ella Loomis Pratt, who has done some clever sketches in Yankee dialect, has written a novel, *A Gentleman of Fairlie*.—Arlo Bates writes in the *Book Buyer* that the number of persons in Boston who write has become so large that it is coming to be all one can do to read the works of acquaintances.—Signor Pompeo Cambiasi will shortly publish at Milan a history of La Scala, the most celebrated opera-house in Italy.—A. P. Southwick, of the *Baltimore American*, who has memorized 1,500 dates in U. S. History, offers to write from memory, under a wager, in the space of six weeks, a novel and interesting Junior or Grammar School History.—"In the handbooks of familiar quotations," so John Morley says, "Wordsworth fills more space than anybody save Shakespeare and Pope."—Albert Ulmann, of the *Jewelers' Weekly* and a member of the N. Y. Press Club, has written a story of New York Life, pleasantly depicting phases yet untouched in our literature.

Mrs. Stranahan's *History of French Painting* has been successfully issued in London.—Mrs. Mary Tucker Magill, a bright Virginian, does clever dialect sketches for Harper's Magazine.—Among the papers in the collection of Mark Pattison's essays which Prof. Nettleship is collecting is a fragment of a biography of Scaliger which Pattison expected to finish.—A. Patchett Martin, late editor of the *Melbourne Review*, is at present engaged on a work on the unity of the British empire.—An illustrated edition of Dickens, in fifty-four volumes, with drawings by American artists, is in preparation by one of the New York publishing houses.—Horace W. Fuller, of Boston, is to edit *The Green Bag*, "a useless but mildly entertaining magazine for lawyers."—Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum, the poet, whose health is still affected by injuries received more than a year ago in a railway accident, is gathering strength at her family home in Columbia, Tenn.—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new novel, *Woven of Love and Glory*, is to appear in *The Sunday Magazine*, the English periodical.—Messrs. Tillotson, of Bolton, have started an office in New York, to supply English novels for American newspapers.—Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson, wife of Rossiter Johnson, editor of the *Little Classics Series*, has a new novel, *Ralph Westgate*, ready for publication.—M. Gerard, better known to the reading world as "Count Vasili," author of daring sketches of the inner life of the European courts, has been appointed French Minister to Montenegro.—A Mrs. Hungerford, a most charming lady resident in the north of Ireland, is said to be the personality masquerading as "The Duchess."—The *Saturday Review* says, apropos of the Beecher biographies: "His wit was that of dissenting tea parties, his sentiment was that of the pawling, sprawling order, most repulsive to a healthy mind."—Sarah Winnemucca, the Indian princess who wrote frontier stories under the nom de plume, "Bright Eyes," now teaches an Indian school.

BOOK INDEX—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT*

Art and Decoration:

- Art in the Modern State: Lady Dilke: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2 50
 Elementary History of Art, Architecture, Sculpture and Painting: N. D'Anvers: Scribner & Co. 3 75
 History of Art: Wm. H. Goodyear: A. S. Barnes & Co., illustrated. 3 00

Biography and Memoirs:

- John Brown: Hermann Von Holst: Edited by F. P. Stearns: Cupples & Hurd. 1 25
 Life of Heinrich Heine: Wm. Sharp: Great Writers Series: Whittaker. 40
 Master Virgil: As he seemed in the Middle Ages: J. S. Tunison: R. Clarke. 2 00
 Memoirs of General Sherman: New edition, revised and enlarged: Appleton: 2 vols. 5 00
 Notes on Conversations with the Duke of Wellington: The Earl of Stanhope: Longmans. 2 50
 Personal Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan: Webster & Co.: 2 vols., illustrated. 6 00

Current Fiction:

- Annie Kilburn: A Novel: Wm. Dean Howells: Harper. 1 50
 Counter-Currents: Author of Justina (in No Name Series): Roberts. 75
 For Faith and Freedom: A Novel: Walter Besant: Harper & Bro. 50
 Gallant Fight: Marion Harland: Dodd, Mead and Co. 1 50
 Hermia Suydam: Gertrude Franklin Atherton: Current Literature Co., paper. 50
 How Men Propose: Love Scenes from popular fiction: Agnes Stevens: McClurg. 1 50
 Lastchance Junction: Far, Far West: Sally Pratt McLean: Cupples & Hurd. 1 25
 Louis Lambert: Honoré de Balzac: Trans. by Katherine P. Wormeley: Roberts. 1 50
 Our Phil, and other Stories: Katharine F. Dana: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., illustrated. 1 25
 Son of a Star: Benjamin Ward Richardson: Longmans, Green & Co. 1 50
 Yone Santo: A Child of Japan: Edward H. House: Belford, Clarke & Co. 1 00

Dramatic and Musical:

- Masks or Faces: A study in the psychology of acting: Wm. Archer: Longmans. 2 75

Historical and Reminiscent:

- American Commonwealth: James Bryce: Macmillan, 2 vols. 6 00
 Civilization of Sweden in Heathen Times: O. Montcleus: Macmillan. 4 50
 Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay: Wm. Root Bliss: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 00
 Economic Interpretation of History: Jas. E. Thorold Rogers: Putnams. 3 00
 Story of Louisiana: Maurice Thompson: Story of the States Series: Lothrop & Co. 1 50
 Travelers and Outlaws: Thos. W. Higginson: Episodes in American History: Lee & Shepard. 1 50

Literary Criticism:

- Bookworm: An illustrated treasury of old-time literature: Armstrong. 3 00
 Stray Leaves of Literature: Frederick Saunders: Thos. Whittaker. 1 25

Miscellaneous Essays:

- Dreams and Dream Stories: Anna Bonus Kingsford: Scribner & Welford. 2 25
 Portfolio Papers: Philip G. Hamerton: With portrait-etching: Roberts. 2 00
 Tempted of the Devil: Passages in the life of a Kabbalist: Cupples & Hurd. 1 50

Poetry of the Month:

- Among the Millet: Archibald Lampman: Durie & Co., Ottawa, Canada. 1 25
 Book of Latter-Day Ballads: Edited by H. F. Randolph: Randolph. 1 25
 Letters, Poems and Selected Prose Writings: David Gray: J. N. Larned, Buffalo, N. Y. 2 00
 Music of the Waters: Laura A. Smith: Brentanos, Importers. 3 60
 Reading of Earth: George Meredith: Roberts. 1 50
 Song of the Palm and other Poems: Tracy Robinson: Brentanos, half-cloth. 1 25

Political Questions:

- Sketch of the Growth of Public Opinion: Samuel Kydd: Armstrong. 1 00

Scientific and Industrial:

- Elements of Analytical Mechanics: P. S. Mitchie: Wiley & Sons. 4 00
 Force and Energy: A Theory of Dynamics: Grant Allen: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 25
 Gleanings in Science: Popular lectures: Gerald Molloy: Macmillan. 2 25
 Physical Realism: Thomas Case: Longmans, Green & Co. 5 00

Sociological and Economic:

- Capital: A Critical Analysis: Karl Marx: Trans. from the 3d German edit.: Appleton. 3 00
 Practical Socialism: Essays on Social Reform: Rev. S. A. Barnett: Longmans. 1 00

Travel and Adventure:

- Irish Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil: R. Lovett: Nelson & Sons. 3 50
 Nine Years in Nipon: Sketches of Japanese Life: Henry Faulds: Cupples & Hurd. 2 00
 The Soul of the Far East: Percival Lowell: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 25

* The idea of this department is to give a reference list of the most desirable books of the month for information to general readers.

SOCIETY VERSE—BRIGHT BITS BY CLEVER POETS*

To treat of trifles in a style not trivial—this is the art of the society poet. It may be taken as an axiom, that the more trifling is the subject of a poem the more exquisite should be the workmanship. Writers of *vers de société* exist by legions; but as fine workmen must in every art be rare, the names which attain to the first rank are few. None but a master of style can write a ballad to his mistress's eyebrow that will live; but for a master-hand there is no theme too slight. De Musset never excelled in finish and felicity the immortal lines on Mimi Pinson's bonnet. Pope on Belinda's ravished lock is at his highest point of sparkle. Gray left no choicer stanzas than the Lines on a Favorite Cat.—

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.
Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purred applause.

Such is the style which turns trifles into gems,—

That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.

The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace is not finer.

Among society poets, *par excellence*, of this century, who have more or less of this preserving quality of style, Praed's is the earliest and, on the whole, is still the highest name. His art, when at its best, was of that highest kind which seems to be spontaneous. Mr. Matthew Arnold has remarked of Wordsworth, with extreme felicity, that nature seems not only to have inspired his greatest poems, but to have written them for him. Just such is the impression of Praed's finest work. Take the merest trifle of it:—

Let's talk of Coplestone and prayers,
Of Kitchener and pies,
Of Lady Sophonisba's airs,
Of Lady Susan's eyes;
Let's talk of Mr. Attwood's cause,
Of Mr. Pocock's play,
Of fiddles, bubbles, rattles, straws!
No politics to-day!

The lines seem to have sprung into being without conscious effort, as the leaves come to a tree. Take a longer specimen—the result is still the same. Here is part of Miss Medora Trevilian's Letter of Advice to Miss Araminta Vavasour, her absent friend:—

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother—
My own Araminta, say No!
If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say No!

* From Temple Bar.

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, water, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he loves not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say No!
Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only "an excellent person,"
My own Araminta, say No!

Such lines possess, in full perfection, what Mr. Arnold, in another of his happy phrases, has called "the note of the inevitable." This stream of verse, limpid and sparkling, dancing like a mountain rill, as if it could not help it, is Praed's peculiar excellence.

Charles Stewart Calverley—the brilliant C. S. C.—was a writer of quite different qualities. His song had more the note of a trained bird's; there is art in every turn of it. His verse is less natural, less "catching," than Praed's; it less often remains humming in the reader's brain like an air which one hears and goes away whistling. He had studied Horace like a lover—his versions of the odes are among the best existing—and that most artistic of all poetic workmen had taught him something of his craft. It is interesting to observe how, in the lightest branches of an art, the study of great masters gives a touch of greatness. Both Praed and Calverley (like Gray) were famous Cambridge classics.

Take a stanza of Calverley's Ode to Tobacco:—

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidd'st them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest!

Just thus might Horatius Flaccus have conceived an ode Ad Tobacconem.

Calverley never wrote anything, in our opinion, better than the piece called In the Gloaming; indeed, there are few better stanzas of their kind existing than the four which we will quote:—

In the gloaming to be roaming where the crested waves are foaming,
And the shy mermaids combing locks that ripple to their feet;
What the gloaming is I never made the ghost of an endeavor
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.
Sweet to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course with some young lady,
Lalagé, Neera, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary Ann— [you
Love, you dear delusive dream you! very sweet your victims deem
When, heard only by the seamew, they talk all the stuff they can.
Then, to bring your plighted fair one first a ring—a rich and rare one—
Next, a bracelet, if she'll wear one, and a heap of things beside;
And serenely bending o'er her, to inquire if it would bore her
To say when her own adorer may aspire to call her bride?
Then, the days of courtship over, with your wife to start for Dover
Or Dieppe—and live in clover evermore, whate'er befalls;
For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks prefer, in fact, a hovel, to your dreary marble halls.

Quite apart from the wit and sparkle of the thought, it is a treat to read lines moving, in the phrase of Marvel, "on plumes so strong, so equal, and so soft."

Calverley, it ought to be remarked, was not a society

poet alone. He was a fine translator; and he was one of the very best of parodists. The Cock and the Bull, after the manner of The Ring and the Book of Mr. Browning, is perhaps the most exquisite piece of mockery in the world.

Mortimer Collins had much of Calverley's Horatian finish—when he chose to use it, which was not always. There is not much choicer work in its own line than A Game of Chess, or Chloe, M.A.—*ad amantem suum*. This last—an admirable example of Mortimer Collins at his best—it will suit us well, in our comparisons of diverse styles, to call to mind.

Careless rhymers ! it is true
That my favorite color's blue :
 But am I
To be made a victim, sir,
If to puddings I prefer
 Cambridge π ?
If with giddier girls I play
Tennis through the summer day
 On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
 Sways the surf.
Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
 If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
 Golden Greek.
You have said my eyes are blue ;
There may be a fairer hue,
 Perhaps—and yet
It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secrets in
 Violet.

Judging by the conclusions of the first stanza and of the last, this most persuasive and engaging of girl graduates possessed one tiny fault—a taste for puns.

Mortimer Collins, Calverley, and Praed have all three passed away. Let us match them with three poets who are still among us: Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Ashby Sterry.

Mr. Locker is, at times, a charming poet. Yet he has some defects which a little mar our pleasure. His verse, which at its best is excellent, is seldom at its best for long together. He has a habit now and then of changing his mood completely, without warning—or passing from the gayest laughter into ecstasies of woe. In the lines To my Grandmother, for example, the sudden change of view from the young and blooming bride, with her bridal wreath, bouquet, lace farthingale and gay falbala, to the poor old woman waiting for the end, afflicts us with a sense of pain, but nothing more. The pathos has been sprung upon us when we are out of tune with it; we have had no time to quench our laughing humor. The effect, at least to us (and in this we speak only for ourselves) is as if a marriage chime had died into a knell, as if a harlequin had burst into tears, as if a death's-head had grinned suddenly upon our joyous feast. Probably, the first half of the poem was written at a different time, and in a different humor, from the last half. But the reader, who runs through the whole poem in two minutes, has not time to change his mood with speed enough to correspond.

Yet, when all is said, Mr. Locker's place stands very high. Some of his best verses are quite captivating; these, from the first half of the very poem—To my Grandmother—of which we have been speaking:

This relative of mine
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died ?

By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen
As a bride.
Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste—
What an arm ! and what a waist
For an arm !
With her bridal wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala—
Were Romney's limning true
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa !
Her lips are sweet as love ;
They are parting ! do they move ?
Are they dumb ?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, " Come !"
What funny fancy slips
From between those cherry lips !
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee ?

Could anything be better, also, of their kind, than these stanzas from the poem To my Mistress's Boots?—

They nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat !
This palpitation means
That the boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that !
O, where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet ?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet !
The fairy stitching gleams
On the toes and in the seams,
And reveals
That Pixies were the wags
Who tipped these funny tags
And the heels.
The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.
Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss-in-boots
These to don,
Set your little hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

Mr. Locker has a natural love for what is old and of the past—an old muff, an old oak-tree, an old letter, an old cradle—these are among his themes of song. The lines on An Old Cradle, we must not quote in full as we should like to do; but here are two stanzas:—

And this was your cradle ? why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny,
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.
To hint at an infantine frailty were scandal;
Let by-gones be by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

And here is the delightful termination:—

Ay, here is your cradle ! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But hark ! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in it's bed.

Mr. Austin Dobson is not, in our opinion, a society poet, but a serious poet, first of all. Such stanzas as *The Song of Angiola in Heaven* are fine and great poetry, and will endure. But his lighter work is often admirable of its kind. It has a color of its own, not easy to define, but quite distinct, and not the least resembling that of any of the writers at whom we have been glancing. The masters whom he most delights to study are not classical, but French; and perhaps no English writer has more skilfully adopted foreign forms of verse—the *rondeau*, in particular. He is a poet, too, of great variety of subjects, and very difficult to represent by extracts. Of his very lightest manner *Tu Quoque*: an *Idyll* in the Conservatory, is an admirable example. De Musset, in his happiest humor, could hardly have improved the little comedy.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, *pretend* I recollected,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss MacTavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer,
Whiff of the best, the mildest honeydew,
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the *Cynical Review*—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! you would! why, Frank, you're quite delightful?
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue—
Borrow my fan—I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause"—I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu;
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will—at once—and by express, sir,
Where shall it be? to China, or Peru?—
Go! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK;

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.
Ah! you are strong—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted.

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?

FRANK.

I should confess that I was *piquet*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

Waltz—exceunt.

Mr. Ashby Sterry is an eminently tantalizing poet. The immortal maxim for a picture-critic, "that the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains," is literally applicable to the great bulk of his work. His verse, even at its best, seems as if he might easily have made it better; his slap-dash, happy-go-lucky manner never seems to give itself fair play. He appears to be absolutely without the artist's aching for perfection; he has certainly never taken to his heart the noble precept, "A little thing makes perfection, but perfection is not a little thing."

And yet Mr. Ashby Sterry has every gift of the society poet in an eminent degree. He has a quick and pretty fancy; he can turn out with facility a copy of verses on the first trifle that presents itself; a fan or a feather is enough for ten stanzas—as a French cook can make twenty dishes out of a nettle-top. He is emphatically, as he calls himself, the "lazy minstrel;" he is forever lounging somewhere—in a boat among the ripples, in a hammock in the summer shadows, in an easy chair before the winter fire. And all this is extremely pleasant, but that his laziness infects his verses, which are at times as thin and jingling as the twanging of a banjo. It is curious to remark that the more difficult his form of metre, the better, very often, is the poem—the fetters force him to be careful of his steps. Here is a charming *rondeau*, for example:

A Diving Belle! pray who is she?
For swimming thus armed *cap-à-pie*,

(The sea is like a sea of Brett's)

A graceful girl in trouserettes,
And tunic reaching to the knee.

Her voice is in the sweetest key,
Her laugh is full of glad some glee;

Her eyes are blue as violets—

A Diving Belle!

I wonder what her name can be?

Her sunny tresses flutter free;

Now with the ripples she coquets,

First one white foot, then two, she wets,

A splash! she's vanished in the sea—

A Diving Belle!

This is admirable; yet we confess that we are not greatly enamored of these highly artificial forms of verse. To write a good example—as good as that above—is certainly a very clever trick of words; but the result, after all, is but a step or two removed from the old conceits of verses in the shape of hearts, butterflies, or true-love garlands. Poetry, even the poetry of wit, is a bird which, if pent in these close cages, sometimes sings, but often droops and dies. The best *rondeau* in the language, to our thinking, is Leigh Hunt's:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,

Jumping from the chair she sat in;

Time, you thief, who love to get

Sweets into your list, put *that* in!

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,

Say that health and wealth have missed me,

Say I'm growing old—but add,

Jenny kissed me!

The form of this, indeed, is far from the correct *rondeau* form. But what a dainty little piece it is! how graceful, light, and witching!

A full treatise on the subject of society poets would include several other present-century names. But it is not our aim to be exhaustive. An essay has its privilege, to pick and choose. We have entered with our reader into a rich garden, we have wandered at our pleasure, have plucked whatever flowers most struck our fancy, and now leave the rest behind us.

Current Literature

PRESS OPINIONS OF THE NEW ECLECTIC MONTHLY

Harper's Weekly:

One of the most interesting and valuable of eclectic magazines is the monthly periodical recently established under the name of Current Literature. The plan of this periodical is original. The selections are grouped together under appropriate headings, so as to constitute departments. The editorial gossip and reflection running through all this timely and entertaining matter give it not only unity, but additional interest.

Chicago Herald:

Current Literature, the new monthly, is the most satisfactory attempt yet made to establish a popular eclectic monthly. It is conducted with signal ability and is exceptionally readable in all departments.

New York Epoch:

Current Literature for December contains a vast amount of reading matter, original and selected, with a good index. This magazine will prove useful to those wishing to obtain a rapid survey of "current literature," either in the periodicals or in the newspapers.

Minneapolis Journal:

Each succeeding number of this new magazine is simply a marvel of richness and variety. Any one who values the convenience of having the best things in current, as well as less recent literature, culled out and classified for him, must appreciate the discriminating work done by the editor of this splendid publication.

Indianapolis News:

The December Current Literature is an example of what an eclectic literary publication should be.

Buffalo Express:

Current Literature, besides all its departments, contains many special features. Some are old and some new, and a few are so old that they are new to the present generation. All have the merit of being interesting.

New York Times:

With its December number, which is just ready, Current Literature completes its first volume. This is an extremely entertaining magazine, containing as it does a vast collection of matter in prose and verse, original and selected, with a useful magazine index. One gets his money's worth from Current Literature.

Boston Transcript:

Each succeeding number of this new periodical but increases the wonder why, as it meets so universal a need, something like it was not established before. Its ample pages are filled with the freshest matter in current literature, culled from newspapers, magazines and books, intermingled with crisp editorial matter. There is no other publication in this country of so wide or so varied a scope, or one which represents so impartially the current character and value of the world's literature.

New York Sun:

It would be easier far to enumerate the things it does not contain than to give a complete list of the good things within its pages, for it is no exaggeration to say that it contains everything. In prose, the best short stories of modern time; the best novels of the day condensed by a practiced hand; the literature of the hour commented upon, turned, twisted and analytically dissected by a critical mind; the humor of the period, par-

agraphic and otherwise, and, with all this, a classified list of the magazine articles of the month is given, so that what is missing from the pages of Current Literature may be easily found by those who wish to read up on special subjects, and all of which may be purchased for—\$1? Not a bit of it. Twenty-five cents!

New Orleans Picayune:

Current Literature is the most widely eclectic magazine ever published. It makes its selections from the best magazines and newspapers in this country and Europe, and is a marvellously faithful reflex of contemporaneous literature all over the world. It is full of all kinds of good things for all "sorts and conditions of men," as Mr. Besant would put it.

Chicago Tribune:

Current Literature closes its first volume with the December number, and its editors should be conscious that they have scored a success. It really merits all the good things the critics have said of it.

Chicago Times:

The December number of Current Literature completes the first volume of that periodical. It has well kept its promise to be a monthly guide or map of literature. Its book index alone is a most valuable feature and will grow more so with more perfect arrangements for fullness. In fact the whole periodical shows good work in all departments.

San Francisco Examiner:

In some special features Current Literature is excelled by other magazines, but in the matter of semi-eclectic periodical literature, the editor has notched the rock a cut above the highest mark hitherto made.

Washington Post:

For the general reader there has never been published in this country a more interesting and valuable work than this magazine of record and review. It contains the best from all current sources, with enough that is standard, and it is put up in the very best shape.

The Nashville American:

Too much good cannot be written of this publication; the difficulty is to keep within bounds when it is under discussion. One is as much surprised at the admirable manner in which it is edited as with the delightful matter that is presented. A reader who does not find something to suit his or her taste in Current Literature is a groundling indeed. A year's issue of Current Literature will make a valuable library. It is a genuine treat to sit down in the company of such a publication.

San Francisco Report:

Current Literature deserves everything kind that can be said of it. It is the happiest thought and realization of this or any other literary year.

Baltimore Sun:

Current Literature still maintains its standard. We confess that, while praising the design and selections of the first number, we thought it too good to last. But there are bright minds at the head of it, obviously, and they strike paying ore every time.

New York Truth:

It is well named Current Literature, for it runs on as smoothly as a full flooded river from its source. The